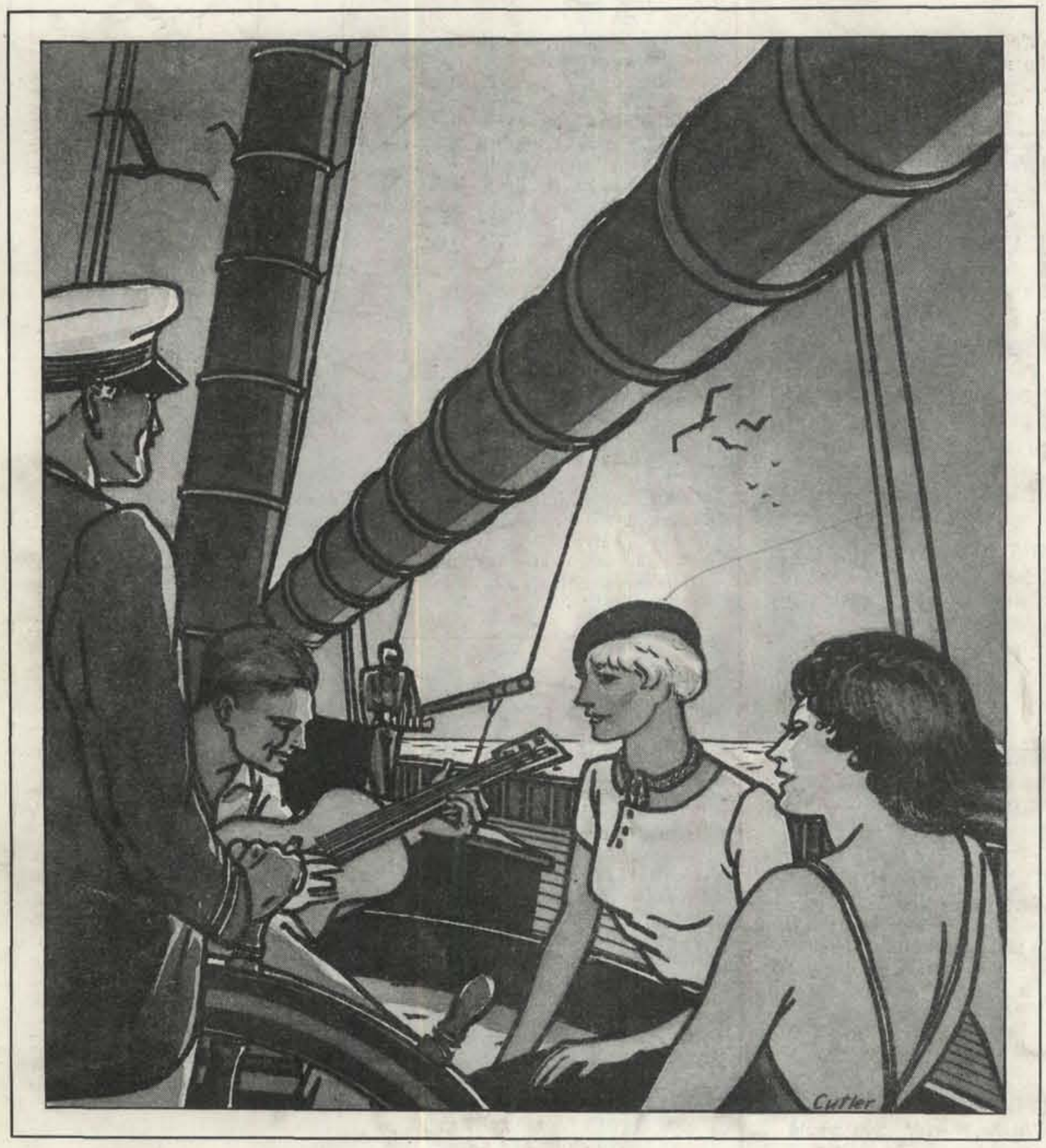
# Odd

## THAT LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE SEEMS MOST POPULAR WITH THOSE WHO LEAST NEED THE $3 IT SAVES



**. . . Try this 25¢ tooth paste for a month. Compare it with dentifrices costing twice as much.**

Prosperous, above-average persons are responsible for the quick success of Listerine Tooth Paste.

They aren't much influenced by the 25¢ saving possible on every tube. What these folks want is what you want—the best for the teeth at any price.

So we say: simply try Listerine Tooth Paste. Judge it by the results you get. Note how it brings your teeth to pleasing whiteness with less brushing. Watch how the film coats disappear more rapidly; also the many stains which discolor teeth.

The special polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste brings speedy results. Yet it is so soft and gentle it cannot possibly injure delicate enamel.

Then, too, Listerine Tooth Paste has a refreshing flavor. It leaves your whole mouth feeling cleansed and refreshed.

If you have been using 50¢ dentifrices, switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ for a change. If it does more for you than the costlier brands, the saving you make will be doubly welcome. Everyone can find things to buy with extra money. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

*A tube a month . . . 25¢ instead of 50¢ . . . means $3 saved in the course of a year*

Surprising—how many things you want cost only about $3 each. Select one . . . a cigarette case, book, theatre tickets . . . and let your savings on tooth paste obtain it for you.

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**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH**
**with PERMA-GRIP**
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

**25¢**

Oct. 7, 1933

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

# Next Week

EVEN in a bloodless revolution there is some conflict. You can't convert 120,000,000 people uniformly and simultaneously. You may escape physical violence. (We have.) But you can't avoid a battle of wills. There's sure to be some point at which opposing interests meet and openly clash.

The theater of war in the present revolution has been the Department of Commerce Building in Washington. To be more exact, it has been in and around the office of General Hugh S. Johnson.

Smoke hangs thick over this battlefield and there's plenty of noise, but it's the noise of conversation—indignant, supplicating, condemnatory, derisive. There are labor leaders present and employers and professional protesters and special pleaders. And they all talk. Meanwhile, General Johnson is at work. He and his aides. Eighteen hours or so a day. He takes the dissenters in batches and confers with them. When the conference is over, something has happened. "Out Comes a Blue Eagle."

Walter Davenport takes you to Washington to watch history in the making.

MR. COTTINGTON BEDD was a very astute gentleman. He had, with brilliant success, restored the family fortune so that future Bedds might live according to their station. Unfortunately, he was so occupied that he forgot to provide any future Bedds. One day he realized that he had plenty of money but had never had any fun. Looking over the field, he decided that the best way to get it would be by a judicious meddling in other people's affairs. His adventure and that of his two brilliant and able assistants and one small pig is recorded for your delight by Clarence Budington Kelland.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS from Germany sends a vivid report on Hitler's new crop of strong men who, from the cradle, are "Trained to Take It." Dueling is obligatory, and if you can ride a motorcycle with a broken arm you're a hero.

"THE Hollow Man," by Thomas Burke, is the weird and fascinating story of a murderer whose hospitality was claimed, calmly but insistently, by the man he had killed.

KYLE CRICHTON shows you the young gentlemen who play football "For Glory and for Keeps"—the new professionals. John B. Kennedy, Dwight Mitchell Wiley, Ray Tucker, Allan Updegraff, E. Phillips Oppenheim and—for climax—Arthur Somers Roche increase the gayety of nations. Join the crowd!

# This Week

●

**October 7, 1933**

*Cover by Gene Klebe*

**WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD**
***Humanity, Common, Goes Up.*** **The story of Gastonia, a thrilling epic of the New Deal. Page 7**

**R. G. KIRK**
***Doom Over Red Gash.*** **Steel construction—and the men who raised it—and one woman. Page 10**

**TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS**
***Moons Must Be Golden.*** **What happened to a girl who had to marry money. Page 12**

**ERNEST HAYCOX**
***Their Own Lights.*** **A romance of the old frontier—with a gambler for hero. Page 14**

**ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE**
***Conspiracy, Part III.*** **A lover's doubts and a gangster's calling card. Page 16**

**WALTER DAVENPORT**
***Plot That Kick!*** **The fine art of kicking: games, if not empires, depend upon it. Page 18**

**E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM**
***The Man without Nerves, Part V.*** **Anthony under surveillance. Page 19**

**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
***He Will Never Know,*** **by Richard Sherman. Page 21**

**RAY TUCKER**
***Goin' Through the Rye.*** **An inventory of our liquor reserves—for future reference. Page 22**

**MARIE BEYNON RAY**
***Curves Ahead.*** **There they go: Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, the dressmakers of Paris—you might as well fall in line. Page 24**

**PAUL JONES**
***Lion Lover.*** **Romance, promoted by a temperamental lion named Caesar. Page 26**

**FRELING FOSTER**
***Keep Up with the World.*** **You would anyway, but this'll help. Page 49**

**EDITORIAL**
***Pass the Child Labor Amendment.*** **Page 58**

●

# Any Week

WE COULD fight a pretty good war on what we're spending to send delegations to Geneva to argue for peace, protests Mrs. Herbert G. Cardigan of Buffalo, New York. "Not," adds she, "that I'm in favor of war but I suggest that we stay at home for a while and let the other nations come over here when they've made up their minds what they want to do."

SOMEHOW we hope this isn't true. Yet Miss Ruby G. Goldwasser of New York City assures us that in one of the metropolis' most famous and expensive grocery stores she heard a "large, commanding dame in a large, commanding voice tell the manager that she hoped he 'would not turn common like the rest of the country and put up one of those dreadful blue eagles in the windows like any cheap chain store.'"

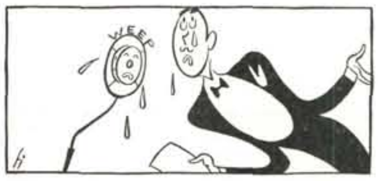
STILL, there are some very nice people in New York City. Mr. Horace McKinnon of San Francisco, California, produces proof thereof. He says that he has just returned to the Pacific Coast after his first visit in forty years to New York. Crossing Broadway at Forty-sixth Street he became a bit confused. A traffic cop took him in tow and, halting traffic in all directions, convoyed him to safety. Then the cop asked Mr. McKinnon where he lived. Mr. McKinnon told him.

"Well, take care of yourself," said the cop. "I wish I lived in the country too."

"YOU and others like you," storms Mr. E. Carker of Rome, Georgia, idly assuming that there are others like us, "are responsible for taking the children out of the mills and putting them on the street. I hope that you see the trouble you have made when you hear that children are safe from mischief when working and become gangsters on the streets."

OF COURSE Mr. Carker overlooks the possibilities of sending the kids to school. Not that all our readers would agree with that either. Miss Edna Jean Beulay of Chicago, Illinois, hopes that "the fact that we are entering upon a new deal or era will be recognized by our colleges, which, to a great extent, are second only to our churches in failing to keep what they teach in tune with the trends in human progress."

WE SUSPECT that there will be no NRA code for radio announcers. Yet several of our readers urge us to urge upon General Johnson that station announcers be given the most considerate treatment "because," says Mrs. Joe B. Connalton of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "their voices are so fraught with suffering that their agony must be frightful."



"I WAS going to say," writes Mr. Theo. Murfin of Grand Rapids, Michigan, "that your feature called Keep Up with the World is a fitting description of all of Collier's. But I caught myself just in time. You used to do that. You have improved. You are now just a little ahead of the world. Or should I say a great deal?"

MR. LAURENCE C. C. FORT of London, England, reports a European situation which to our provincial mind seems too bad. Mr. Fort has just returned from Vienna, Rome, France, Antwerp and way stations and finds that "official Europe is so busy hoping that the American experiment as exemplified in the National Recovery Act will fail that she hasn't time to do much for herself."

AND Mr. Leonard Dehlphus of St. Louis, Missouri, arrives just in time with his solution of the Rush to Repeal. As we see it, in a few more weeks prohibition will have ceased to be debating material. We, for one, will be pretty happy too. But Mr. Dehlphus finds that "states that might have gone dry went wet because they were ashamed of the kidding they would get if they went dry. It would be like wearing a high hat to a picnic."

THERE is a man in Cutler, Maine, who told Mr. J. E. L. McLean that the "depression wouldn't have been so bad if in the middle of it hard times hadn't struck us."

AND Mr. Thomas P. Daugherty of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, tells us that he will not subscribe for Collier's because if he did he couldn't snatch his copy from a news stand the moment it appeared.

"WHAT did you do for a living before your present job?" demands Mr. Al B. Woltchen of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

LONG for a job on Collier's.

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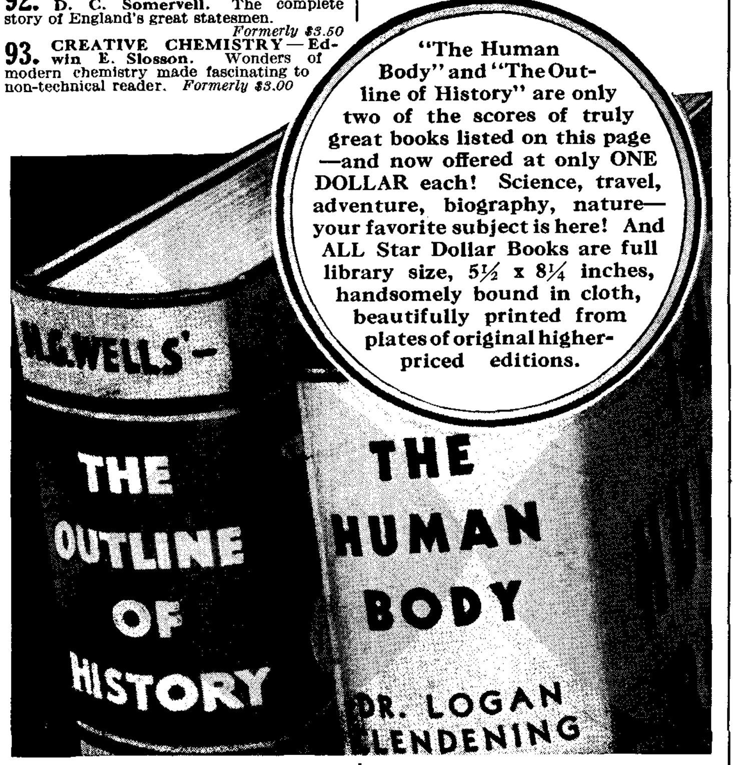

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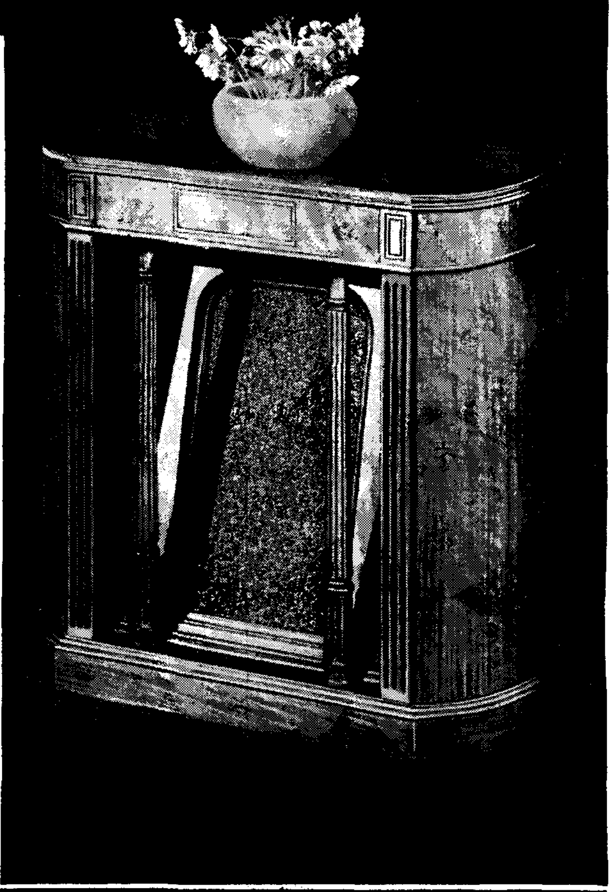

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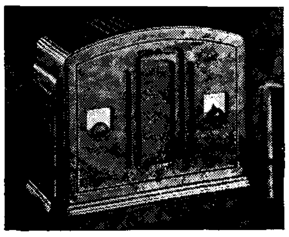

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# Humanity, Common, Goes Up

## By William G. Shepherd

*Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer*

Holiday: two former mill workers—children who are now at liberty to play

***Children were playing in Gastonia this summer and now they're going to school—children who worked long hours in the mills before the Textile Code went into operation. If it accomplished nothing else this achievement would justify it. But it has done a great deal more—even in that one section, which used to be the darkest labor spot in the country. Stores in Gastonia are humming. A third of a million dollars a week in wages flows out of the mills. There's prosperity now in Gaston County. And time to enjoy it***

TWENTY-ONE thousand working men and working women are pumping one third of a million dollars every week into the industries of America through the shops and stores of Gastonia. They are pumping it out of the textile industry.

And right in the midst of this boom, when the great Southern mills were taking on all comers and begging for more, the mill owners of Gastonia on August 1st fired 1,000 people.

But how happy these 1,000 people were! They went right out and began to soak up the warm sunshine and to catch up on two or three years' back play. They were the children, of sixteen years and under, that the new industrial emergency laws had set free from factory life. And among them played smaller children—their own little brothers and sisters—who are a new sort of breed in industrial America—children who will never have to spend childhood years in American factories. All around you, in Gastonia, you see these happy children, who were lucky enough to live over into this new day when American childhood will no longer have to start out in life hand in hand with a factory machine.

There's a thrill for America's backbone, clear up to the brain pan, in the happiness of these liberated children. A quarter of a million such children will be set free when the industrial codes are in full effect. But the children of Gastonia are among the first.

Gastonia! Where's that? In North Carolina. When or where have you heard that name before? Oh, yes; four years ago in that cuckoo age that ended in 1929. All the United States was watching Gastonia then. So was Europe. With singular intentness the Russian U. S. S. R. watched the American U. S. A. to see whether its government could stand the strain of what was happening in Gastonia.

For Americans the name carried horror. State labor laws almost completely unenforced. Child labor abundant. Underpaid mill hands. Cruelly long hours. Perhaps—though the real truth may never come out (and that's just as well, for many a fine house and many a family fortune was founded on such labor)—at least one out of every four of the thousands of laborers were children under eighteen; thousands of them were under sixteen; many hundreds had just turned twelve.

Fifty children a week in Gaston County applied for working permits because they had reached the magic age of twelve, when they could go to work. As many as 5,000 working permits were in effect at one time. Other thousands of boys and girls, *without permits*, were taken into the great mills by their parents to work free, as helpers, for father or mother. The mill people permitted this. Indeed, they liked it. It was a costless, wageless training of new labor. No power in our nation seemed strong enough to protect helpless children from greed. But once, a few years ago, a funny thing happened; sort of a joke on the mill owners. Greed itself was twisted around by the law to protect the young helpers. Greed was harnessed to help them. A workmen's compensation law was passed. "Are these children workers?" asked the mill owners. "Will we have to pay for their lives if they're killed?" The answer was "Yes." So, after that, the gate tenders at the mills would not permit these little wageless "helper" children to enter and learn how to work like coolies. Textile manufacturers of both America and Europe had come across, at Gastonia, a gold mine of cheap labor extending among all the mountain people of the South. Here labor was almost as cheap, compared with cost of living, and as helpless and docile, especially that of the little boys and girls, as the services of Chinese coolies. These mountain people were as green as any immigrants that ever landed in America. As a matter of fact, they were immigrants—ignorant immigrants from free happy-go-lucky rural life into the strange world of American industry.

Communists went to that place, Gastonia, and began to tell the people about their rights. And I mean they were *real* Communists. Thomas P. Jimison, lawyer and journalist, told me only the other day in his home town of Charlotte, North Carolina, that they were *real* Communists, the whole twenty-four of them; Communists—though they were all Americans—working under Russian orders. He ought to know. He helped to defend them in the great trial when they were later convicted of bloodshed and killing.

Those smart Communists had searched all over the United States for the spot where human toil, child labor, human economic rights and even natural human dignity were quoted at the very lowest figure. They found Gastonia and there they went to work. And that's the excitement that the world was watching at Gastonia.

I've heard something about the inner councils of those Gastonia Communists; how their meetings went.

"Can't we get some mass action?"

they kept demanding of one another. "How can we get these 20,000 mill workers to act together, doing something, anything, just so they can be solidified?"

### They Weren't Having Any

"Solidified by mass action." This was the aim of the two dozen Communist experts. But there was no solidification of those Gastonia workers. They just stayed Americans, part of the meat and blood and bone of the United States. They met what was perhaps the toughest test that Communism can ever put on America.

Nobody else was quoting the stock of Gastonia's humanity very high; but Gastonia's humanity quoted itself high. It wouldn't turn into a mob. By its own process of reasoning that great easy-going, kindly-minded mass of Americans at Gastonia decided that it would be better to plug along, somehow, for a while and wait for "something to happen."

And, if you think that that same "something" which these Gaston County Americans only vaguely hoped for couldn't happen and, what's more, that it hasn't already happened, come here with me to the Gastonia of today.

The streets and stores of Gastonia, as I write this, are humming with business. This is because the great mills are roaring.

The humming in the streets dies at night but up to September 1st the mills roared all the time—except Saturday and Sunday—three shifts and twenty-four hours around. Go up on a high building and look around; in every direction you see textile mills. There are 104 of them here. At this writing, they are employing 21,000 happy and amazed Americans, who don't know exactly what has happened all of a sudden. But who does?

They're amazed, for one thing, because they have jobs. Something swept over Gastonia, about one hundred days ago—as Gabriel is expected by certain church people here in the South to sweep one day over their cemeteries—and the dead city exploded into action.

It was then the mills began to roar. They've been roaring ever since. First they roared under the business rush that began last March. Now they're roaring under the regulation of the NRA. Like a huge vacuum machine they have sucked in idle men and women from the streets and from their homes.

But not all the working people in Gastonia and in Gaston County were enough for them. The vacuum pull of those mills has reached out into the mountain clearings, out to the little farms along the valley creeks, where folks in trouble a couple of years ago had "gone back home"; it has reached to remote North and South Carolina villages and pulled out almost every person who had ever worked in a mill. Of course it couldn't pull out the children under sixteen; "this here blue bird business is agin that"; but everybody else within a wide radius who knew mill work has been dragged toward Gastonia.

For instance, almost all the town of Murray, North Carolina, one hundred and twenty-five miles away, is now reputed to be here in Gastonia. The same is said of other towns. Concerning the Murray hegira, I received first-hand information.

"Dog-gone," said one citizen of Murray, "dog-gone ef our postmaster in Murray don't have to git in his car and run down here to deliver the mail." Men come to town, get a job even before they find a boarding or a sleeping place, and when their first day's work is over sleep on the grass because it takes search and effort to find a rooming place.

**After the first day's work: these newcomers to Gastonia have found jobs but have been too busy to find beds; they are shown above sleeping on the grass outside the crowded company dormitory. Below, a happy crowd signing up for work at one of the large mills: all of them were accepted**

Of course it's amazing to have a job at all. But look at the *kind* of job everybody's got. That's the wonderful thing that Gastonia can't quite understand. All of a sudden these people who have been working in the mills off and on ever since the mills in Gaston County started are getting *more* money for *less* work; you just have your wages raised and your hours cut. Make *that* out, if you can. But that isn't all, as I have just been informed on the street at Loray by Mr. Bill Titus, mill hand of Tyrone, Georgia. Mr. Titus, from time to time, during the past decade, has brought his family over to Gastonia to share in whatever toil and prosperity might be afoot in the textile mills.

He stood in brand-new riveted overalls, a blue shirt to match. The shirt was gloriously stiff of collar and bands, with that virgin starchiness that only a shirt factory can give. He rested his elbow on the window frame of my hired car, and described what, in his opinion, had happened.

### More Money for Less Work

At the very outset of our talk he declared that "it beat all get-out. Here it is," he said, "Saturday, and not a wheel turnin'. Holiday for everybody. En here we are," pointing to a companion, "off to a factory baseball game. I like overalls for ball games 'cause you can loll around in 'em. Nobody workin' on Saturday, ever anymore. En you don't have to go to church, either, like Sunday.

"I had a raise. Yes, sir, just like everybody else, on August 1st."

"What were you getting?"

"Twelve dollars a week."

"How much, now?"

"Fourteen and a half. But then I worked all kinds of hours, for twelve dollars, and now I work eight hours a day for only five days and get two and a half more."

"What's the most money you ever made in the mills?"

"Seventeen dollars and a half a week. That was back in 1929 when things was hummin'. But I had to work eleven hours every day for six days for that money, and sometimes overtime.

"And that seventeen and a half didn't get you so much, either, in them days. Things was higher then. We used to pay $2.50 for a pair of overalls like these and I got this pair yestiday for $1.50."

I asked Mr. Titus if most of his associates felt as he did.

"I swan they do," he said. "Makes me laugh the way they're buyin' cars."

"You got a car?"

"Yes, sir. Kind of a piece of one. But it goes. And all the rest of 'em is gettin' cars, too. Twenty-five dollars down and ten dollars a month until it's paid fer. 'Bout a hundred dollars gets a mighty good used car, but they're gettin' hard to find. Seems to me 'bout the hardest thing of bein' out of a job was goin' without a car. All the rest was like that too, I s'pose. Like a feller on crutches. Fust thing off, after folks gets settled here, they get some kind of a car.

"Do you think, Mister," Mr. Titus asked me, in parting, "that this here prosperity is goin' to hold out very long?"

"I hope so," I said.

"So do I," he said. And he was off to the ball game. Multiply him by twenty thousand and you get some idea of how these Gastonia people are feeling and hoping.

So much for the roar of the mills. Checking up on the information which Mr. Titus gave me about used cars brings us back to the hum in the streets and the stores that I've already mentioned. I had tried to rent a car with a driver. I couldn't find one. I'd have to use a town taxi.

"Every used car is sold out in this whole town," a dealer told me. "We're bringing them in from outside. I've got only two used cars in sight, but I haven't got my hands on them yet. It's been going on for sixty or ninety days like this. I could have found you a fellow to drive 'round one of our used cars, a few weeks back, but I can't find either the fellow or the car just now."

And let it go on the record, no matter what the future, near or far, may bring, that Gastonia, when it started off on this new lap or cycle or whatever it is, cleaned out the furniture stores, first off.

Everybody wanted to make a new start. And why not? Pay days were in sight. Homes had fallen apart but families were gathering again. It was hard even to find houses in Gastonia. Here's an instance of how the housing boom has gone.

### Everybody's Boom

The Mandeville-Jackes mill at Loray had 625 company houses. Half a year ago less than 200 were used, mostly rent free, by part-time workers. Last March 300 houses were used. In May it was 500 houses. In August, 600 houses. Collier's photographer spent half a day trailing down the truck which was carrying the furniture of a certain lucky

Mr. Peter Guffey, who had got a job that entitled him to the last one of these empty houses. Mr. Guffey, like every man who moves his family to his new job, was planning to add new furniture to his somewhat depleted household equipment.

That's why the furniture business suddenly more than doubled in Gastonia. In fact, the Gastonia dealers couldn't fill orders quickly enough. Charlotte is twenty miles or more from Gastonia. Many of the impatient Gastonia workers are going to Charlotte for furniture.

"Yes, sir," the head of one large furniture firm in Charlotte told me, "we sell furniture over in Gastonia; forty per cent more than we ever did. A few truck loads almost every day. People are in a rush for things."

"Selling on time, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. We're playing right straight out. Twelve months' time to pay, just like always. Giving credit to everybody with a job. People were pretty low on furniture in their homes."

Go over to High Point, North Carolina, and you find the furniture factories booming there, too.

Even the piano business was good in Gastonia. "See those four pianos in the window?" said a Gastonia dealer. "Sold four this week, and these are four new ones. Looked for a while there like nobody would want pianos. But the young folks like them."

The jewelry stores?

"Funny thing," said a jeweler, "I don't know how many men have come in and asked to trade their old watches for new ones, with something to boot. They want to turn them in like cars. Got an idea it's no use fooling with the old ones. So I'm trading when I can, though it's a new idea."

"Quite a few young fellows are buying engagement rings they were behind on," said one jeweler. "Yes, and some wedding rings, too. Money had to go for something to eat and wear for a couple of years along in there, but the young folks who got married in hard times don't seem to forget the rings. They're catching up."

Whether the parsons got paid for weddings in the hard times there is no record to show. But together with the car dealers, the furniture man and the jewelers and all the other economic servants of the public, the parson is sharing in the boom. I asked the Reverend Mr. Swofford, president of the pastors' association of Gastonia, comprised of thirty-four Protestant clergymen, about the contents of collection plates.

"Fifty per cent more, every Sunday, in my church, than we were getting six weeks ago," he said with a hearty laugh. "And they throw it into the plate to make it ring, too."

There are two kinds of Protestant churches in Gastonia—the few where you'll find the mill owners, judges, lawyers, and big merchants, and chauffeurs waiting in limousines during services. I saw one of these "letting out" after the morning devotions just as handsome people as you'd want to see anywhere. Collections have risen somewhat in these churches.

The other kind is the "industrial district church" to which the newly purchased used cars and the "pieces of cars" flock. It's the collection plates in these latter churches that show the fifty per cent increase.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—those are the staggered pay days in Gastonia. Over $100,000 is turned loose in the little community of Gastonia—normal population, 11,000—on each of these days; at this writing, almost one third of a million dollars a week is the textile pay roll in Gastonia.

**Four extra years of childhood: the youngsters above are certain not to be put to work until they are at least sixteen. Left center, A. L. Fletcher, Labor Commissioner of North Carolina. Right, pay-day shopping in Gastonia. Below, the lucky Mr. Guffey moving into the last of the 625 company-owned cottages**

You'd expect a howling Saturday night in Gastonia. They used to have them. But we didn't have one. Saturday night was like every other night on the streets; very quiet. It's during the afternoons that you see the crowds, although forenoons also bring out shopping crowds. Stores don't keep open in the evening; the new code, you see. But an eight-hour day gives you a lot of time in the daylight, especially in the summer, to shop, to go to the movies or to do a whole lot of playing, even if you have got a job.

As a matter of fact, one problem that the mill workers seem to be facing is that of how to spend their new time.

From Thursday morning until late Thursday afternoon, the sidewalks were filled with window shoppers and buyers, spending the contents of their Wednesday envelopes. Gastonia was like a boom town. Every afternoon there were medicine shows, street corner revivalists, Negro banjoists and other street entertainments working busily and noisily trying to get some of the new money. Those paid on Thursday did their spending Friday. It was all over before dusk, with the same sidewalk hullabaloo that you'd expect to see on a pay-day night. It was the same on Saturday, with the Friday pay-day beneficiaries. But Saturday dusk and darkness saw no hullabaloo, in spite of North Carolina's new 3.2 beer and its far-famed "buffalo milk," made by Whistlin' Ed Williams in the mountains. I've never had a similar impression in any town before but it seemed to me that these people were too thankful, too happy, to get drunk.

### Confident Buyers

"They'll spend, by gosh!" said a millworker proudly. "They ain't afraid. Jes' ez long as they's another pay day in sight, they'll spend all they got this pay day."

"And there always is another pay day in sight, too," explained a second. "They hold back a week on you at first, though no one complains, so if you're fired you get two weeks' pay, and you're always getting paid for the work you did week before last."

How much of this third of a million dollars a week is spent in Gastonia is problematical, of course. But it's a good part. One business man told me this:

"In the Georgia textile district, in a company store where all hands are forced by the firm to buy, a store manager told me that the store takes back eighty-five per cent of the pay roll every week." No one is forced to patronize company stores in the Gastonia district, but it is certain that, in the aggregate, the town's stores were taking in pay-roll money at the rate of over one million dollars every thirty days.

But the biggest news of all in Gastonia, it seemed to this writer, is that the children are out of the mills. I talked to many children who had been "fired" and none of them was unhappy about it. They'd all rather play than work and they told me so. Blame 'em if you can. Besides they'll all have to be in school this fall.

Let it be understood that the new industrial code and NRA had nothing to do with the early boom in Gastonia. After August 1st, however, it was different. The textile industry was the first, it will be remembered, to present a code and have it adopted. This code raised wages and cut hours. It ought to stand to its credit that the textile industry was the first voluntarily to abolish child labor, the labor of children under sixteen years of age.

The children under sixteen went out of the mills when NRA went into effect on August 1st. You don't see them in the mills. As you go about you find them playing with other children.

Ever since 1924 you and I have been reading in the newspapers about how various states were voting on the child labor amendment to the Constitution. There must have been a lot of money in child labor, for twenty-six states originally rejected the amendment. Only five states approved it, though several of the rejecting states have since altered their legislative vote to approval.

"I've been fired," one little fellow said to me, as he heard me asking questions of a group of kids on a playground, "but my dad took my job at my same machine."

"How much did you get?" I asked him.

"Six dollars a week," he said.

"How much will your father get?"

"He's getting $14.50," said the boy.

That's the story you hear at every turn in Gastonia. Amendment or no amendment, the human value of childhood is going up in Gastonia in the same ratio as the mill value of children goes down. But children between sixteen and eighteen have not up to this writing been dismissed from the mills, though the possibility of such a movement is being discussed by state officials and mill owners.

*(Continued on page 38)*

# Doom over Red Gash

## By R. G. Kirk

*As Skyhook's daughter said so well: What's a bridge now and then? You've got to have men before you have bridges. It's men that matter*

PETE HANK MALLOY was one of those young men who come by the yard and by the hundredweight. In keeping with these elegant proportions Pete was an athlete of no mean ability, holding the Olympic record for the standing broad grin, in which event he had had the field to himself, winning it with a performance of incredible dimensions. A truly devastating thing, that grin of Pete's, turned on full force, and equally effective trained on male or female. He was turning it loose now on a male, a male indeed—a hemale if we are allowed the word. He was spraying it across a wide and formidable desk top, beyond which lay the lair of Pat Malloy, "P. A." himself, in person, none other—Pete Hank's dad, big boss of Gomez & Malloy, Steel Structures. Pete Hank was seeking a job of work for himself.

"The trouble with you is, Pete," the senior Malloy was saying, "you fight too darn' quick. This Gomez & Malloy, as you may know, is a peaceable steel-raising outfit."

"Yes, sir," the young man readily agreed, a twinkle in his eye. "I know it. Sweetness and light. That's what you use to get the tonnage up!"

"And brotherly love," appended Father Pat. . . . "Say, you young punk! How come you know so much about this firm? You never worked for Gomez & Malloy. Every college vacation you joined up with some rival steel erection mob; because, you said, you wanted to travel on your own steam, and not on family power. But now that you have graduated—"

"I hasten to bestow my talents on Gomez & Malloy. Bet you my dog-gone neck I do. G. & M. got the bridge at Red Gash, didn't they?"

"They did that thing," admitted Pat Malloy, not without pride. "And it's going to be the longest cantilever in the world!"

"Well, then," said Pete Hank with finality.

But Pete Hank's dad had further remarks to make.

"Yes," continued he, "Red Gash bridge *is* to be the biggest structure of its kind. But if you think for one moment, young man, that I am going to pad the Gomez & Malloy pay rolls with another engineer just because you happen to be the son of one of our high officials, you are—"

But here Pete Hank broke in again upon the paternal oratory.

"HOLD it!" he implored. "With all respect I ask you, my Captain, oh, my Captain, who the heck wants to peep through cross-hairs on your squint-eyed survey corps? My summer vacation dish was bull gangs—and on! and up! Work and Win! And was I a success? Look the bright-faced applicant over. You are now getting yourself a load of rigger, first-class—and I wouldn't kid you, Mister. . . . Here's what I'm really after, Dad—no more, no less: A job as rough-neck out at Red Gash; to learn some real bridging under Skyhook Njalsson."

Complete approval gleamed in Pat Malloy's pale eye.

"You're hired!" he stated.

Rare words, them—those! At such an utterance there might follow almost any magic. And at the sound of them, as though at conjure words, a door to the office burst abruptly open, letting come swiftly through a tall, broad-shouldered girl, who quickly turned the latch behind her.

Magic for sure; at least for Pete Malloy. Young Pete looked at this girl. She stood there with her broad, flat back against the door, her palms pressed to the panels, her bosom lifted with a deep held breath, her light blue eyes a-sparkle with excitement. From capable, richly arched, out-propped foot to Viking hair, awry, Pete drank her in, and knew! He knew, first sight! There stood the girl!

"Those two! They came again," the tall girl said. "This time they wouldn't take 'No.' They pushed me aside. I had to run around them to get in here first."

The knob beside her turned.

Pat Malloy said, "Unlatch it."

The door opened and two men entered. One said, "Good morning."

"No sale!" said Pat Malloy.

He turned to Pete.

"Young man," he said, "let me introduce to you The Structural Steel Protective League. They sell you freedom from labor troubles. If you do not choose to buy, it may be just too bad for you. U. S. Bridge, for instance, wasn't interested in their proposition—and you know what happened to their San Laurenze span. Twenty good bridgemen died when that steel hit the river."

Pat Malloy hitched forward in his chair.

"When you deal with racketeers," was his opinion, "you deal with murderers. You two get out!"

One of the men said, "Pretty rough talk, Malloy."

"Mister Malloy to you," said Pat Malloy. "And I might act rougher than I talk."

"I doubt if it would pay," the other man offered. "Red Gash is longer than the San Laurenze span. And you know what they say: 'The bigger they are—!' "

PAT MALLOY smiled grimly. "Open threats, eh?" he said. "All right. I'll go you! You muscled in here, didn't you? How'd you like to get muscled out? What say, Hank?"

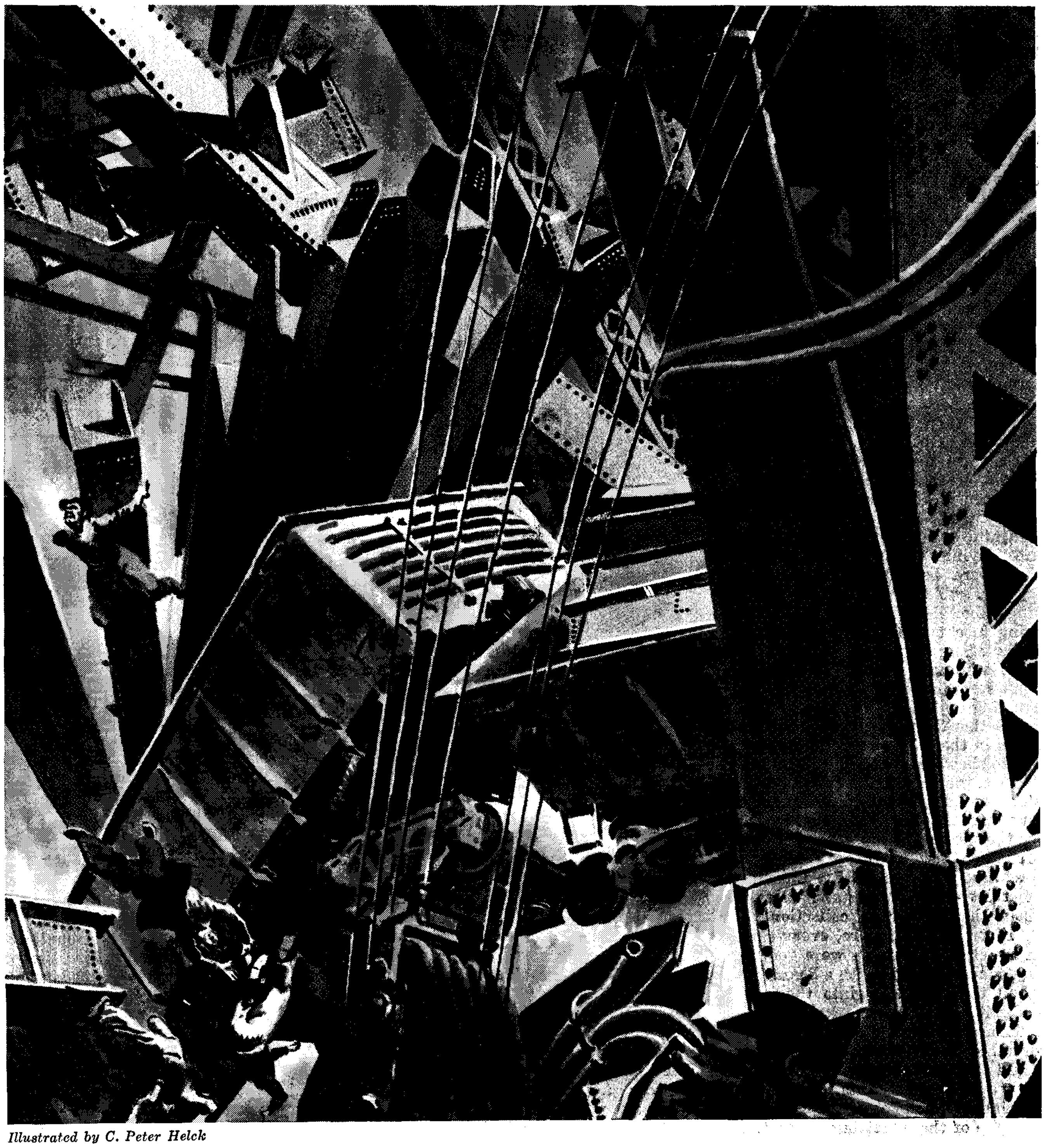
What Pete Hank said was " 'Raus!"

And the tall girl at the door had barely time to swing it open!

Her eyes were dancing when she pushed it shut again.

"Anything else now, Mr. Malloy?" she asked.

"Well, yes," her boss suggested, dusting off his palms. "You might give the



Illustrated by C. Peter Helck

young man there a smile. Rewards are coming to him after that noble bum's rush he just executed. Name of Pete Hank Malloy. You've heard me mention him. Nice boy . . . Miss Njalsson, Pete."

Miss Njalsson smiled, as per suggestion. And the office spun giddily about Pete Hank and then turned upside down. But Pete Hank's Olympic record grin arose superior to these dizzying gyrations, and he turned it loose upon the girl.

"It has seemed long this time," said Pete. "When were we last together? Carthage? Persepolis? Ur of Chaldea?"

"Oh, no!" the girl laughed. "Recently. Scarcely a thousand years ago. Old heathen Iceland, wasn't it?"

"Asgerda Taffyhair, as I'm alive!" exclaimed Pete Hank. "No wonder I didn't know you. You had two great golden braids, those days. And—"

"Hey!" growled Pat Malloy. "This office is used exclusively for building bridges!"

With a grin as grand as a freckle-faced boy's, the girl was through the office door, and the door was shut.

"And where," inquired Pete Hank Malloy, "have I been all her life?"

"That girl," said Pat Malloy, "is Skyhook Njalsson's daughter. She lost her mother very young. She was brought up in construction camps. And she's the world's best secretary."

Pete Hank made inquiry.

"Would you mind much losing her?" he asked.

YOU looked at Red Gash bridge, half finished, and you wondered if you were dreaming. There the stupendous lacework soared, a jinni fabrication, uncompleted; one end deep anchored in the blood-hued rock, the other thrust out in amazing cantilever fashion, to stop, mid-air, at nothing, half across the Gash.

Now there was only to repeat. Build out the west arm, duplicate of the east; join steel to steel, far out there in the void. *Half done, men saw the bridge* at Red Gash an accomplished miracle. Men did not see the doom that hovered over Red Gash.

But one man was aware that such a doom could swoop and strike. The day his son boarded a westbound train, Pat Malloy talked with him, showing him possibilities of horrible disaster.

"Pete," said his dad, "the Structural Steel Protective League conducts a powerful, deadly racket. We refused tribute, and they're out to get us. They're after Red Gash. Keep both eyes open. Goodby."

Pete left his dad at the office and got on the 3:15 for the Far West and Red Gash. And at the steps of his car a tawny-headed Valkyrie of a girl, with eyes that sparkled bluer, warmer fire than the solitaire upon her hand, kissed him, and whispered promises to him that kept his head spinning till he passed Chicago. From there on, as he rode, Pete Hank read many times a letter which he took out of an unsealed envelope addressed to Mr. Gunnar Njalsson. Pete Hank liked that letter. It said:

Dear Skyhook: I think this man is good. Find out for me.
Yours truly,
PAT MALLOY.

Pete Hank arrived at Red Gash and presented his credentials.

Skyhook said, "The chief forgot to give your name."

Pete Hank said, "Peter Henry."

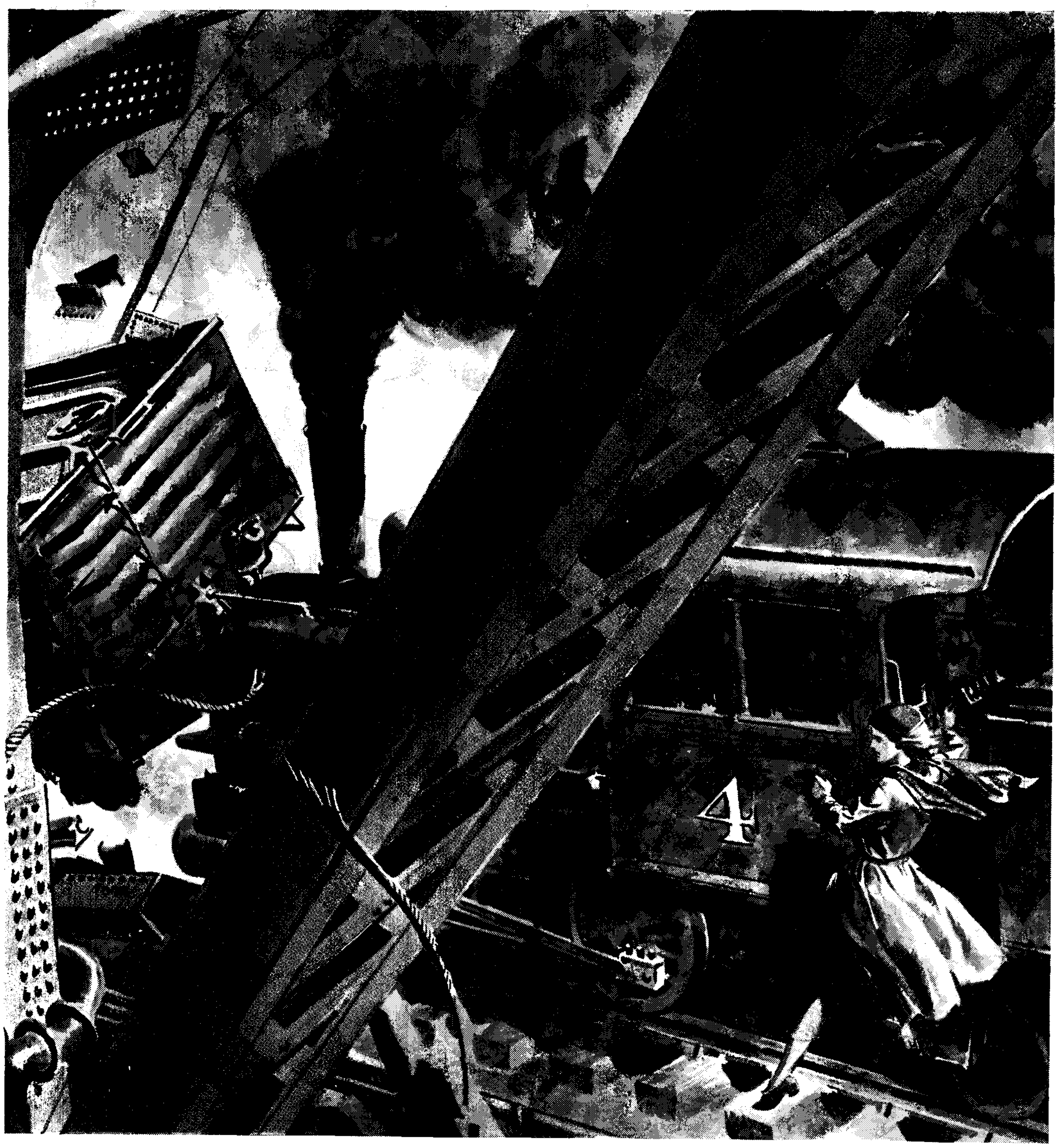
"What experience?"

"Bull gang, raising, riveting."

"Bucker-up. Report to George Vornich. He's driving the big wind braces, out there just beyond the tower."

So Pete bucked up, holding his heavy dolly bar against the button of the heated rivets, bracing his hard young body against the slugging of George Vornich's powerful pneumatic gun, as George beat down a button on his side of the plates. Pete bucked up for George Vornich for a week. Then Fritz Warmkessel fell.

"Hotpot," the men called Fritz—a free translation of his name. A well-liked man—a first-class Heinie, Fritz. He bucked up for a driver known as Redeye Mike. Off the swinging scaffold Hotpot plunged, and the yellow river, raging at the bottom of the gorge, took Hotpot, and no man ever saw him after that.



**She dropped to earth, turned and ran. She was safe when the incredible gossamer of Red Gash cantilever changed in a moment into tons of twisted scrap**

AT QUITTING time that evening Skyhook Njalsson said to Pete: "You go to bucking up in Hotpot's place tomorrow. I'm changing you to Redeye's gang for reasons. I don't like their story about how Hotpot came to fall. Does anyone on this job know you, Pete?"

"No one," Pete said. "See here! Do you? Did Pat Malloy—? But no. He promised not to tell you."

A friendly twinkle warmed the Icelandic blue of Skyhook Njalsson's eye.

"You never got a promise from his secretary, did you?" Skyhook asked.

"Well, I will be a—" prophesied Pete Hank.

"Oh, I've known who you were from the first," Skyhook informed him. "An air-mail letter beat you to the job. Maybe you'd like to have it. There; it's yours. Now—watch your step!"

So Pete Hank started bucking up for Redeye's gang; and he had in his jumper pocket a letter which made his heart keep time with Redeye's thumping gun. It read:

Dear Dad: Pat Malloy is sending you the man I love. Pat Malloy loves him nearly as much as I do. Take care of him for both of us.
Your old side-kick,
STEVE.
PS. He fights too hell-fired quick.

Pete Malloy hadn't worked with Redeye's gang two days when Redeye spoke in confidence to him.

"Hey, lug!" he said. "You don't have to throw yourself into a dolly bar as hard as that. Ease off! Ease off!"

Sounding him out already. Honest or dishonest worker, eh? Careful, now, Pete. Not too much eagerness, falling into line. Suspicion lies in that.

"Yeah?" Pete was belligerent. "You tend to your end of these rivets. I'll tend to mine. I like 'em tight. And I hate that damn' inspector's educated hammer."

REDEYE spit tobacco juice half a mile—down. He followed the falling spray suggestively with his eye.

Then he said: "Listen, lug. The inspector and me is pals. You do what I say. I'm driver. I'm only tellin' you for your own good, at that. Look at Hotpot. I keep tellin' him, but he keeps bearin' down; and what happens? His dolly slips, or something, and he can't ketch hisself, and ole man river eats him up. Tough luck. But he sure was one thick Heinie, Hotpot!"

Sudden rage swept Pete Hank. Sudden conviction. Here it was then; the Structural Steel Protective League!

"Well," said Pete, "you'll find my dolly never skids!"

Slowly they felt Pete out. First with talk, intimations. They spoke of narrow escapes from ill-fated jobs which crashed just after they had left them. Pete played safe. He made no comments. He looked at them with knowing insolence—and let them do the guessing.

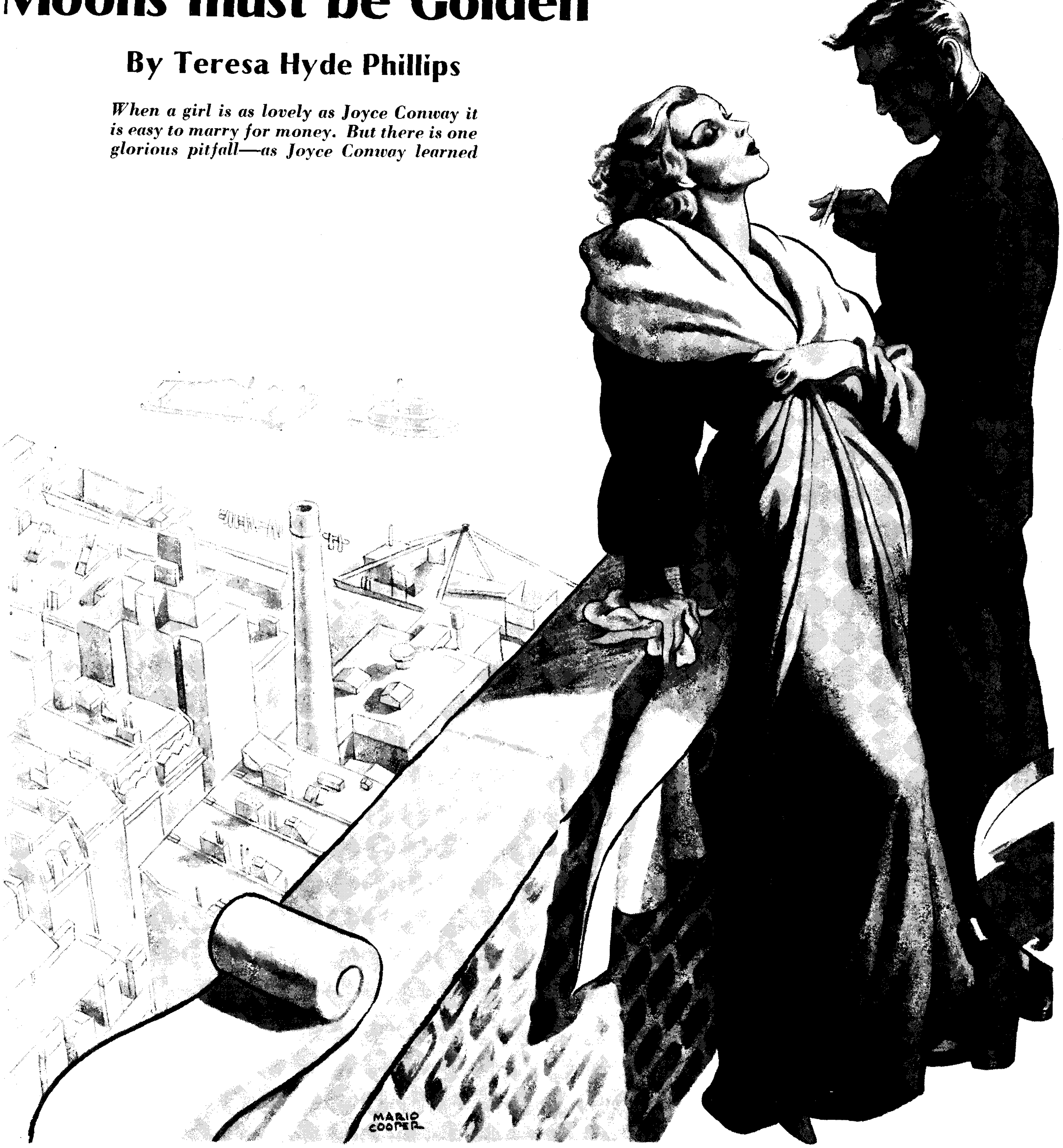
Then they began to try him out with slovenly work. Not much of it. Too great a risk. The rivet inspector might be Redeye's pal; but Alec Hyde—"Raw" Hyde, the general rivet foreman under Skyhook—he wasn't anybody's pal. So

*(Continued on page 52)*

# Moons must be Golden

### By Teresa Hyde Phillips

*When a girl is as lovely as Joyce Conway it is easy to marry for money. But there is one glorious pitfall—as Joyce Conway learned*



SUNLIGHT HOUSE was built, with a splendid effect of space and pride, on the East River. It was a private hospital, new, remotely rich, and full of a life that went on regardless of expense, with never a hint that the gods can frown.

Frank Hunter frowned for them whenever he stepped inside the wide rooms, with their flowers and light and their maddening spectacle of wealthy New Yorkers enjoying life even in illness. It enraged him that Joyce Conway should have come here for an appendix operation. The thing was so out of keeping with her means, which he knew to be at zero.

"Nitwitted extravagance," he bellowed now, being one of those persons who consider brutal frankness a sacred duty.

"That's what I adore about it," Joyce pointed out, with amusement in her slow, lovely glance. "There's something so majestic about coming here to be ill."

"Majestic!" He grew more indignant, as she had meant him to do. "God, you need a good lesson!" Loathing her air, her pose, he stood glowering down at her with eyes that smoldered behind all his prudence. Even when, as now, she was driving him to frenzy he was sulkily conscious that there was no one like her. No one could touch her for looks or charm. Convalescent on an ivory satin sofa, her hair was chestnut satin at one end of her and her sandals chestnut lace at the other. In between she was pale corn color. He knew she was poor, that she would remain poor unless she married money, and yet, lying there, surrounded by yellow violets and white orchids, she was a triumph of illusion over evidence. Here was wealth, ease, luxury personified.

And yet Joyce Conway of Painesville, Illinois, had not done well with all that beauty. She had been sent by an adoring, widowed mother to one of those exclusive finishing schools on the Hudson in which the pupils are completely surrounded by horses and chaperons. She had been one of the most popular, most beautiful girls there; she swam easily, danced easily, and was good at games.

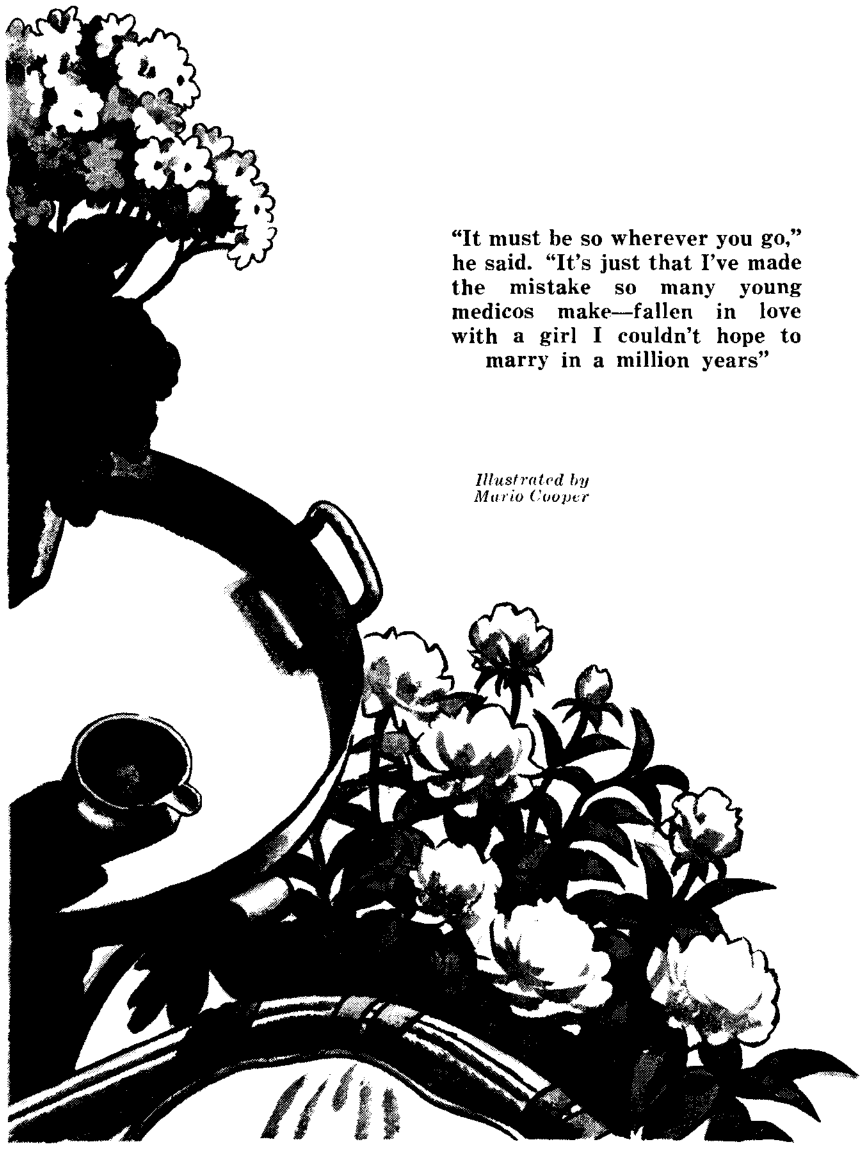
But it was two years since she had been graduated, and her mother's funds were almost exhausted, while Joyce's classmates were moving on into marriages with the nobility on both sides of the water. There was coming into their manner with Joyce a note of condescension, and Joyce, remembering her mother's blurred, sad little life, all small-town thrift and dreams of romance and snubbing by the town's aristocracy, saw that she was about to be her mother's greatest frustration. All her mother's willing desire to work herself to death for her miraculous daughter, her poor, ineffectual little mother who had no brains at all and lived only to make sacrifices and build up Joyce—all that, it appeared, was to be of no avail.

IF JOYCE knew moments of intense fear, really almost of horror, of her future, nothing could have induced her to disclose it to Frank Hunter, whom she had known all her life and who was practically inexhaustible on the subject of Mrs. Conway's witlessness and of Joyce's worldly ambitions.

"I should hate to be ill any place but here," she said now, frivolously. "The view up and down the river is too marvelous."

If his passion for her had not been so consuming he would have hated her then. He hated anything that was not careful and farseeing and, above all, provident. His face, which was red by nature, grew redder, and his eyes, the color of oyster shells, grew hard like oyster shells.

"Hope you think the view's worth a thousand bucks," he growled. "Little fool," he added to himself. She was out to marry money and she hadn't sense enough to see that before long he himself would have it. That he was the kind that made money. "I'll be able to give her every luxury," he thought. And yet she treated him as though he were nothing, acted as though he were a Sealyham sitting up begging. He wished he could let her go, to show her. But he couldn't let her go. Love, he had discovered, was too hard a thing to combat.



"It must be so wherever you go," he said. "It's just that I've made the mistake so many young medicos make—fallen in love with a girl I couldn't hope to marry in a million years"

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"And when you've used up the last cent of your capital," he broke out furiously, "what do you expect you'll—?"

A tap at the door and the appearance of a stocky, dark young man in a white coat interrupted him. Joyce smiled. Instantly Frank hated the dark interne and occupied himself with the view.

"Didn't mean to intrude," murmured the interne. "I'm going off duty for the afternoon and dropped in before leaving, to counsel faith and good cheer."

Joyce presented her caller, whose manner would have ruined any occasion. Frank was indignant because this cool young interne looked at Joyce. He would have been indignant whoever looked at her. But his jealous mind fastened at once on the discovery that this man was vastly impressive to Joyce. Frank hated him still more. His hostility showed itself all over his person, but if Dr. Balkin noticed it he gave no sign. He merely stood in the doorway with his short, blunt nose and his straight chin and thin, determined lips, and was the interne visiting the patient. Strong, pleasant and sure of himself, he acknowledged Hunter's presence and grinned again at Joyce.

"Sure there's nothing I can do for you?"

"Thanks a lot. No. Have a good time."

"THERE'S something you can do for me," said Frank's manner unmistakably. "Drop out of a window and if your face should happen to connect with the sidewalk, I could try to bear up." The interne gave him a direct look and closed the door.

"Do you know who he is?" said Joyce.

"Looked like a resident doctor to me," said Frank sullenly. "But perhaps he's the angel Gabriel. I wouldn't know."

"He's Bailey Balkin," she said, as though she nourished a faint fear that this news would knock him speechless. "He belongs to both the Bailey and the Balkin families. *Both.*"

"And what of it?"

"What of it? Why, they're both the very cream of the Four Hundred and rich beyond words."

He gazed at her and something hard and almost mean came out into the open flauntingly. "Great! So you're all set to hook a Balkin. Does he know it?"

There was a silence while she regarded him. "What a really rotten disposition you have," she said pleasantly after a time.

"Do you deny it?"

He had heard all sorts of legends about the Balkin fortune and cold fear was in his bones.

"He'd make a lovely match," said Joyce, as though she had made up her mind not to be angry. "All that money. And money's such a lovely thing to have."

"Some ways of getting it aren't so lovely," he snorted. He left the room and the hospital. He made up his mind that he would not go back. He'd let her miss him. But Joyce did not miss him; she never even thought of him, for she was allowed to get up, to go out into the garden, where the fountain sent its plume of water far above the pool and where, the next evening, there was a new moon silvery in the pale sky and, from the flowers flanking the paths, a scent aching with enchantment. And Joyce walked there, in the softness of Manhattan in mid-May. With her bright hair, her airy walk, her chiffons fluttering about her, she looked to Bailey Balkin, when he went out, like a butterfly taking a short flight around the gardens.

"Great night," he said, joining her.

"LOVELY." The butterfly looked up at the silver crescent of moon and seemed drowned in the magic of that air, that scent. And perhaps she did forget, for the wink of an eye, that in the lives of insolvent butterflies all moons must be golden. At any rate, her eyes were bright and happy, her spirits rising to those absurd heights where the impulse to laugh and sing gets tangled up with the impulse to burst into tears and they cancel out and nothing at all happens. For here, by the very loveliest gesture of fate at its kindest moment, she sat in all her beauty, in a garden, in spring, with the wealthy suitor of her dreams. And he was neither old nor fat nor dull, but the most attractive person she had ever seen.

"May I?" he said, and sat down beside her without waiting for permission. He took out his cigarettes, his lighter, held them, one in one hand, one in the other, while his eyes picked her up for a second, added her, looked as though they would subtract nothing, and summed up what they found into a short phrase for his tongue: "You don't look as though you had been ill," he said. "Great surgeon, Dr. Ross."

She almost laughed. So sure she had been that he was going to tell her that she was beautiful. "So sweet of you to notice," she said. "My pulse and temperature are quite normal, thank you."

He held the lighter to the cigarette. "You wouldn't be out here if they weren't." And then, his cigarette lighted, he turned and looked at her and laughed. Something in the encounter seemed to amuse him. It suited him, she thought, to be gay. And he certainly had an attractive smile.

"I'm not thinking of your temperature," he said, "except possibly in its relation to me. And you know that."

She wanted to follow that up but didn't quite know how to do it. He was the sort of person who kept you on tiptoes trying to see the catch in what he said before he caught you with it.

"I'm very interested in my temperature," she said sedately. "In its relation to me," she added, as an afterthought.

"And is *that* the language of love?" he asked reprovingly.

She only said: "I thought I was speaking *your* language."

"You flunked it by a pronoun. But I won't hold it against you—you've made fair enough progress in a new tongue." He reached over and took her hand in a kind, encouraging way. "Rome wasn't built in a day."

JOYCE did not remove her hand. She pretended not to notice what had happened to it. But her heart beat wildly as might that of a weary traveler who, at last, after discouragement and despair, sees, around a bend in the road, the goal of his journey.

"I have never really liked Rome," she said.

"Let's not go there then."

"All right."

So they sat quietly for a while. The fountain splashed. New York was far away, beyond the wall.

"Do you like the woods?" he asked.

"Yes," said Joyce. "I don't like black flies," she added.

"They only last a few weeks." He held her hand a little more closely. "But there aren't any dukes in the woods," he said. "Not even a princeling."

"What of it?" asked Joyce, and her heart, which had been a little too fast, stopped a second as though a bird had folded its wings. What did this quiet young man with the observant eyes know or guess?

"They all marry titles," said he, "the iridescent buds that are ill at Sunlight House. Didn't I see Florence Whitely in your room the other day?"

"She was my roommate at school," said Joyce. "I'm to visit her when I leave here."

"Then don't tell me, if Florence is to marry a rajah or whatever he is, *you* can't pick off a crowned head."

Joyce said: "I'm tired. Don't let's talk. It's my first day out." Trying not to remember the terms on which she was going to Florence. Which she and Florence tacitly understood. That here was her last chance. That Joyce, with all her loveliness and style, and for all the men that had been attracted—but not, when they found she was a nobody, attracted enough—was getting nowhere. Somebody had better do something for dear Joyce. . . . But they would not keep on doing something. Why should they?

"ARE you tired?" His voice was concerned. He leaned over and looked at her. "Tired and beautiful," he said. And suddenly the mood between them changed. For he saw tears on her face. She *was* tired. She hadn't meant to cry, for men hated weeping women, but the very thought of having to go to Florence's, to make that effort, to go on and on and on, being beautiful and being gay, and never letting anything reach your brain, and to expect always a future handed out to you on a silver platter, in a chatter of light words. . . .

Bailey Balkin moved suddenly. His free hand went up to her chin and lifted her face to his lips, his other hand grasped her wrist. He did not speak but drew her close, closer to him. Then he released her and she saw his eyes, a deep, bright blue, even in the moonlight.

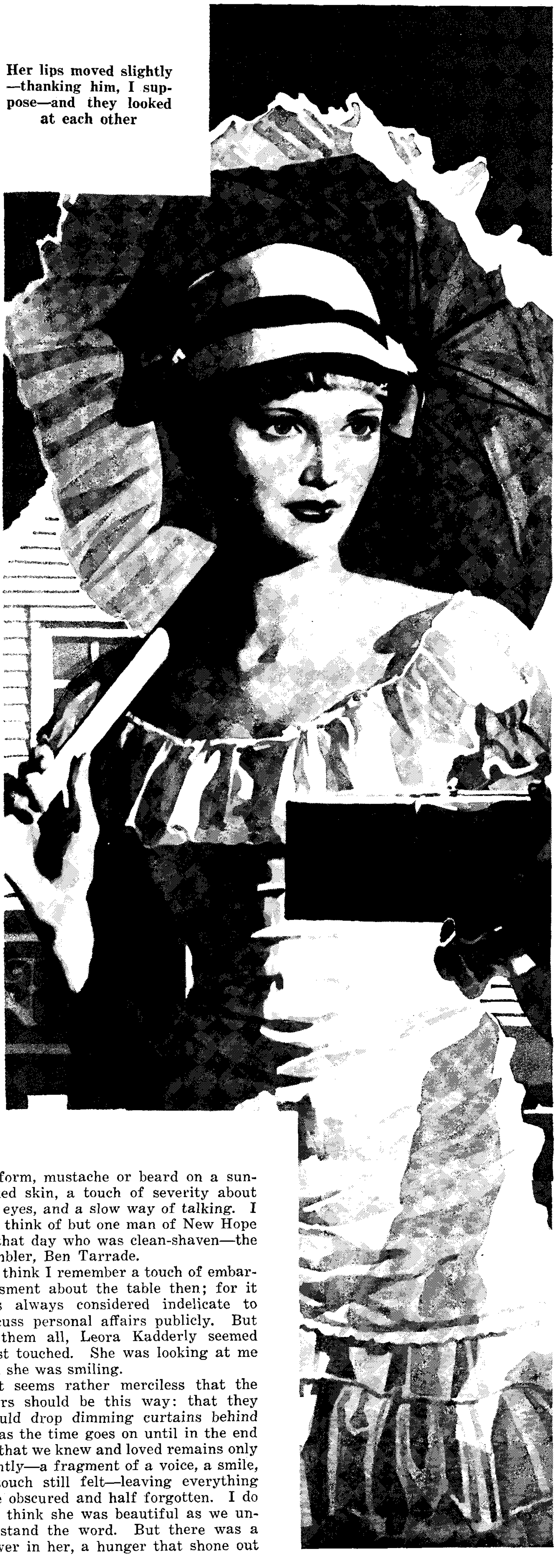
Joyce leaned against the marble back of the garden seat. The relief was almost more than she could bear. It

(Continued on page 43)

# Their Own Lights

## By Ernest Haycox

*A memorable story. The romance of a brave man and a steadfast woman. People like these are invincible in any generation. They make their own rules because they have the grace to trust themselves*



**Her lips moved slightly—thanking him, I suppose—and they looked at each other**

I HAPPENED to be standing that afternoon under the arch of Billy Hope's livery stable on River Street when Leora Kadderly walked from the Bon Marche and lifted her parasol against the drenching sunlight. Parasol in one hand and package in the other, she started north toward Belle Plaine Street, which in New Hope's social scheme was the abode of the gentleborn.

Just beyond the Bon Marche store Herm von Gayl's double saloon doors opened on the walk and von Gayl's roof extended over it; and as she reached this area I saw her reach down to pick up her skirts. I do not know why, but all the women of New Hope picked up their skirts when they passed von Gayl's; it was originally a gesture of protest, I think, that at last had become a matter of etiquette. Her package slipped from her arm and then Ben Tarrade, standing there, quickly recovered it for her and took off his hat. I saw her lips move slightly—thanking him, I suppose—and for a moment those two looked at each other and then she went on; and as long as she remained in sight Ben Tarrade's eyes followed, his tall and slim body motionless, his blond head motionless.

Of all the incidents of my boyhood, this still remains after fifty-odd years, the one most clearly remembered. When I look back I can see that this was the beginning; and I can acknowledge now that this was bravery. I was only twelve, yet I recall the touch of a feeling almost sinister in effect, for young as I was I knew that Ben Tarrade, a gambler at von Gayl's, had no proper right to speak to Leora Kadderly. Billy Hope, behind me, said "So!" in a queer way and I looked around and saw that his eyes were narrow and not pleased.

I THINK you should know New Hope, Nebraska, on the yellow river forever eating into its high and sandy shore line. There are no towns like that any more, for the time is gone and the conjunction of that heavy-grained and rather somber 1880 man with a stubborn land no longer exists; or perhaps it is that boyhood's perception of color and smell and sound is gone.

Reviewing that era, I can understand that New Hope's day was at a climax. To north and to south the railroads were beginning to take away much of its freighting traffic and so it was like many another town along that river, middle-aged after two decades of brief existence. But of this then I knew nothing. To me it was the exciting center of the universe, never dull, never the same. The big river boats spewed their cargoes on the landing and the black boys sang as they filed up and down the gangplanks; the freighters, wheel, swing and lead teams to each bulky wagon, moved out of New Hope in solid lines, kicking up the heavy dust as far as the eye could see, bound for the distant prairie points. This was only four years after Custer, and that yonder country was still wild, and beyond the far haze mystery still lived. By day the earth was copper and brass; by night the prairie undulated under the moonlight like slow ground swells at sea, pale and beautiful.

We were a trading town. I did not see it then, since a boy has little esthetic sense, but I can readily believe now a more unlovely place never existed. There were no grass lawns, very few trees and the wind drove sand out of the south and turned daylight gray and ground the clearness out of window panes and left an ashy sediment on everything. River Street was the artery of town, solidly built up of frame and brick stores and gaunt three-story warehouses without the faintest grace or ornament. Palmer's tannery lay in the north quarter of town and, when the wind hauled around, a stench swept over us; slightly in the south was the brewery, gray tower dominating the sky, where I used to go to see the big wheel turn. There was a residual grace in these people, of that I am sure, for my own home life was gentle and serene; but men had little use for outward decoration. I think the land made them that way.

OF THE day I speak, I stayed out too long and when I reached the supper table I expected a lecture; but my father was playing the host, which meant that his customary reserve was put aside for an attitude half courtly, half genial. People in those days took their manners much more seriously, changing them for the occasion much as we now change our clothes. Leora Kadderly was there, and Jim Shugrue; and I knew immediately why. A boy's perceptions are much keener than elders realize, and in that day we youngsters had half the gossip of the town at our finger tips. So I was quite aware that all New Hope was trying to marry Leora Kadderly to Jim Shugrue and that Mother was carrying on the game of match-making.

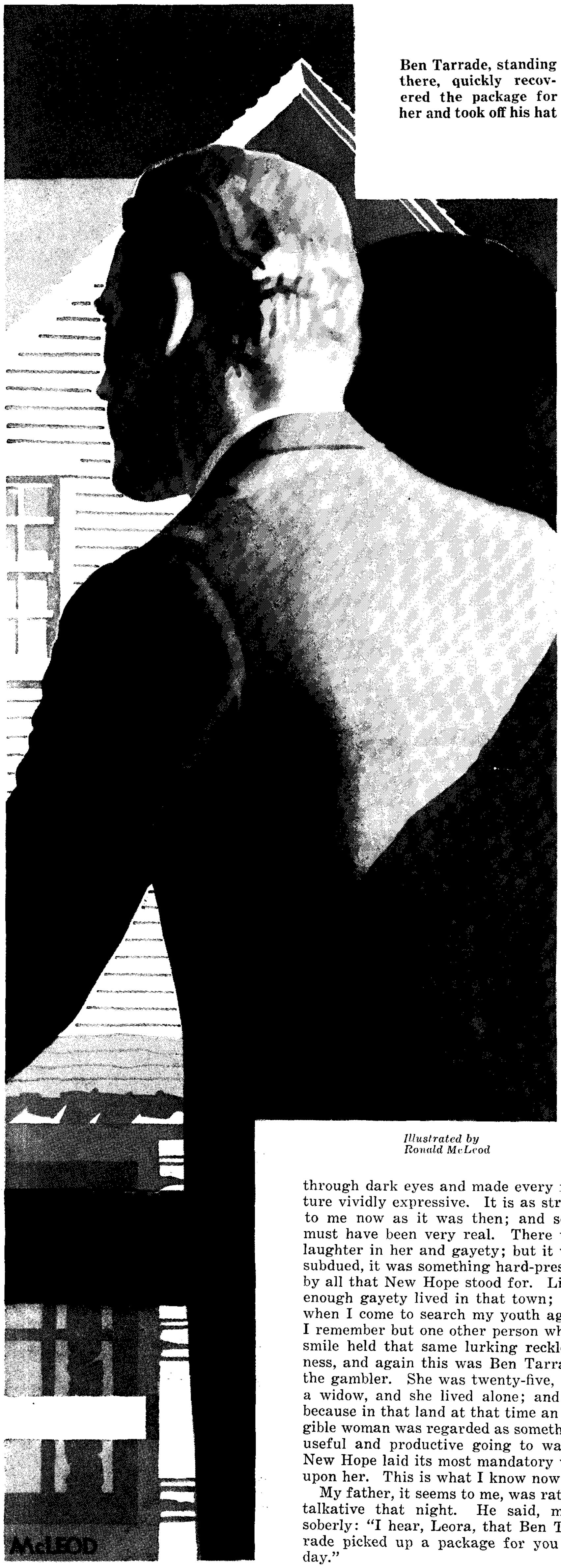
We always had wine at the table. My father raised his glass and proposed the toast. I recall it distinctly. I can even bring back the cheerful, humorous tone he used. He said: "To a certain happy event, which I hope will not long be delayed."

My mother showed a little confusion. She said to Father, "Why, Tod, that's too bold of you," but I could see that actually she was a little pleased it had been put in the open. They sipped at the wine, pale and sparkling in the cut goblets which were heirlooms of the Tennessee Bowies, Mother's side.

Then Jim Shugrue spoke. "If it does not soon happen," he said, "it will not be because I haven't asked," and he looked to Leora Kadderly. I had always liked him, perhaps because he owned half of all those heavy prairie freighters, and perhaps also because he looked a great deal like my father, who had a bold, broad face and a fine cavalry-style mustache. Now that I recall it, many men looked like my father. In the 80's the pattern seemed to be pretty uniform, mustache or beard on a sunbaked skin, a touch of severity about the eyes, and a slow way of talking. I can think of but one man of New Hope of that day who was clean-shaven—the gambler, Ben Tarrade.

I think I remember a touch of embarrassment about the table then; for it was always considered indelicate to discuss personal affairs publicly. But of them all, Leora Kadderly seemed least touched. She was looking at me and she was smiling.

It seems rather merciless that the years should be this way: that they should drop dimming curtains behind us as the time goes on until in the end all that we knew and loved remains only faintly—a fragment of a voice, a smile, a touch still felt—leaving everything else obscured and half forgotten. I do not think she was beautiful as we understand the word. But there was a power in her, a hunger that shone out



**Ben Tarrade, standing there, quickly recovered the package for her and took off his hat**

*Illustrated by Ronald McLeod*

through dark eyes and made every feature vividly expressive. It is as strong to me now as it was then; and so it must have been very real. There was laughter in her and gayety; but it was subdued, it was something hard-pressed by all that New Hope stood for. Little enough gayety lived in that town; and when I come to search my youth again I remember but one other person whose smile held that same lurking recklessness, and again this was Ben Tarrade, the gambler. She was twenty-five, and a widow, and she lived alone; and so, because in that land at that time an eligible woman was regarded as something useful and productive going to waste, New Hope laid its most mandatory will upon her. This is what I know now.

My father, it seems to me, was rather talkative that night. He said, more soberly: "I hear, Leora, that Ben Tarrade picked up a package for you today."

"I hadn't heard that," Jim Shugrue said; and I thought his face sharpened.

My mother was rather angry. "The man should know his place."

"I thought it an act of ordinary kindness," said Leora Kadderly.

"It will be talked about," my mother went on.

But Leora Kadderly only smiled and I can still feel the wistfulness of it. They were all looking at her; and now I know that she was quite alone at that moment. "What harm can be in it?" she asked, with a softness I clearly recall.

THEY went on talking. Presently I was excused and went to the porch, and later my father and Jim Shugrue came out to smoke. Westward, beyond the end of River Street, the fires of the freighters' camps colored the sky and the moon swam like a caravel on the low horizon. It was very still and the smell of sage and dust and tar lay strong in the night. The shadows softened everything; even the talk of the two men.

"She needs a man to see that these things don't repeat themselves," said my father.

Jim Shugrue spoke thoughtfully: "I've always liked him for what he was, Tod. I have always found him square for a gambler."

"That will do, as between men. But he must know the line with womenfolk. If he steps over it he shall be horsewhipped."

Their talk went on, very even and thoughtful; and in a little while I slipped away, crossed a vacant block westward and came upon the margin of corral and barn and open space where were outfitted the freighters and freighting teams. I meant to cut by this to gain the quarter of town in which my particular band of boyhood friends usually forgathered; but as I ran between corrals I arrived at a wide circle of men standing about a fire; and across and about this area two teamsters were wickedly fighting. I could see them very plainly—two huge, gaunt men, bare to the waist, all muscles coiling and swelling in that crimson light, the blood slopping down their bare chests; and I could hear the shuddering sound of their fists crushing into bone and flesh.

It was not the first fight I had seen, but all this red savagery chilled me, and when I looked around the circle of bystanders and saw the lust shining in those eyes, and the lips drawn back over heavy, yellow teeth, it was like coming upon a circle of wolves and I pivoted and ran home.

CASTING up accounts now, all the isolated pieces of this affair come back in proper sequence; the years have given them meaning and a kind of clear light surrounds everything. It was the following Sunday that I turned the saddle-shop corner at St. Vrain Street, on my way to Sunday school, and found Ben Tarrade standing idly by the shop wall. I do not know why I stopped, but I did —feeling half guilty and half charmed.

I think the whole secret of Ben Tarrade lay in his eyes. He was a tall man and he wore his black broadcloth suit and stiff white shirt with a certain easy flair, with a gentleman's indifference. His hands, I recall, were white and supple of finger; and underneath the black, loose-brimmed hat—edged by yellow hair—were features that at once gave you the impression of being responsive without the need of much facial play. But I think it was his eyes which smilingly encouraged you; and haunted you a little with what was behind them. He was, I know now, a very lonely man, outside the circle of the genteel, yet aloof from the hurly-burly class that played at his table in von Gayl's. There was, I can understand, a need in him that New Hope could not satisfy.

He spoke to me, and I remember being flattered by the equality of his manner. "Tod," he said, "you're looking rather sad for such a fine morning."

"I am going to church," I told him.

"Yes," he said, "I know." And his smile was very strong. "I remember being just as sad on Sunday mornings when I went to church. Grown people forget how boys feel. But it's all right. Church is part of growing up, Tod. And the sun will still be shining when you get out."

I do not recall answering him. I stood a little in awe of this man. He was a gambler, someone I had been taught to distrust and abhor, which he must have known as he stood there talking to me. And again it comes to me that his story lay in his eyes, in the gentleness of his tone. He said: "Like to fish, Tod?"

"Yes."

"I'll have to ask your dad if you can go up the river with me. Some mighty big cats in the upper channel. Well, you better not be late."

I WENT on, feeling a little surreptitious and a little honored. My crowd of boys slowly gathered and we all went in to Sunday school, and after that joined our elders in the main church service. Even now, with these early memories rationalized, I can feel the dullness of those New Hope Sundays. Everything in that town closed and everything seemed to become still and inhibited. That day the elders put on their dark clothes and seemed stiff in them; and there was then a somberness and a quietness and I can remember being a little shocked when one man laughed aloud on the church steps. We were a literal people with a literal religion. This was the Sabbath, this day we glimpsed the vengeful fires of hell, and in our pew, between my parents, that long hour of service stretched out interminably each week. Ours was a strict town in church matters and it was a high honor to be an elder; and those people of our own class who missed the services were made to feel the evilness of their delinquency. The social hand pressed down.

I do not wish to cast any shadow upon the sincere devoutness of those people; but it seems to me now that there was in New Hope's Sunday a faint touch of the sadistic. For six days we lived in a raw world, a world of bald, Elizabethan frankness and frequent brutality on the part of the lower stratum handling the heavy goods flowing from steamboat to prairie freighter. Above this were the men, such as my father, who made up the gentle class that governed the town with a certain dignified inflexibility. Yet gentility was a precarious thing, surrounded by heat and heavy dust and lusty evil. And so on the seventh day we went to church in a mood of self-flagellation; and looked into the Pit with a somber fascination. It was the land that made us so, I think; the land and the centuries of strict religion behind.

After church, Mother and Leora Kadderly went home, and Father, as was his custom, walked with me toward the river, and I can remember the soberness of his manner as he spoke of the future. In front of the hotel we met Ben Tarrade. Father stopped and it rather surprised me to hear a measure of friendliness in his voice.

"Ben," he said, "I heard you had high play at the table last night."

"A loser always magnifies his losses," said Ben Tarrade.

My father chuckled at that; there was always a sly vein of humor behind

(*Continued on page 55*)

# Conspiracy

## By Arthur Somers Roche

*The Story Thus Far:*

DOYLE EVANS, *a young oil man, late of* the American Embassy in Paris, is attending a charity bazaar on Long Island when he meets his former fiancée, Lucy Carnehan (who had jilted him when he lost his fortune in the crash of '29). While they talk, a lovely blond girl emerges from the crowd. Doyle, his mind flashing back to Paris two years before, is shocked to recognize her as the companion of Big Mike Pelletiere, a gangster he saw shot down in Lanson's famous restaurant on his last night in the French capital. "That girl!" he whispers to Lucy. "Who is she?" To which Lucy Carnehan laughingly replies, "That, Doyle, is Phyllis Benedict, the long-lost daughter of old Jason Benedict!"

*Then Doyle recalls the story:* This girl, the only child of the fabulously wealthy Benedicts, had disappeared from her New York home when she was six years old. Seventeen years later old Jason Benedict is struck by the appearance of one of his employees, Minnie Ganston. She tells him her parents are unknown—she has been raised by simple farmer folk. Old Jason checks her story with a former employer, Johnson Fay, the importer—then he gives the world sensational news. Jason Benedict has found his long-sought daughter!

Doyle is attracted irresistibly to the girl, whose charm he has not forgotten in those two years since the shooting of Big Mike. He meets her, and— "Big Mike died well, don't you think?" But the girl only looks at him in surprise, and he is instantly ashamed of his suspicion. After all, if Johnson Fay had had her in his employ for the past five years, she could not have been the girl in Lanson's that night when Big Mike died. . . . Doyle loses no time in arranging a future engagement in New York with Phyllis Benedict.

That night, alone in his town apartment, he has a visitor—a tough young woman. To *his amazement she seems to know him.* "I just dropped in," she says, "to thank you for that lift you gave me two years ago in Paree when Big Mike got the works. . . ." Leaving Doyle speechless, she departs—to join Johnson Fay, the importer, who is awaiting her in a limousine. "Okay," the girl tells Fay. "He swallowed it. He thinks I'm the girl from Lanson's. That puts our Phyllis in the clear, eh?"

"I don't know—yet," says Johnson Fay.

### III

THE fifteenth time—it could have been no lesser number—that Doyle Evans looked at his watch he had the grace to smile at himself. After all, charming and romantic though Phyllis Benedict might be, he had only met her twice in his life, and there was no real occasion for such nervous excitement because they were to lunch together. He was no schoolboy, to be titillated because a pretty girl condescended to notice him. Unquestionably, in the months to come, he would lunch with a score of pretty girls. In the years gone by he had done so and hadn't looked at his watch with feverish anticipation all morning, and hadn't adjusted his tie a score of times in a couple of hours. Even in those days when he had considered himself blessed beyond all men by the fact that Lucy Carnehan cared for him, he hadn't got the jitters because he was to see her in a little while. He had been pleasantly excited, but his nerves hadn't gone to pieces.

As he gave his hair that final touch before departure from his office, he shook his head admonitorily. Hearts, he had always conceded, were caught on the rebound, but his hadn't rebounded. Despite the minor flaws which he had picked in Lucy's beauty the other day at the bazaar, and despite the major flaw in her character which she had disclosed a couple of years ago, there was only one Lucy and she could have not even a prophet, so completely alone did she stand.

And with this final reassurance he told his secretary that he would be gone a couple of hours and left his office. He arrived at the Colony at one-ten, surrendered his hat to the smiling boy, and sat down to await Phyllis Benedict's arrival. But on this bright mid-May Tuesday he could not sit long. Dolly Caywell came in and fluttered over to him. She simply must present the most elusive bachelor in New York to her cousin.

"And don't think, Ruth, my dear," said Dolly, "that he can be captured by the usual display of force. He's been back in New York two years—he used to be an ambassador or something—and he was spoiled abroad and pays absolutely no attention to American women. I would suggest something in the nature of finesse and strategy, Ruth."

The girl laughed, Evans smiled, and the two women sauntered into the restaurant.

JINNIE MORTIMER entered the tiny lobby; she raised her eyebrows quizzically.

"Almost think I can guess," she whispered to him as he greeted her.

He felt his color rise.

"Now don't you be womanly, Jinnie," he said. "The nice thing about you is that you never permit your feminine intuitions to reveal themselves."

"Is that the only nice thing?" she giggled. "But I *know* I can guess. If you'll pay Zeke a dollar a minute—"

"I hope Zeke breaks his fool neck," he said savagely. "And I wasn't giving *Zeke* a dollar a minute. I mean—I'd pay ten dollars a minute never to see that gossiping old woman again. Will you tell him so, with my compliments?"

"I can't wait to phone him," she assured him. "He's all you say, Doyle, and I wish lots of people would tell him so. But I'm nice. Oh, terribly nice. I wouldn't let him tell Miss Benedict about the dollar-a-minute matter."

"Nice, terribly nice, is such an inadequate way of describing you, Jinnie," he told her. "You're a glorious creature, and when I think that you're tied to a clod like Zeke my heart aches."

"Then don't think about it," she laughed. "I'll tell him how you feel, my dear. There's Sue Torney. Bye."

It seemed to Evans that everyone in the world was lunching at the Colony today. And Jinnie, that little devil, and the equally devilish Dolly Caywell would probably combine their malicious forces and whisper and stare him out of countenance. He'd watched those rascally girls working on some man of their acquaintance who innocently took a girl to luncheon. He'd even been unthinking enough to be amused by them, little realizing that his own day might come along.

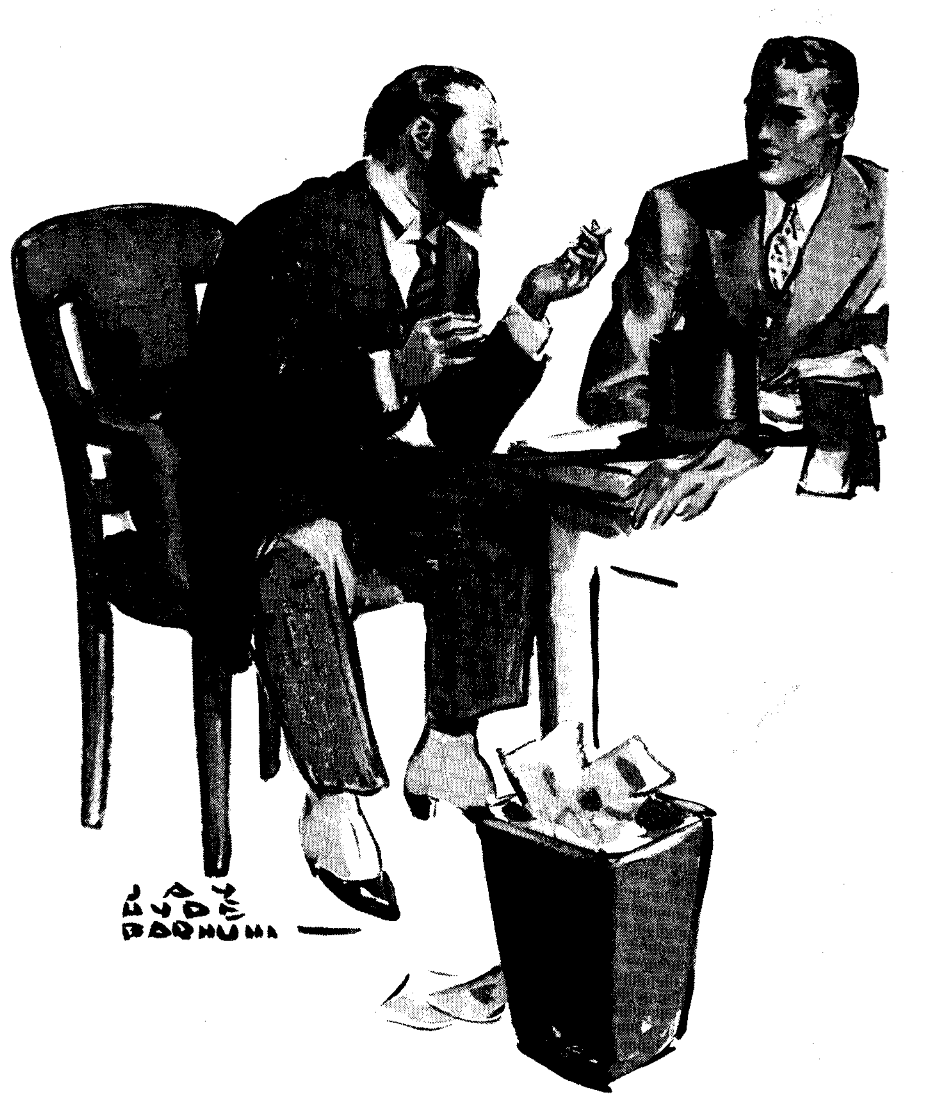
And then, as he greeted the tenth woman of his acquaintance, up the few steps leading to the lobby came Phyllis Benedict. She wore one of the funny little hats which 1933 inflicted upon women, but its Victorian jauntiness, which looked absurd on other girls, somehow became her. She wore a blue street frock and appropriate stockings and shoes.

A sudden silence descended upon the room. Evans felt gawky as he advanced to meet her. Her voice, cool and sweet, gave him reassurance.

"Sorry if I'm late," she told him.

"But you aren't. I was ahead of time."

Dane Weston, who had been seated on a couch chatting with his mother, insinuated himself into their path.



"And the young woman whom you so gallantly assisted to escape—you have not forgotten her?"

"'Lo, Doyle," he said.

Evans eyed him coldly.

"Sorry, Dane. But I know you too well. You could probably be persuaded to join us."

Weston grinned.

"You mean that you're not going to present me to Miss Benedict?"

"Wonderful fellow," Evans said to his companion. "Some day I'll introduce him. He can read my mind. But that lets him out. No charm, and somewhat of a bore. You'd not enjoy him."

HE BLANDLY pushed the laughing Weston out of the way and ushered the girl into the restaurant. As in the lobby, so in the restaurant there was sudden silence. As the headwaiter led them to the table Doyle had reserved threescore pairs of eyes followed their progress. Her beauty was enough to draw attention even in this room, where gathered the prettiest women in New York, but had she been homely, Evans knew, the romance of her career would have made everyone stare.

He noticed, as they sat down, that there was the faintest color in her cheeks.

"Do you always treat your men friends so cavalierly?" she asked.

"Oh! Old Dane? Let that butterfly butt in? I've seen him work. Drops in to see his mother—she lunches here nearly every day—picks out the most attractive girl here and crashes in. Swell fellow, but this is *my* day."

He leaned toward her and raised his voice.

"At the next table is Dolly Caywell," he said. "Beside her is Jinnie Mortimer, whom you know. Will you please pay no attention to their supposedly meaning glances? Both of these ladies resent even the small amount of money this luncheon will cost me; they think I ought to lose all my cash to their husbands at golf. So they always make it embarrassing for me when they see me indulging in the slightest expenditure."

The girl lost her embarrassment; she smiled gayly at Jinnie and accorded her quasi-introduction to Dolly the acknowledgment of a nod. She turned back to Doyle. The waiter had already deposited cold soup on the table.

"People like you, don't they?" she said.

"Why—why, I hope so," he stammered.

"They do. They wouldn't be so—gay with you if they didn't. I'd like to have—friends."

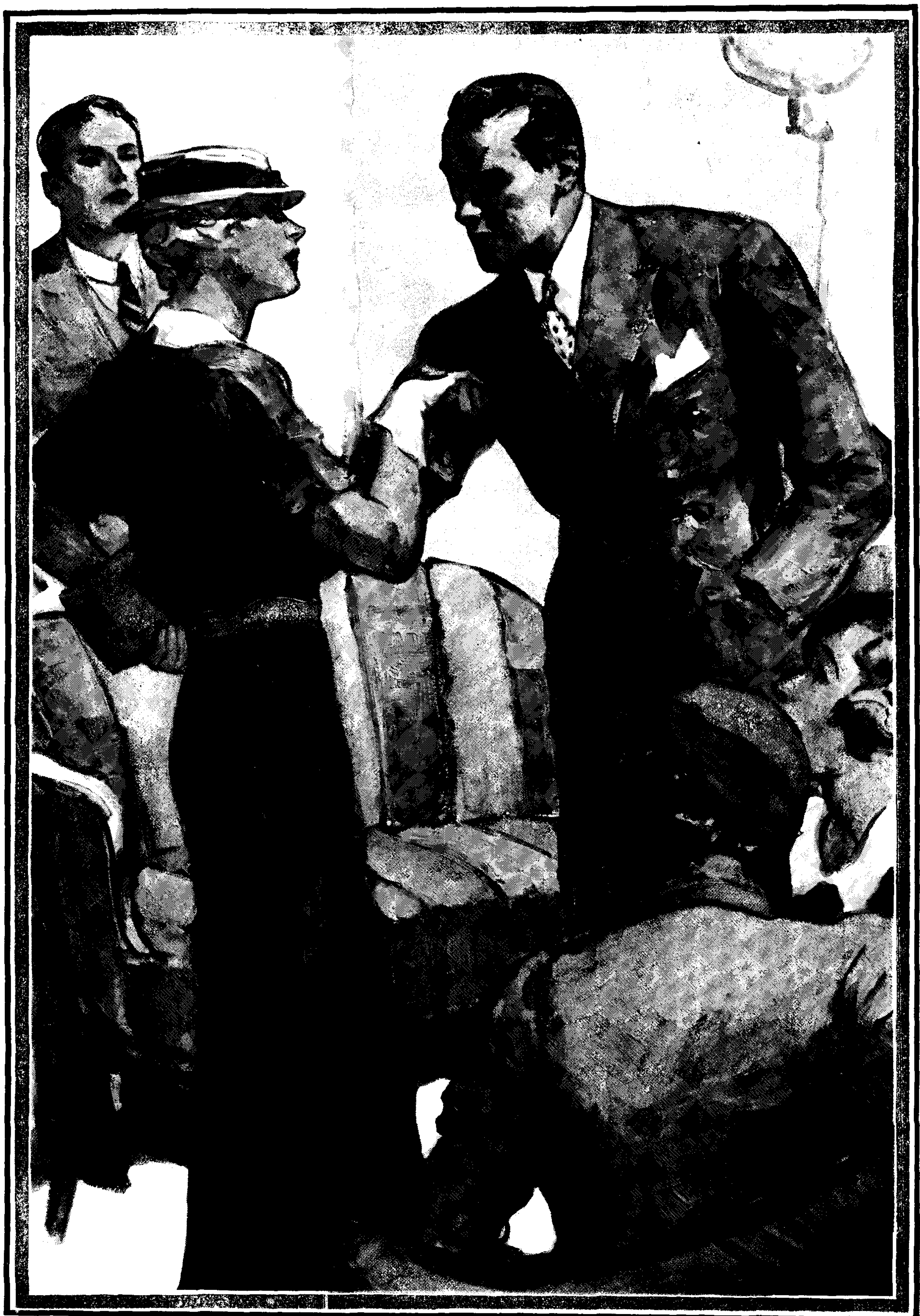
"*You?*" He laughed at her. "Why, you must have thousands."

"And where would I have acquired them?" she asked.

"Well, you'll meet everyone—everyone is mad to know you and—you'll be fighting people away."

"I hope your flattery has some truth," she said. "But—that isn't what I mean. I mean, to have friends that one has had always, that one feels at ease with, and—"

"That is probably the biggest bunk in the world," he interrupted. "Old friends aren't any better than new ones. As a matter of fact, they usually are bores. They know one too well, take too many liberties—they're like fami-



Evans felt gawky as he advanced to meet her. Her voice, cool and sweet, gave him reassurance. "Sorry if I'm late," she told him

lies. Relatives think they have *rights* over you. They remember the stupid thing you did when you were twelve and remind you of it when you are twenty-five. And you must have some—friends," he added tentatively.

She shook her head.

"I haven't. At least, very few. I don't know why. But—I was always self-sufficient—too much so, I think. I—preferred a book to—well—to the usual things. I didn't like girl chums and I had no—lovers."

"You'll have as many of the first as you want," he assured her, "and—I hope not many of the second. Which is pure selfishness, of course."

She smiled mockingly and changed the subject.

"I've never been here before," she said. "I like it. And there are so many things I've never seen, so many places I haven't been—"

"It seems to me that it would be unwise to change guides," he said. He stared at her. "I think it's wonderful. Most girls of your—well, your position—have seen everything, done everything, in their teens. But you—you're just old enough to appreciate everything, and it will all be new— I should think you'd be in a state of high excitement every minute."

"I am," she admitted. "For several months, I—well, I hated to go away from the house. Mother and Father wanted me, and—but now they're used to me, and I'm beginning to look around, get about—but this luncheon is not to be devoted to talk about me. Tell me about yourself."

Lucy Carnehan, accompanied by Tom Berwin, paused at the table. She greeted Doyle warmly and introductions were accomplished. Lucy asked the girl to tea that afternoon and swept on.

"Tell me about her," said Phyllis, continuing the trend interrupted by Lucy.

Evans colored.

"About Lucy?"

"Yes. You were engaged. What happened?"

IN ANYONE else such directness would have sounded impertinent. Somehow, Doyle found no offense in the question.

"Oh, it just ended; that's all. A great person, Lucy. She's going to marry the young man with her."

"So I heard," said Phyllis. "Well, tell me more about yourself."

He grinned at her.

"List of clubs, schools, achievements? Too dull. Oh, something not so dull happened last night. A girl called on me. At midnight."

"*Please,* Mr. Evans," she said in mock reproof.

"And I'll bet you a thousand dollars to a cookie you can't guess who she was. Or who she said she was," he added.

"How could I possibly imagine?" she asked.

"You couldn't. Except that she was mentioned by me. But I've always hated guessing games. The girl that you reminded me of—the girl that was with Pelletiere in Paris."

Almost without realizing that he did so, he studied her face. But the only expression he found in the big black eyes was one of interest.

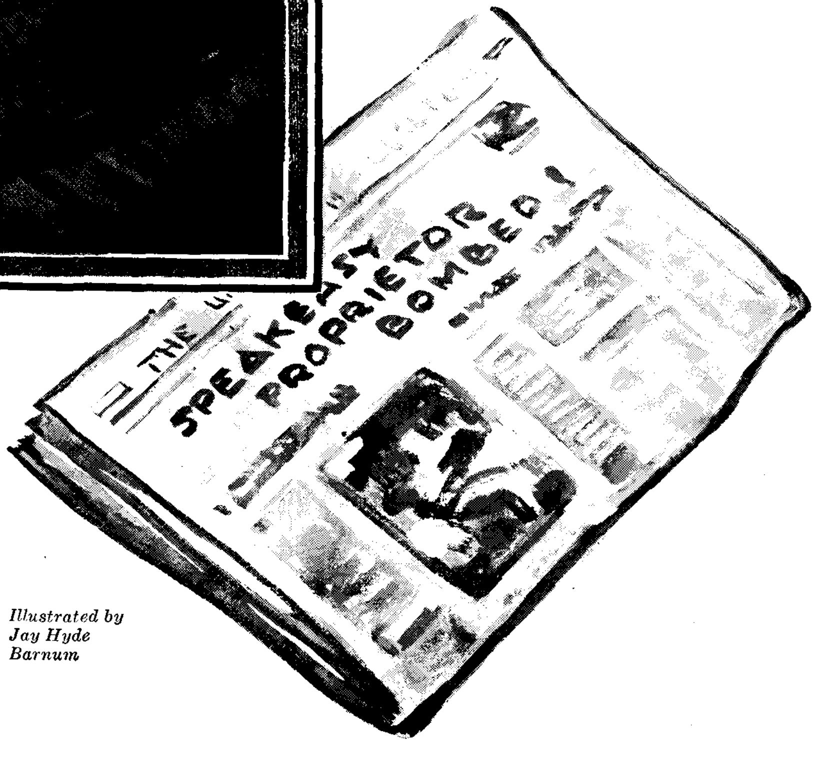
"You mean the girl who ran away when you rescued her?" she asked.

"Oh, it wasn't exactly a rescue," he corrected her. "But that's the one."

She took a spoonful of ice cream.

"Really? I think that's most extraordinary. A coincidence, too, wasn't it, happening so soon after you met someone who reminded you of her?"

*(Continued on page 46)*



*Illustrated by*
*Jay Hyde*
*Barnum*

# Plot that Kick!

## By Walter Davenport

*When you see a third-down punt drop in a corner of the gridiron and trickle over the side line, don't say the kicker was lucky—he probably had planned that bull's-eye long before his shoe touched the ball. For kicking—good kicking—is a science, and here is one man who made it so—a lawyer who, in his own football days, couldn't make the varsity squad*

**A chalk arrow for direction**

**Don't move the left foot**

**Practice kicking balance**

**Follow all the way through**

*Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer*

**LeRoy N. Mills, pioneer in the science of accurate punting, explains the principles to an aspiring student**

SO YOU think that football game was won and lost on the breaks, hey? You think those punts that State's quarterback got off were flukes. Why? Because six of them rolled out of bounds between the five-yard line and the end zone? Well, you're wrong, my boy, wrong.

Oh, yes, I know. The odds were overwhelmingly against State. She made only five first downs against the University's twelve. She gained only twenty yards rushing the ball, scoring on that whale of a pass from McNahoe to Chmeilczaki. And you're absolutely right that Blisk of University was averaging fifteen yards more per punt than State's kicker. But you're all wrong about State's unexpected victory being due to the breaks.

Do you realize what State did in that game? Well, she literally kicked the University down to her size and speed. Yes, with her thirty- and forty-yard boots against University's fifty- and sixty-yard blasts. And you didn't notice that State was not content to make punting simply a defensive weapon to get her out of a hole on fourth downs. No, my lad, she was making punting an offensive move with those quick kicks on the second down. What on earth's the use of a light team like State bucking a team of giants like that even if she does make a few yards by speed? Sooner or later, University was going to take that ball after State had worn herself out in the unequal struggle of the light man against the heavyweight.

Which brings us to those kicks you think were flukes. The University was quite apt to take that ball away from State anywhere between her ten-yard line and mid-field. And that heavy interference of University followed by any one of those hundred-and-ninety-pound ball carriers was apt to return a straight-down-the-field punt twenty or thirty yards, to say nothing of laying out a few of State's lightweight tacklers.

No, those flukey kicks were as honestly conceived and as premeditated as anything in this life. Here, take this football on the fifty-yard line and let me see how you would have punted for State . . . I see. I see. Quite a blast, wasn't it? There's a power in that leg of yours, my boy. But University would have taken that game from you by two or three touchdowns. Oh, yes, she would!

That blast of yours was a beauty. It traveled forty-five yards in the air. Also it kept right on going after it struck the ground, didn't it? Rolled right over into the end zone, which means of course that it would have gone to University on their twenty-yard line. Twenty yards is a lot of ground to spot any opponent. Or that punt might have been caught by the safety man and run back thirty yards.

### Kicking to Win

You see, in this game called football one of the fundamental principles is to give the other team as little yardage as possible. Keep them as far away from your own goal as you can. The field, as you know, is a hundred yards long and if you've played much football you know that every one of those yards can be a heart-and-back-breaking mile. There are times when the offensive team would give the new gymnasium for a single yard of it, and throw in a dean, two professors and a sextette of co-eds. Not that I'm straying from the spirit of the times and placing too much emphasis on college football. I'm just telling you how much a real football player would give for that last, long yard. Why, I remember back in 1909 when the Army was playing Michigan—

But to get back to the subject in hand, that kick of yours—that blast—was prodigious but largely futile. Magnificent but not football. After you've got off a few sixty- and seventy-yard punts you're about through with that. You'll wind up the game booting twenty-yard ones. Of course your picture in the Sunday rotogravure sections will be something worth hanging on the wall—you with your right foot two feet above your head and your left one six inches off the ground. But how about kicking to win? That's the idea, you know—winning. It is all very well for them to say that winning isn't the most important thing in football (we're talking about football, you know); but coaches don't want men who believe that. And neither do the people in the stands.

Now watch—

The gentleman whose words I have been paraphrasing took the football on the fifty-yard line and without a grimace or lunge kicked the ball smartly with his right foot. He was in business clothes and had on ordinary low shoes. He did it so easily that you didn't expect much. But the ball sailed away low and fast. It landed on the ground thirty-five yards down the field, veered sharply to the right and then rolled swiftly out of bounds on the five-yard line.

He took another ball and to all appearances did precisely the same thing with it. But this time it sped to the left, struck the ground thirty-five yards away and bounded on to the three-yard line, where it was out of bounds in the left-hand corner.

You see? (He is speaking again.)

(*Continued on page 50*)

# The Man without Nerves

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

*The Story Thus Far:*

SAM JESSON, resident of the village of Sandywayes, Sussex, is found dead. At the coroner's inquest, James Huitt, Jesson's banker, amazes the villagers by testifying that his friend, generally regarded as wealthy, died almost penniless! The verdict is suicide.

To the village's leading residents—Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson, Roland Martin and Lord Milhaven—it seems incredible that Jesson should take his own life. But they accept the jury's verdict. Not so "Mr. Tyssen," an inquisitive young stranger. Announcing himself as a novelist in search of material, he takes lodgings in the village, asks innumerable questions and, according to rumor, spends the midnight hours wandering about the place!

To Huitt, the newcomer seems an odious fellow. But to Sybil Cresset, Andrew Cresset's daughter; Pauline Sarson, daughter of Timothy Sarson; and Timothy's son, Anthony, he seems a charming, if somewhat eccentric, young man. . . .

Mysterious episodes follow Tyssen's arrival. Huitt, preparing for a dinner given in honor of Sir Julian Bott, financier, by Lord Milhaven, slips a revolver into his pocket. . . . A "Madame de Sayal" takes two bungalows near Huitt: one for herself, one for an old Roumanian servant. Puzzled by her aloofness, the villagers wonder who she is, why she is in Sandywayes. . . . Pauline and Anthony Sarson find Tyssen practicing golf shots—with the skill of a truly great player—*late at night!* He implores them to say nothing of the incident. . . .

Returning from a dance, Anthony and Sybil Cresset encounter a motorist in the darkness, near Madame de Sayal's bungalow. The man (who seems to be wearing a uniform of some sort) draws a gun, orders them to move on. They obey. Later, Anthony returns—alone. He slips up to Madame de Sayal's window. As he does so, he sees a man—outside. Then—"Come in, quickly!" says a low voice; and he is pulled gently through a door. Madame de Sayal confronts him. She gives him a revolver. Anthony examines it, notes that one cartridge has been fired. "Now go," whispers the woman.

Anthony leaves the bungalow. Something strikes his head. *Blackness!* . . . He comes to in the bungalow. Madame de Sayal makes him promise to say nothing of his adventure. Again he leaves. The village is in an uproar. A stranger has been murdered—shot through the heart—within 20 yards of the spot where Anthony (according to his own story, given the police) had slipped and *lain for hours* unconscious. And in the young man's pocket is a revolver which has been fired *just once!*

### V

ANTHONY was astounded.

"It's a coincidence, of course," he gasped. "But as I was unconscious from the moment my head struck the ground till I got up and staggered down here I wasn't likely to see or hear much!"

From outside came the hoot of an automobile. The sergeant glanced through the window.

"It's a police car," he announced in a tone of relief. "Penny from Scotland Yard. I shall hand this business over to him."

Inspector Penny was a short, rubicund-looking person, resembling more a country farmer than a detective. He shook hands with the sergeant and was briefly introduced to the two young men. Then he stepped over and looked down at the body.

"Recognize him?" the sergeant asked eagerly.

"To the best of my knowledge I never saw him before in my life," Penny replied. "A city gentleman, I should think, by the look of him. Extravagant too. Fond of a bit of show. Well, well. He got it from someone who knew how to shoot. . . . Now, Sergeant, I will hear from you in your other room, if you please, everything that you can tell me about the case. Then I shall be glad to receive statements from anyone with whom you think I ought to talk."

"You two gentlemen won't be far away, I suppose," the sergeant observed. "Not that we are likely to want you, Mr. Tyssen. It's Mr. Sarson that the inspector would probably like to have a little conversation with," he added, with a faint note of impending trouble in his tone.

"I shall be at home," Anthony announced. "I am just beginning to realize that I have had no breakfast and no lunch."

Inspector Penny glanced at him keenly. For a good-looking young athlete Anthony was certainly not appearing at his best.

"I should hate to keep any man from his food," he remarked cheerfully. "You get along to your lunch, sir. The sergeant and I will have plenty to talk about."

The two young men left the shaded and melancholy apartment and stepped out into the brilliant sunshine. As soon as the door was closed Penny turned to the sergeant.

"Who is the young man?" he demanded. "The good-looking one, I mean."

"Name of Sarson," the sergeant replied. "Popular young fellow—son of Mr. Timothy Sarson, one of the principal residents here."

"Any connection with this affair?"

"Couldn't have, I should say, sir," was the sergeant's dubious reply. "All the same, as you will discover by questioning him, he has been out all night. Didn't get back till half an hour ago in his evening clothes."

"Have Tom watch his house," the inspector ordered quickly. "If he leaves it tell him to let me know. You are too near the railway station for my fancy here."

OUTSIDE the police station the tiny garden was crowded with masses of homely but sweet-smelling flowers. Anthony, pausing on the tiled way, drew in several long breaths and shivered as he thought of the unwholesome atmosphere in the apartment which they had just left.

"See you later, Tyssen," he said, as he started forward. "I am going to get some lunch."

"You wouldn't like a gin and bitters at the Rose and Crown first?" Tyssen asked with awkward eagerness. "To tell you the truth, there are one or two more questions I should like to ask you while the whole thing is fresh in your mind."

"No, I'm hanged if I would," Anthony replied irritably. "It's bad enough having to answer questions from the police without amateurs like you butting in."

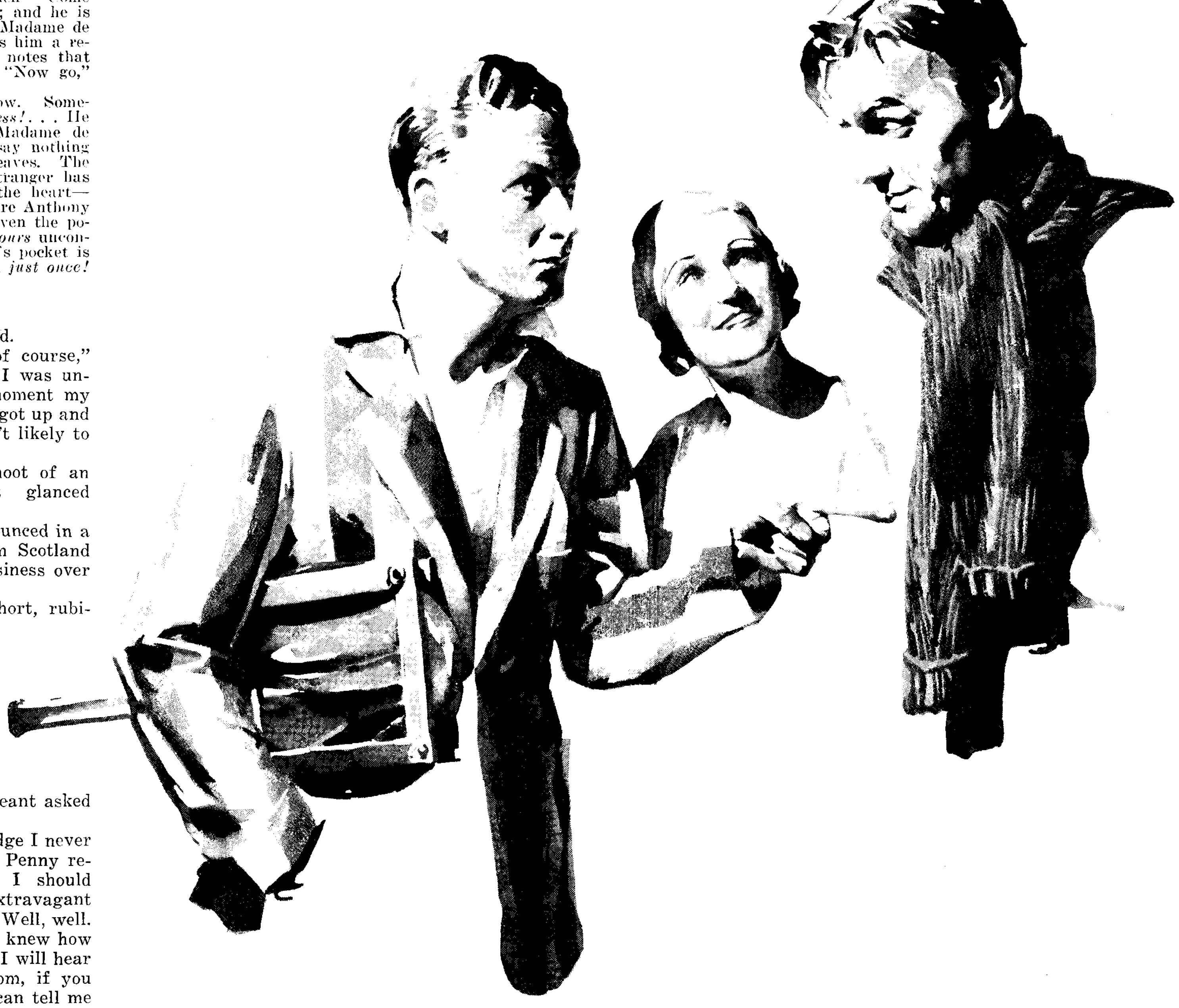
Tyssen pushed back his mop of hair in worried fashion.

"I say, that's too bad," he complained. "Couldn't you try to remember, Mr. Sarson, that we all have our absorbing interest in life and my story writing is a passion with me? All this material—being actually in touch with detectives and the dead body and someone who has been out all night close to where the murder was committed. It's wonderful! It's giving me just the atmosphere I want."

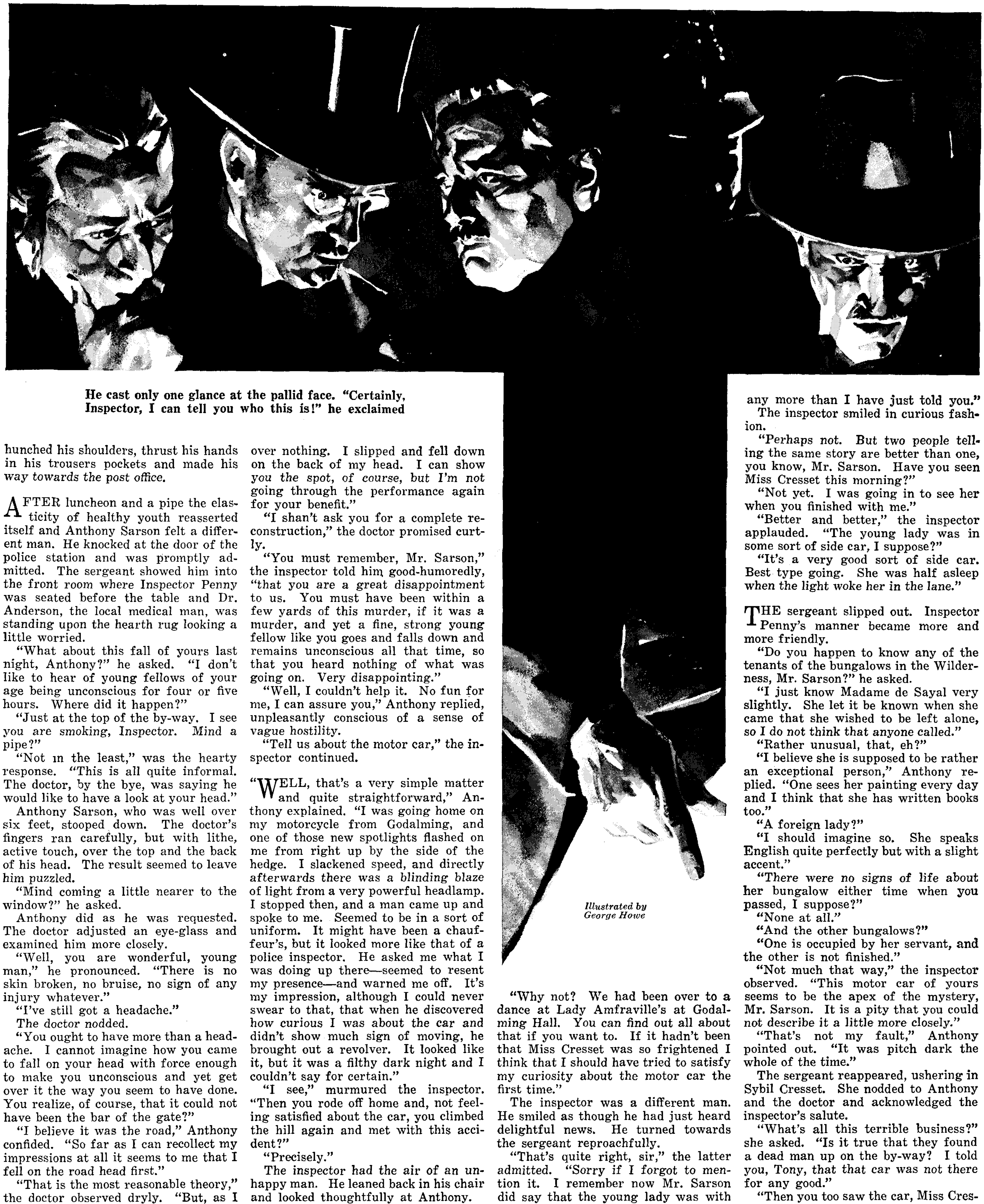
Then Anthony Sarson, for a well-behaved young man with whom manners were rather a point, became very rude.

"I don't care a damn about your atmosphere," he said savagely, "and if you ask me any more questions about last night I shall punch your head!"

Tyssen showed no resentment at his late companion's violence. It seemed indeed to have left him entirely unaffected. His yellow stained fingers flashed through their task of rolling a fresh cigarette, which a few seconds later was alight in his mouth. He



"If you publish a book and I recognize myself," Anthony threatened, "I'll beat you into a jelly"



**He cast only one glance at the pallid face. "Certainly, Inspector, I can tell you who this is!" he exclaimed**

Illustrated by George Howe

hunched his shoulders, thrust his hands in his trousers pockets and made his way towards the post office.

AFTER luncheon and a pipe the elasticity of healthy youth reasserted itself and Anthony Sarson felt a different man. He knocked at the door of the police station and was promptly admitted. The sergeant showed him into the front room where Inspector Penny was seated before the table and Dr. Anderson, the local medical man, was standing upon the hearth rug looking a little worried.

"What about this fall of yours last night, Anthony?" he asked. "I don't like to hear of young fellows of your age being unconscious for four or five hours. Where did it happen?"

"Just at the top of the by-way. I see you are smoking, Inspector. Mind a pipe?"

"Not in the least," was the hearty response. "This is all quite informal. The doctor, by the bye, was saying he would like to have a look at your head."

Anthony Sarson, who was well over six feet, stooped down. The doctor's fingers ran carefully, but with lithe, active touch, over the top and the back of his head. The result seemed to leave him puzzled.

"Mind coming a little nearer to the window?" he asked.

Anthony did as he was requested. The doctor adjusted an eye-glass and examined him more closely.

"Well, you are wonderful, young man," he pronounced. "There is no skin broken, no bruise, no sign of any injury whatever."

"I've still got a headache."

The doctor nodded.

"You ought to have more than a headache. I cannot imagine how you came to fall on your head with force enough to make you unconscious and yet get over it the way you seem to have done. You realize, of course, that it could not have been the bar of the gate?"

"I believe it was the road," Anthony confided. "So far as I can recollect my impressions at all it seems to me that I fell on the road head first."

"That is the most reasonable theory," the doctor observed dryly. "But, as I said before, you are a very lucky young man. When the inspector has asked you any questions he wishes to I should like you to take me up to the spot where it happened."

Anthony scowled.

"It seems to me it's making a fuss over nothing. I slipped and fell down on the back of my head. I can show you the spot, of course, but I'm not going through the performance again for your benefit."

"I shan't ask you for a complete reconstruction," the doctor promised curtly.

"You must remember, Mr. Sarson," the inspector told him good-humoredly, "that you are a great disappointment to us. You must have been within a few yards of this murder, if it was a murder, and yet a fine, strong young fellow like you goes and falls down and remains unconscious all that time, so that you heard nothing of what was going on. Very disappointing."

"Well, I couldn't help it. No fun for me, I can assure you," Anthony replied, unpleasantly conscious of a sense of vague hostility.

"Tell us about the motor car," the inspector continued.

"WELL, that's a very simple matter and quite straightforward," Anthony explained. "I was going home on my motorcycle from Godalming, and one of those new spotlights flashed on me from right up by the side of the hedge. I slackened speed, and directly afterwards there was a blinding blaze of light from a very powerful headlamp. I stopped then, and a man came up and spoke to me. Seemed to be in a sort of uniform. It might have been a chauffeur's, but it looked more like that of a police inspector. He asked me what I was doing up there—seemed to resent my presence—and warned me off. It's my impression, although I could never swear to that, that when he discovered how curious I was about the car and didn't show much sign of moving, he brought out a revolver. It looked like it, but it was a filthy dark night and I couldn't say for certain."

"I see," murmured the inspector. "Then you rode off home and, not feeling satisfied about the car, you climbed the hill again and met with this accident?"

"Precisely."

The inspector had the air of an unhappy man. He leaned back in his chair and looked thoughtfully at Anthony.

"You were alone, of course, on this night ride from Godalming, I think it was you said?"

"Nothing of the sort. I had Miss Cresset—the young lady who lives in the next house here—with me."

"What! At that time of night?"

"Why not? We had been over to a dance at Lady Amfraville's at Godalming Hall. You can find out all about that if you want to. If it hadn't been that Miss Cresset was so frightened I think that I should have tried to satisfy my curiosity about the motor car the first time."

The inspector was a different man. He smiled as though he had just heard delightful news. He turned towards the sergeant reproachfully.

"That's quite right, sir," the latter admitted. "Sorry if I forgot to mention it. I remember now Mr. Sarson did say that the young lady was with him, and I even saw them starting off together earlier in the evening."

"Capital! Could we have a word with the young lady?"

"Why not?" Anthony replied. "I'm sure she will come with pleasure if you send in for her, but she can't tell you any more than I have just told you."

The inspector smiled in curious fashion.

"Perhaps not. But two people telling the same story are better than one, you know, Mr. Sarson. Have you seen Miss Cresset this morning?"

"Not yet. I was going in to see her when you finished with me."

"Better and better," the inspector applauded. "The young lady was in some sort of side car, I suppose?"

"It's a very good sort of side car. Best type going. She was half asleep when the light woke her in the lane."

THE sergeant slipped out. Inspector Penny's manner became more and more friendly.

"Do you happen to know any of the tenants of the bungalows in the Wilderness, Mr. Sarson?" he asked.

"I just know Madame de Sayal very slightly. She let it be known when she came that she wished to be left alone, so I do not think that anyone called."

"Rather unusual, that, eh?"

"I believe she is supposed to be rather an exceptional person," Anthony replied. "One sees her painting every day and I think that she has written books too."

"A foreign lady?"

"I should imagine so. She speaks English quite perfectly but with a slight accent."

"There were no signs of life about her bungalow either time when you passed, I suppose?"

"None at all."

"And the other bungalows?"

"One is occupied by her servant, and the other is not finished."

"Not much that way," the inspector observed. "This motor car of yours seems to be the apex of the mystery, Mr. Sarson. It is a pity that you could not describe it a little more closely."

"That's not my fault," Anthony pointed out. "It was pitch dark the whole of the time."

The sergeant reappeared, ushering in Sybil Cresset. She nodded to Anthony and the doctor and acknowledged the inspector's salute.

"What's all this terrible business?" she asked. "Is it true that they found a dead man up on the by-way? I told you, Tony, that that car was not there for any good."

"Then you too saw the car, Miss Cresset?" the inspector inquired.

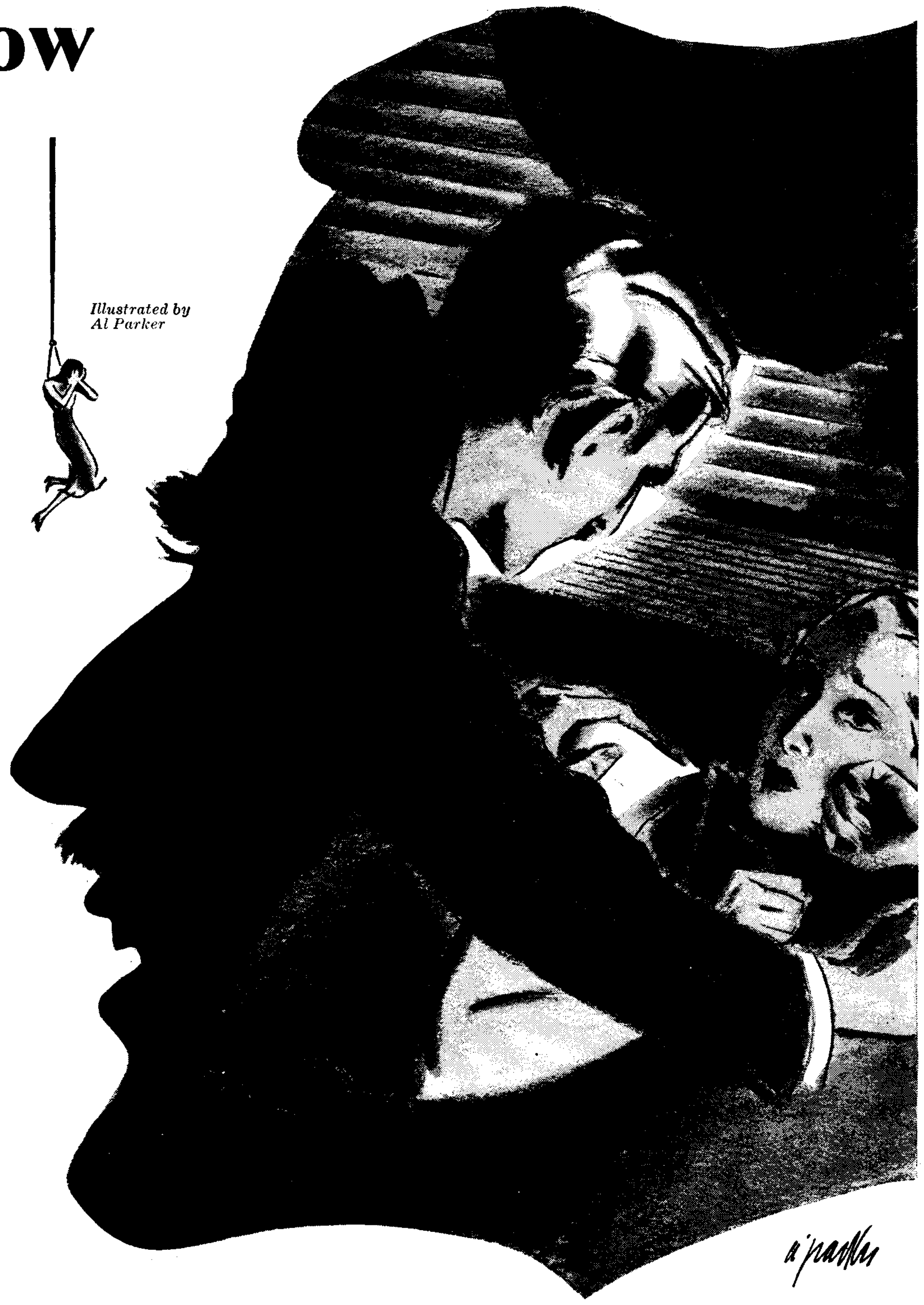
"I saw it as well as one could see anything on such a night. It was as big as a small omnibus. The chauffeur, or whoever it was who spoke to us, was horrid."

(Continued on page 33)

# He will Never Know

### A Short Short Story complete on this page

### By Richard Sherman



Illustrated by
Al Parker

"I realized that I was being made to serve as human copy"

WHEN William Rennel's wife left him a year ago, he announced with characteristic generosity that he was entirely to blame and that Janet had been, was now, a saint on earth. "I don't know why she went," he said, "but she must have had a reason. The only thing that puzzles me is what that reason was."

Other people were puzzled too. At thirty-five, with three excellent novels and many short stories to his credit, Willy was not only a success but also an unusually pleasant person, agreeable and human. He and Janet had been married six years, apparently happily, when she took their three-months-old son and went to California. Without a word of explanation.

And now I know why, although during that first hour when I met her last month for a casual lunch in a San Francisco restaurant, we talked about everything in the world except Willy. Finally she remarked that she wasn't working.

"Want a job?" I asked. She had been a copy writer.

"No, thanks," she said. "Not yet at least. I'm resting now, just living."

So that was it. That Willy should continue to support her didn't strike me as exactly fair, and my silence showed how I felt.

"Don't you think he should send me money?" she asked.

"Well. . . ." I was definitely hesitant. "Of course you do have the baby."

"It isn't the baby," she said. "I take Willy's checks because I've earned them."

And that's the way it started, the story of her life with Willy Rennel.

"I FELL in love with Willy on first sight," she began. "And in a way I'm still in love with him. He was a perfect husband except for one thing. And that's the thing that got me in the end.

"We met seven years ago just after 'Sea Without Waves' had been published and before he'd written either 'Trouper' or 'Life.' 'Sea Without Waves' had been an outstanding first novel, but like most firsts it was autobiographical. It was just Willy's life—the record of an average boyhood, but told as only he could tell it. He *can* write, don't you think?"

She hurried on, not waiting for my answer.

"And now he was at the difficult stage, because he hadn't an idea in his head for a second book. 'Make up things,' I'd tell him. 'I can't make them up,' he'd complain, 'and even when I do they don't sound real.' It worried him, and he drifted along until he began to think he was just a one-book man. I knew he wasn't, though, and after we were married I was even surer, because he began to work on a novel and kept at it instead of throwing away the first couple of chapters. When the manuscript was about three quarters finished he let me see it."

She poured herself more coffee.

"Was that 'Trouper'?" I asked.

"Yes. And it was also the story of my father's life. He'd been a song-and dance man, and Willy had woven the yarns I'd told about him into a book.

"After that the magazines began wanting his short stories. He sold two or three, but they weren't very convincing and he knew it. They weren't like 'Trouper.' Then, mostly as a joke, I suggested that there might be a story in our honeymoon. We'd gone on a motor trip through the South, and had got stranded for two stormy days with a Negro farmer's family. I thought maybe he could do something with it."

She paused and looked out of the window at the passing traffic.

"He did something with it, all right. Do you remember the story? It was called 'Overnight.' "

I gasped a little. "Overnight" had won a short-story prize for its year. But there were no Negro farmers in it. The only two characters were a man and a woman, and the story was a frank, sensitive portrayal of their wedding night.

"Yes," she said. "That was our wedding night. I never saw the story until it was in proof, and then it made me sick, physically sick. Willy couldn't understand why. . . .

"After a while I forgave him, though he didn't see that he had done anything for which to be forgiven. But I felt—well, not quite safe. And with reason, too, for he began to sell story after story—and almost all of them were about me. From then on I was a monkey in a cage. People said he was a master at drawing feminine character. He should have been: he photographed it from life. After a time I began to think I was getting morbid or egocentric. All those women can't be me, I'd say to myself; if they were, the effect would be monotonous. But Willy was enough of an artist not to make all his pictures the same. But their base was the same—things I'd said or done or told him I had felt.

"Then, after he had run through my normal reactions, he began to experiment. One night at a party he got me drunk. I felt myself getting tight and said I didn't want any more. 'Go ahead,' he said. 'We'll both get soused.' Well, I got that way—but he remained perfectly sober. The next morning he followed the course of my hang-over like a hawk."

She didn't have to tell me the outcome of that episode. It was there for all the world to read, though framed in a different setting and with a plot, in "The Binge."

"HE WANTED me to have a love affair, too," she continued. "You don't believe that, do you? But it's true. He didn't come right out and say, 'Janet, why don't you and Wayne Ferguson have a little fling together, so I can see how a woman acts when she's deceiving her husband?' but he did almost everything else. It worked with Wayne. I was dangled on a string before his eyes until his reflexes told him he ought to jump. But I wouldn't jump with him. For two weeks afterward, Willy would hardly speak to me, because he felt that somehow I had cheated him."

Janet smiled for the first time; then the smile faded.

"When we were married I wanted a baby. Willy didn't. Well, after I realized that I was being made to serve as human copy, I began to talk about the baby again. It seemed to me that having one might save us. If I gave Willy a child, perhaps he wouldn't demand material for fiction.

"At first he was still against the idea, but finally, all of a sudden, he changed his mind. He said that he had been a fool.

"You know what's coming. 'Life.' That book is me—me and the baby and Willy.

"Before the baby came, I was never out of Willy's sight.

"My nurse said she had never seen such a tender husband. She thought he was wonderful and that I was a very lucky woman. 'You know, Mrs. Rennel,' she said, 'we just couldn't keep him out. And I was glad that we didn't, because he really wasn't a bit of bother. He just sat in a corner watching; and every now and then he'd try to divert himself by scribbling on a pad of paper he had with him.'

" 'By what?' I asked. I couldn't believe it.

" 'By scribbling on a pad of paper. Being a writer, I supposed it eased his mind.' "

SHE ceased talking and I began to remember "Life." It was easily the best of Willy Rennel's novels, and also the most successful commercially. No one had understood how a man could have written it.

"So that's why you left him?" I said.

Janet began gathering up her gloves and bag.

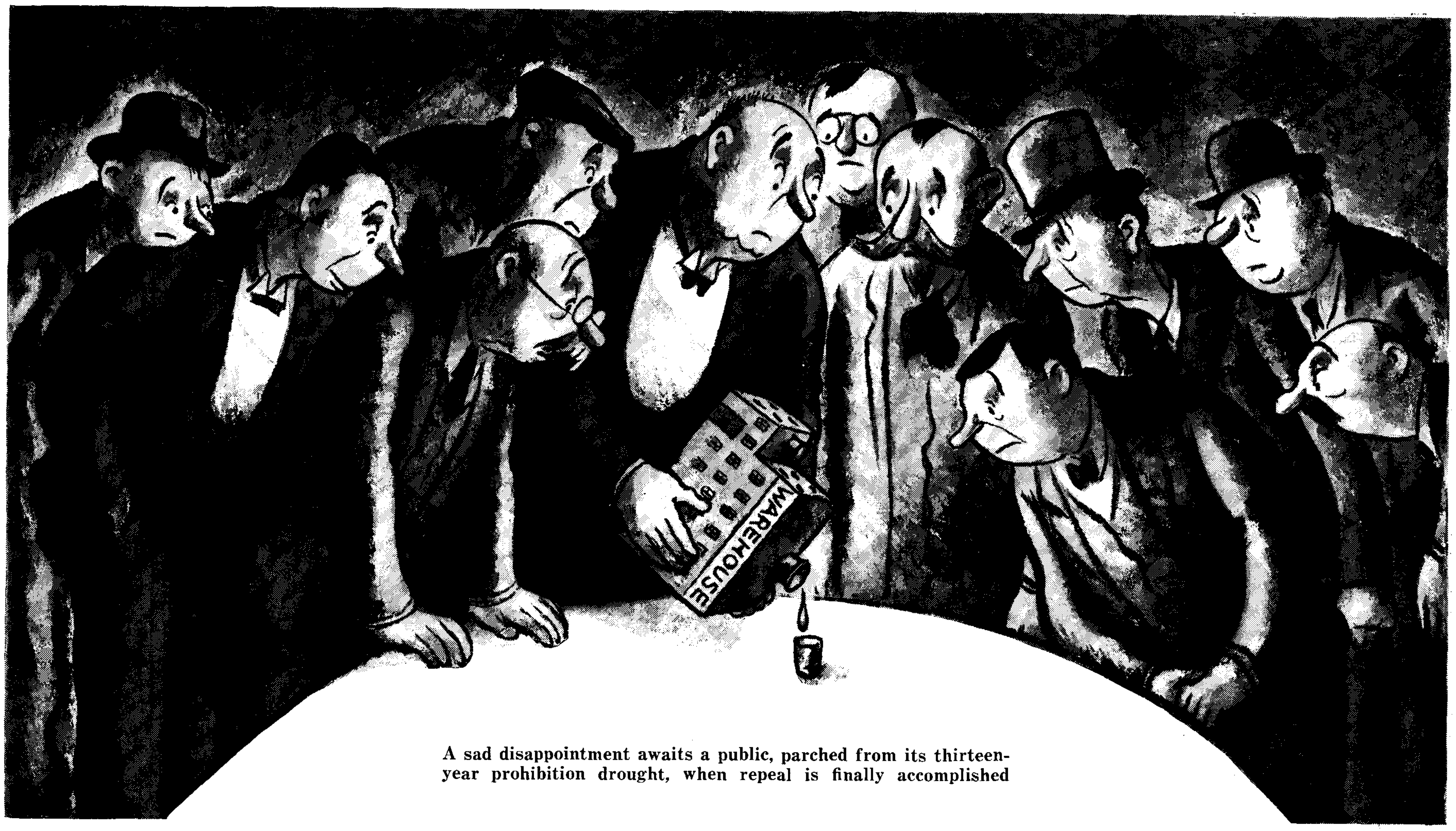
"No," she replied. "I would have stayed with him even after that, because I loved him, if it hadn't been for something else."

"Do you mind if I ask what that was?"

She smiled. "No. It was something in my mind—a fear. Perhaps I was wrong, perhaps not. But it was a chance I couldn't afford to take."

She was standing now. The restaurant was empty save for the two of us and a waiter who shifted expectantly in the background.

"You see," she said, "Willy had seen me in almost every human emotion except one. He hadn't seen me die."



A sad disappointment awaits a public, parched from its thirteen-year prohibition drought, when repeal is finally accomplished

# Goin' through the Rye

## By Ray Tucker

*Collier's Washington Staff Writer*

***Our present liquor reserve, depleted through drug-store seepage and otherwise, will be a thin trickle in the parched sands of legal demand. Where's the revenue in that? And what of the disillusioned throats?***

THE American people are galloping as thoughtlessly toward repeal as they did toward prohibition. A happy hysteria leads them to forget and neglect some of the tough problems involved in shifting millions of two-fisted drinkers from an illegal to a legal basis. Although reluctant to discuss the question publicly, federal officials who will have charge of the transition period are worrying over the situation night and day.

Unless the federal government can work political and chemical wonders before the white-ribboners' flag is hauled down, the supply of good liquor will be low, very low, and the price will be high, very high. New and old drinkers may find themselves back on a diet of weak beer, waterfront whisky, legalized bathtub gin and unripe wines just off the Ship of State. It may be several years before the real domestic stuff will return in sufficient quantities to go around at a decent price, and for that same period such evils of prohibition as smuggling, bootlegging and racketeering may be with us.

The thirst is there, no doubt of that; it has been sharpened by prohibition. When Congress lifted the restrictions on physicians' prescriptions of medicinal liquor last spring, everybody who could afford it fell sick. Some declined slowly, with dignity, but when word got around that the lid was off, epidemics became nationwide. Patients phoned their favorite drug stores, and chatted about brands and prices in voices surprisingly healthy and hopeful for invalids who wanted medicine in such a hurry. Some places installed delivery services that rivaled the bootleggers', while others turned out prescriptions and whisky in case lots.

Prices began at from $4.50 to $5.25 per quart, but the demands of the diseased soon boosted them to $5.75 and $6.25, with no assurance that the cost of illness would not go higher. The country is on a medicinal spree, as the records reveal. Whereas only 57,000 gallons of medicinal liquor were withdrawn from government warehouses in June, 1932, the figure increased to 204,000 in June of this year. And that was before we learned how simple it was to contract ailments which responded to no remedy except Old Taylor, Anderson's Belle, Mattingly and Moore, Schenley's and other brands.

These fortunate patients will have sympathetic sufferers with repeal, however, and then the problem of supply and thirst will become acute. On the day that Uncle Sam puts on the bib, provided it is early in 1934, there will be only 21,500,000 gallons of whisky on hand, and only about 5,000,000 gallons will be the famous, four-year-old, bottled-in-bond stuff; the rest will be of an antiquity no greater than from six months to three years.

That may sound like a lot of liquor to this benighted generation which drinks on the fly, but it will not last more than two months under repeal. In the typical, pre-prohibition year of 1916, an America that was then on a sublime stagger toward internal reform got away with 69,500,000 gallons of old whisky, and about 35,000,000 gallons of rectified whisky (of which more later). And that was before a decade of prohibition taught us new tricks and appetites, before it was the thing for the younger set to embalm high-school memories in alcohol instead of scrapbooks and hope chests.

It is true that, at first, there may be only twenty-four states where liquor can be sold under repeal, but they are the most populous states; their increased population and changed habits will undoubtedly mean a consumption as large as or larger than in 1916, when there were, numerically, more wet states. Now, since the United States is and was a whisky-drinking nation, it needs no son of a bartender to read 'em and weep.

THIRSTY CITIZEN
Wm. Steig

*Illustrated by William Steig*

Synthetic gin is likely to remain our national beverage for some time

### Obstacles in Existing Laws

A sharp shortage may affect beverages like wines, brandies and high-powered beer, though to less degree. Even if the law permitted manufacturers to go ahead at top speed now, there are not enough of them to provide a sufficient supply of all brands even on the basis of the 1916 consumption. Rum, brandy, and dry wines can be produced in a few weeks or months if enough plants are set up, although they will not have the mellow flavor of the pre-prohibition brands we used to sip.

Government officials, upset over this situation, would like to meet it by opening breweries, wineries and distilleries in advance of repeal, or as soon as it appears to be a mathematical certainty, but there are obstacles to such action in federal and state laws. Kentucky, the mother state of the best bourbons, has a constitutional prohibition provision that may not be eliminated for at least a year, and large-scale manufacture or shipments here may be a long way off. In a few months the government,

*(Continued on page 57)*

# The Literary Society Nearly Exploded

## *. . . but it wasn't from laughter*

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
LOOK FOR THE 'HOLESOME CANDY WITH THE HOLE

There's no doubt about it . . . the Literary Society liked its food about as well as its Shakespeare. And after those get-together banquets, the members were more in need of a two-mile walk than a two-hour speech.

What agony could have been averted . . . what fidgeting, squirming and groaning could have been banished . . . had Life Savers been passed around after the meal!

It's really amazing how Life Savers aid digestion. Deflate that over-stuffed feeling. Refuse to let your over-indulgences plague you. Snap you back to normal even after a dining marathon.

Acquire the Life Savers habit. Carry these intriguing mints with you always. And don't limit their use to after meals.

Life Savers are so all-fired good, so downright delicious . . . they provide stellar entertainment for your palate any old time!

Try those sensational new taste thrillers . . . SPEAR-O-MINT and CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. And remember the old Flavorites . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. And Life Savers Fruit Drops, made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, New York.

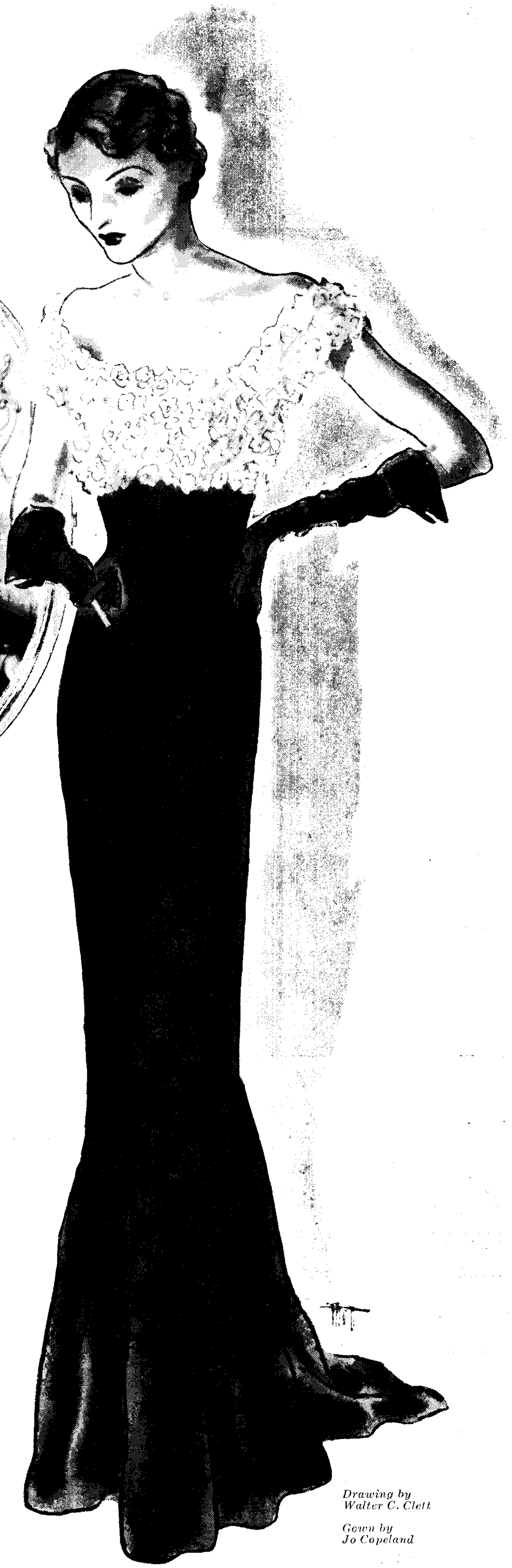
*AFTER EATING . . .* LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS

# Curves Ahead

## By Marie Beynon Ray

*Since Mae West gave Paris a shot in the arm with She Done Him Wrong, they've been cutting the curves in evening fashions. Not too Diamond Lil, but alluring enough to please you girls—and boys*

**Mae West started it, Marlene Dietrich made it chic and you are going to wear it**



*Drawing by Walter C. Clett*

*Gown by Jo Copeland*

WEST is no longer merely a region; it's a woman. A brand-new type of "Western" has suddenly appeared—nothing to do with cowboys and the great open spaces, but wild enough for all that. Mae West is a whole Wild West show in herself, as everyone knows who has seen the Broadway production of Diamond Lil—renamed She Done Him Wrong in the American cinema version and Lady Lou in the French.

In any language, Lil is tough, she's vulgar, she's brazen, she's everything the Ten Commandments forbid—and she's a sensation.

Particularly in Paris. And when Paris goes crazy about anyone, it does something about it. So today Paris is producing Lady Lou styles—and *you* are going to wear them.

Of course, we shan't go about looking like Diamond Lils. We'll be just a little plumper than we are—a little curvier, anyway. We won't be hour-glasses but we'll have long, flowing natural lines, decidedly unboyish. Diamond Lil fashions won't be a literal translation from the films. Whatever we take from that quaint era must conform to 1934 standards and conditions. We won't change our figures radically, we can't change our way of living. But we will, for our leisure hours at least, assume greater elegance and glamour. We'll wear a picture hat and a velvet gown for an occasion—but we'll stick to our casual felts, our tweeds and our straight lines for the regular business of life.

If you doubt that Paris has gone West, read the accounts of the Lady Lou parties given by smart French society, glance through the fashion magazines, see the French collections lately arrived on these shores.

A while ago there was much discussion as to whether the Gibson Girl could come back. Well, she's come back in the rowdy person of Diamond Lil, who gave a hypodermic to a fashion that might otherwise have petered out in a few months. For the Gibson Girl was only a memory but Mae West is as actual as 3.2 beer.

So now we're in for it—in for the curved line (which Mae defines as the loveliest distance between two points), in for corsets which will raise the bust, confine the waist, mold the hips and definitely revive the feminine form divine.

Clothes will be princess, clinging to the knees, or a little below, and then flaring bell-like to the ground—"unbelted princess," everyone is calling them. There'll probably be a train, possibly two, cut in one with the skirt or inserted in slits.

### Letting Things Slip

There's more than one way of playing up a bosom—we can no longer eschew the word. Mainbocher does it with jabots; Lelong does it for Marlene Dietrich by molding black velvet firmly over the bust and tossing great sprays of osprey, jetting like a black fountain as high as her topmost curl, all around her shoulders. Vionnet does it by dropping the dress off the shoulders and framing the bust and shoulders in a stand-offish cuff of brocade or fur. Molyneux exposes as much as possible

*(Continued on page 40)*

# "I know All Three— FROM THE BOTTOM UP!"

AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT RICE, GAS STATION MANAGER, 59 ALGER AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.

"You learn which cars are 'oil hogs' on this job—and I found out that Plymouth *isn't* one. I don't need to tell you that's important."

"Look at Plymouth from underneath—and you'll see it's much more solidly built."

"Our new Plymouth took us on our honeymoon. Naturally, we wanted a good-looking car. And one experience with Plymouth had already convinced me it's the safest low-priced car made! You can't beat that safety-steel body."

## "... now I'm driving my THIRD Plymouth"

IF YOU SAW a hundred cars a day—talked to a hundred different owners—"got out and got under" as often as Bob Rice has—you'd know "all three" low-priced cars pretty well.

So the important thing in this story is this: Bob Rice's present Plymouth is his *third.*

Plymouth's solid foundation—a rigid-X double-drop frame—was one thing that sold him. Heat-resisting valve inserts that let you go 30,000 miles without valve-grinding was another.

But the biggest thing, perhaps, was an accident. Two cars crashed—and both hit Rice in his Plymouth. His car went completely over—but neither he nor Mrs. Rice were scratched. In fact—not even a pane of glass was broken!

You can't sell him anything but a safety-steel body after that! He says you never can tell about the other fellow!

• • •

BOB RICE calls Plymouth a "young people's automobile"... because it's *modern.* And the reason for that is Floating Power engine mountings, safety-steel body construction, rigid-X frame, hydraulic brakes.

It's modern, in short, in at least 20 places where you can compare it directly with other low-priced cars.

"Look at all three," as more and more people are doing. Really compare them... drive them... check them feature for feature "from the bottom up." Then you'll be able to buy as soundly as Bob Rice.

You can see Plymouth at any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer's salesroom.

Standard Models: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble seat coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe Models: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; convertible coupe $595; rumble seat coupe $545; business coupe $495. Floating Power engine mountings, hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, safety-steel bodies standard equipment. All prices F. O. B. factory, Detroit, and subject to change without notice. Low delivered prices.

**$445**

**AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT**

# NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

**FLOATING POWER • SAFETY-STEEL BODY • HYDRAULIC BRAKES**

# Lion Lover

*The way it looks to us, Caesar wanted a happy ending and took heroic measures. These big cats are very romantic, you know*

## By Paul Jones

I WAS standing talking to Charlie King, that had charge of the lion house, when I saw this girl come in. She was a swell little blonde, in a blue suit, with one of those dippy hats down over her right eye.

"Some girl," Charlie said.

I've worked with the elephants, and in the lion house, and pretty near everywhere else in the zoo, but right then I was supposed to be a special guide, steering these parties of school kids around, and so forth. We had a rule that you're supposed to be polite to all visitors, so when I saw this girl stop in front of Caesar's cage, why, naturally, I went up to her, and I raised my cap and asked her was there anything she wanted me to explain.

"He looks awfully fierce," she said to me, pointing to Caesar.

As a matter of fact, we considered Caesar a kind of a pet. No kidding. Just like a house cat. But my motto is The Customer is Always Right, especially when she has these thousand-watt blue eyes. "He sure is," I told her.

I saw Charlie make a face and turn away, like he was disgusted. He hates to hear you say anything against Caesar. Even now, after what happened, he still sticks up for him.

"And you're in charge of all these wild beasts!" she went on, kind of shivering all over.

"Yes, ma'am."

I DON'T know why a guy has to start telling lies just because he's talking to a pretty girl, with her eyes wide open, and her teeth just showing between her lips. I guess you figure she expects it, and you don't want to disappoint her by telling the truth. Or maybe you're afraid she'll stop looking at you."

"Aren't you scared to death?" she asks me, shivering again.

"No," I said, laughing. "Lions are easy to handle." So I gave her quite a line about how I did it. "It's a cinch," I told her, "so long as I go in their cages now and then and show them who's boss."

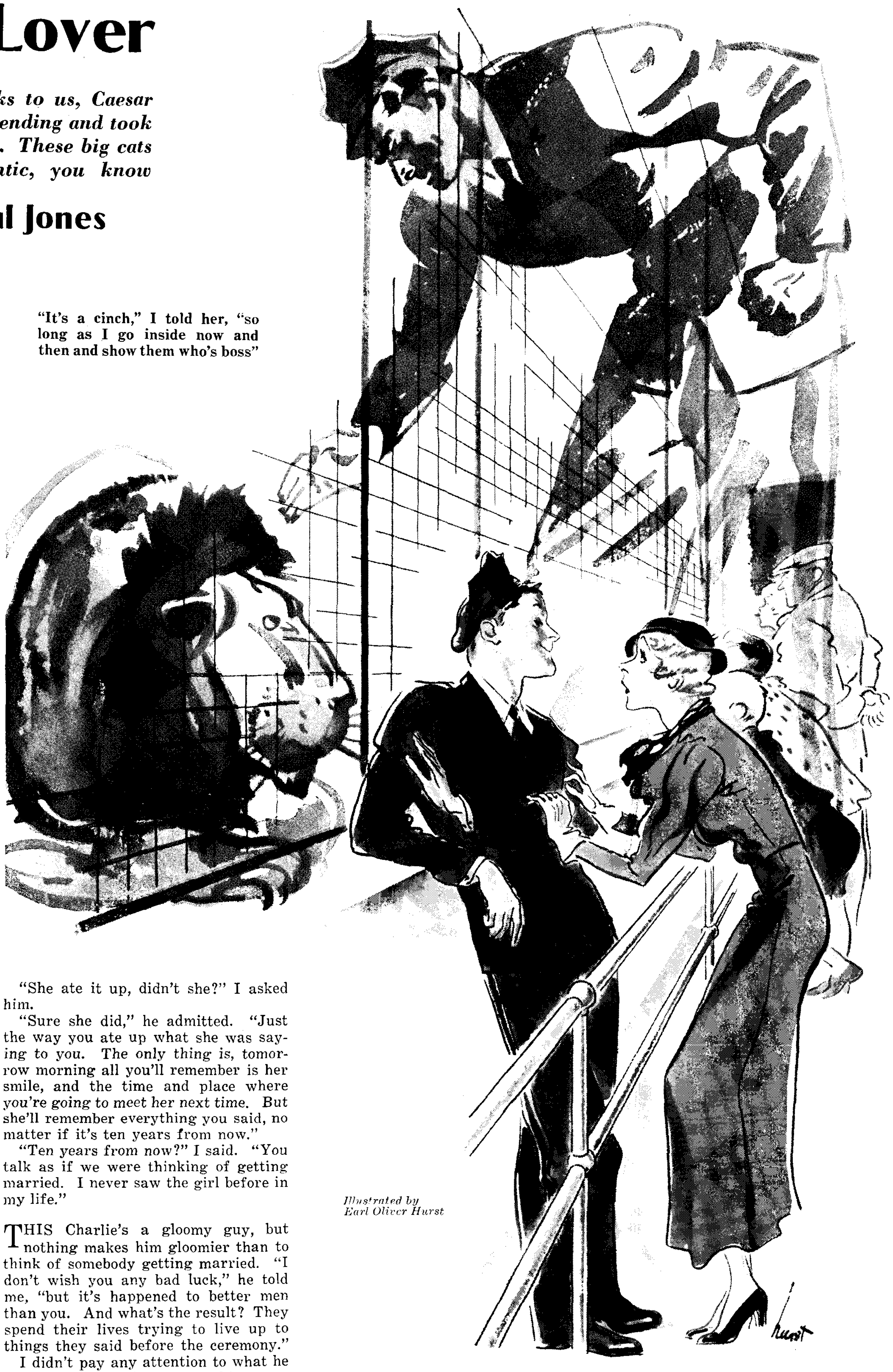
It's a wonder I wasn't struck by lightning, but she looked prettier than ever when she was frightened, and I wanted her to keep on looking that way.

"But don't they bite you?" she wanted to know.

"They don't try it more than once, sister," I said. "They know better."

Like I was saying, I don't know why I had to tell her all this junk but it seemed to be making a hit, so I kept right on. The way I talked, all I had to do was look at one of these lions and he'd roll over and play dead. So we got talking back and forth and I found out her name was Eleanor, and she was a waitress in the Palace Restaurant, opposite the Pennsy station. We got quite clubby, and before she left I dated her up for her next night off.

When she went out, Charlie gave me the laugh. "You certainly gave that kid a ride," he said. "All I hope is you never have to live up to those rash words."



"It's a cinch," I told her, "so long as I go inside now and then and show them who's boss"

*Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst*

"She ate it up, didn't she?" I asked him.

"Sure she did," he admitted. "Just the way you ate up what she was saying to you. The only thing is, tomorrow morning all you'll remember is her smile, and the time and place where you're going to meet her next time. But she'll remember everything you said, no matter if it's ten years from now."

"Ten years from now?" I said. "You talk as if we were thinking of getting married. I never saw the girl before in my life."

THIS Charlie's a gloomy guy, but nothing makes him gloomier than to think of somebody getting married. "I don't wish you any bad luck," he told me, "but it's happened to better men than you. And what's the result? They spend their lives trying to live up to things they said before the ceremony."

I didn't pay any attention to what he was telling me, because nothing was further from my mind than the idea of getting married. I'm a fellow that always said he wouldn't tie himself up for life with any dame, because you take the average guy, and he gets married and that's the end of him. You never hear of him again, no more than if he'd been sentenced to Devil's Island.

You know what I mean. Everybody feels that way until the right girl comes along. The gang always thinks if a man ain't out shooting pool, or drinking beer at the corner, it's because he can't get a pass. They don't stop to figure he might be having a better time in his own home. I don't say he is, but he might be.

Well, the next time I saw Eleanor, we went to a movie, and pretty soon I was dating her up once a week. Then I got in the habit of eating my dinners in the Palace Restaurant, so I could see her every day. Her trick wasn't over till midnight, and she didn't like to go home by herself, so usually I'd go back for her and escort her to her apartment that she shared with another girl.

So I got to thinking it over, and marriage didn't look so bad. You take the average guy and he's like these new animals we used to get out at the zoo. You'd see them fighting and scrapping something terrible before we could get them into their cages. Then for a while they'd go around with a bewildered look,

(*Continued on page 28*)

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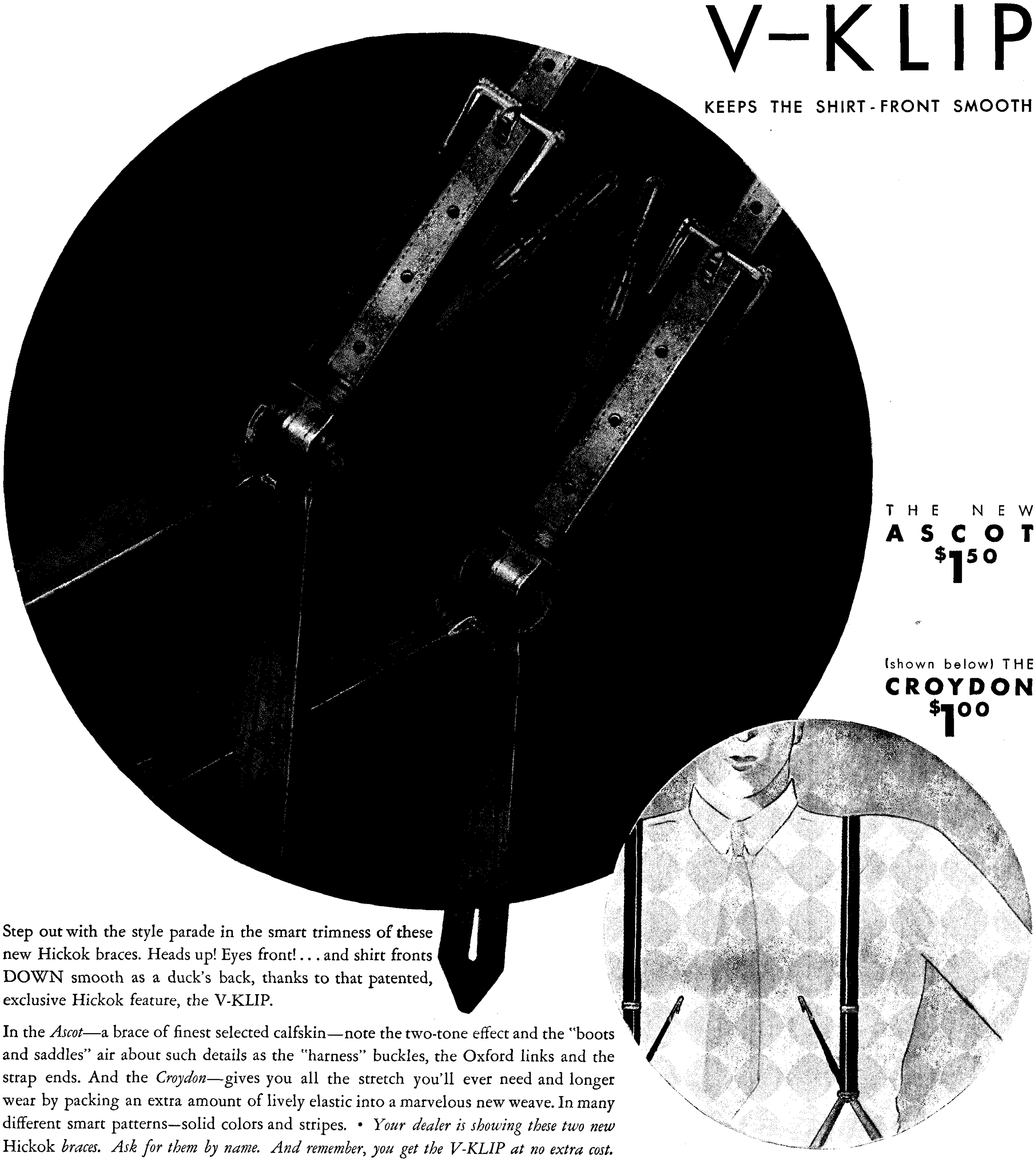

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# Lion Lover

*Continued from page 26*

the same as a new husband after the honeymoon. But after they saw they were getting their meals regular, and got used to being cooped up, why, O. K. They were satisfied. If you left the doors open, a lot of them wouldn't even bother to go out.

I'm talking about the average fellow. I don't mean I felt that way about marrying Eleanor. She was different. The more I saw her, the more I liked her and the more I was crazy about her. The only thing worried me was, would she say yes? So I bought a ring, and I took her on a moonlight excursion one night she had off.

"There's something for you, kid," I told her.

"What is it?" she asked me, as if she didn't know, and she gave a little scream when she saw the sparkler.

"It's supposed to be on your finger," I said to her, because she was holding it in her hand.

"I was just thinking."

"What?"

"Well, honey," she said, "I don't like to say it, because if there's one thing I hate it's a girl that tries to run a man's life for him, but honestly, darling, I wouldn't feel right being married to a man that might get killed any day. But if you gave up your job—"

"Aw, honey, you're getting excited about nothing. There isn't any danger."

"Didn't you tell me Caesar almost killed you once?" she asked me. "And didn't Rex escape, and didn't you have to put him back in his cage all by yourself? Don't they have to send for you, even at night, when there's any trouble?" Her eyes were throwing out sparks, and I noticed her chin could be pretty firm when she wanted it to be.

"Well," I said.

"Didn't you?"

"Sure, honey, but—"

So then she melted all of a sudden, and began to cry. "Please," she whispered. "You got to think of me."

LIKE a sap, I thought she was weakening just because the tears were running down her cheeks, so I said: "It's this way, Eleanor. I was only kidding when I told you all that stuff."

She raised her head as though she had a spring in her neck. "You were only kidding?" she asked me.

"Sure," I told her. "I was just giving you a line. Not a word of truth in it."

I thought that would fix things up all right, because if she was worried about whether I'd get killed or not, why, it would stop her worrying if she knew that the worst thing that could happen to me would be to maybe slip on one of the banana peels that the school kids leave lying around.

Instead of that, she handed me the ring back. "You were just lying to me," she said. "Just giving me the same line you give every girl." She stared out over the water, winking her eyes to keep the tears back.

"Will you listen to me a moment?" I asked her. "Where's the harm in—?"

"I hate you. I don't ever want to see you again," she stated in a low, throaty voice like Connie Bennett's. "Please go away."

I got a little sore myself. "I'm staying right where I am," I said.

So she got up and walked away and I didn't see her again that night. I got my pride too.

The next day I was steering a party of kids around the garden, and when I got to the lion house I stopped for a talk with Charlie while the kids were looking the cages over. I was a little cooler than I was the night before, but I was still pretty mad, at that.

"Well, when's the wedding?"

"What wedding?" I asked him.

"I thought things were all set between you and that girl at the Palace."

"Nix," I told him. "That's out. I'm not getting married to anybody. Listen—" So I gave him the whole story.

"You mean to say you told her the truth?" he wanted to know.

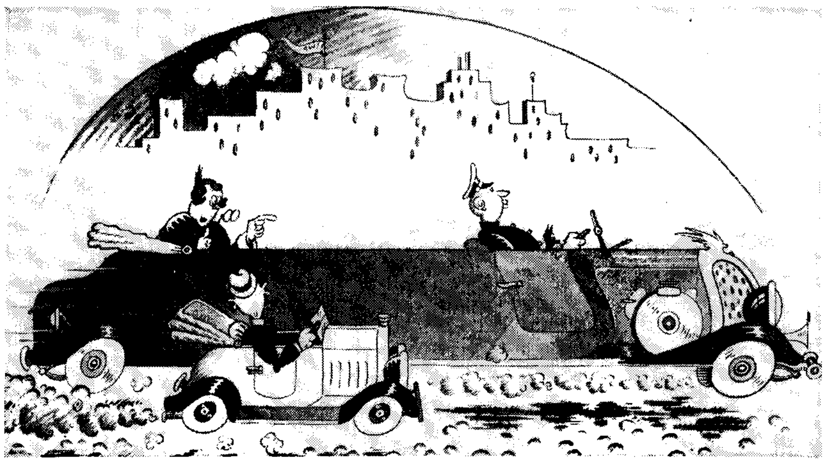
"Sure," I said.

"It's the worst thing you could have done," he claimed. "What got into you?"

I just looked at him. I mean, he had me stopped cold. First he told me I was making a mistake, telling her lies about how I was a lion tamer, and then he tells me I shouldn't have told the truth. "I don't get you," I said.

"Listen," he told me, "there's a time for telling the truth and a time for saying what people want to hear. Your trouble is you got them reversed. I don't blame the girl for getting sore."

I DIDN'T go to the Palace for dinner that night. I ate in a diner, and somehow or other it made me feel blue. I mean, a guy gets in the habit of reporting in a certain place at a certain time when he's interested in a girl, and if it's busted up, why, he feels like a fish out of water. He don't know what to do with himself. I was weakening fast, but I put it off for a while by going to a movie.



"Would you mind telling my chauffeur to stop at 97 Park Avenue?"

*Bill Holman*

By the time I got to the Palace, after the second show, she had her hat and coat on. So I went up to her and when she saw who it was she turned away, and I had to put my hand on her arm to make her listen to me. "Come on, baby," I said. "I'll take you home."

"No, thank you," she told me, with her chin up. "Mr. Barker is taking me home."

So then I saw this assistant manager of the restaurant, that used to go round with her before she met me, and he came up to Eleanor, and said: "What's the matter?"

I was burnt up, because here I went to the restaurant to give her a break and I find her all set to go home with this clown Barker. "What's it to you?" I asked him.

He didn't answer me. "Is this fellow annoying you?" he asked Eleanor.

"Please go," Eleanor begged me. "Don't make a scene."

"You better scram," this Barker said, "if you know what's good for you."

"Oh, yeah?" I came back at him, and swung my right. He beat me to the punch with his left, and I tripped over a chair and fell down. Well, that would only have been the beginning of the fight, because I was all set to take him to the cleaners as soon as I got up, only a couple of bouncers grabbed hold of me and threw me out on the pavement. I'd have gone back in, but the cop on the beat dealt himself a hand, and the next thing I knew he was ringing for the wagon.

It set me back five dollars and costs for disorderly conduct, and I had to spend the night in the dungeon because they wouldn't take a check. Sitting there in the cell, I thought, well, that's over. And I'm through with women.

The next day, I had a special party from a private school, and I was taking them through the bird house when I saw Eleanor, all by herself, looking at the cassowary. We used to have a joke about the cassowary, because it looked just like the old pirate that owned the Palace Restaurant, especially the big feet and the dirty neck, so it looked like maybe she'd been thinking things over, and wanted to let bygones be bygones.

I looked right at her and never gave her a tumble. When I got through with the birds I took the kids over to the elephant house, and there she was again. Same way when we were looking at the monkeys, and when we were watching Bill Todd feed the seals. She didn't say anything and I didn't say anything, but I was thinking a lot about what I would say when I got through with the lion house, which was the last stop on my route.

Sure enough, when I brought the kids in through the door, she was walking a little way ahead of us, toward Caesar's cage. She sure looked pretty. She had the same suit and hat on that she wore when I first saw her, and I started to soften up a little. Charlie wasn't in sight.

What drew my attention was I heard one of the boys yell, and I heard old Caesar give a roar. The next thing I knew, I saw Eleanor look into the cage, and her knees gave way under her, and she fell to the floor all in a heap. Fainted.

I ran up to her, but when I caught sight of the inside of the cage, I knew there was something I had to do before I took care of Eleanor.

YOU know, it's a funny thing about wild animals. Like I told you, Caesar was as tame as a house cat. Charlie used to go right in behind the bars with him and pet him. He'd been doing it for years. But you never can tell. You might do it ninety-nine times and the hundredth you won't get away with it.

Anyhow, there was Charlie on the floor of the cage, and Caesar dragging him around with his jaws clamped on one thigh.

Maybe you saw all this boloney in the papers about my bravery. Forget it. A guy does what has to be done, if there isn't anybody else around to do it, don't he?

I looked around for a pole. Nothing doing. There wasn't one in sight that would reach Caesar out in the middle of his cage. And I had to work fast.

If I'd stopped to think, I wouldn't have done it, but, like I told you, I didn't have time to think. I grabbed the chair Charlie used to sit on by the door, and beat it around and down the alleyway. Somewhere along the line I must have picked up a broom because I had one in my hand when I got to the door of Caesar's cage.

I remember the other animals were making one heck of a racket, and the kids were yelling, and just as I got inside the bars and closed the door behind me, I heard Eleanor scream. She came to just in time to see me go in.

The lion raised his head from Charlie's body, and I could see his ears flatten and his tail start to swish back and forth. I knew he'd jump me if I didn't jump him first, so I poked the broom in his face, and I tried to hold this chair I had out in front of me like I saw this fellow do in the circus. Caesar let go of Charlie and began to eye me sort of scornfully.

"Beat it, Charlie," I yelled. But that was foolish because anybody could see that Charlie was out for a good, long count.

I remember thinking I was going good, because Caesar began backing up.

The way I remember thinking I was going good is because it's the last thing I do remember. He must have pulled a criss-cross on me, because the chair went one way and the broom went another, and I could smell plenty of lion.

I could see his head and it was bigger than the whole wall. After that I don't remember anything.

THEN I could smell ether, and carbolic acid, and starch, and Eleanor was leaning over me. I was in a hospital, and I looked in the next bed, and there was Charlie.

"I knew you weren't lying to me," Eleanor said. "You're just so brave you wouldn't admit it was dangerous."

"Listen," I told her: "if that chair hadn't slipped, I'd have made Caesar wish he'd never been born."

"Don't talk," she said, putting her hand on my forehead. I could see a diamond flashing on her finger. She saw me looking and blushed. "I got it out of your pocket," she told me.

So that was O. K. I had five or six bad rips in my arm where Caesar clawed me before the gang got there, and Charlie's thigh was chewed a little but nothing to worry about.

I pulled her head down with my good arm, and kissed her, and I saw Charlie watching us. He was smoking a cigarette and looking gloomy.

Let him look gloomy, I thought to myself. A guy can get married, can't he, without his friends sitting around as if they were attending his wake and nobody remembered to bring the whisky?

The nurse put her head in the door. "Here's your wife, Mr. King," she called to Charlie.

I just had time to kiss Eleanor once more, and the door opened and this old battleship sailed in. She took one look to make sure Charlie was conscious, so she wouldn't be wasting ammunition, and what I mean, she let him have it. From what I heard, he just went in the cage to spite her.

So you can see Charlie's point of view. What I say is, it's a guy's own problem.

Yeah, I quit the zoo. . . .

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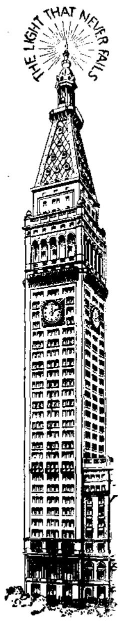
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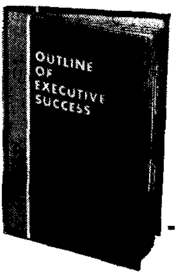

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# The Man without Nerves

*Continued from page 20*

"Can you describe him?"

She shook her head.

"I never even caught a glimpse of his face. He wore a funny peaked cap, and when Tony asked if he was a policeman he said that he might be because there were sixteen different sorts now anyway!"

"He was not inclined to be sociable, I gather?"

"Sociable!" Sybil exclaimed scornfully. "He acted as though we had no right in that part of the world at all and as though he hated us. I was only too thankful to get away."

"I daresay," the inspector reflected, "that Mr. Sarson here rather hurried off realizing that you were nervous."

"I am sure of it," she agreed. "I am not a curious person and the man frightened me."

"You didn't know, of course, that Mr. Sarson was going back again?"

"I certainly did not, but it's just like him. . . . Tell me, they are all saying that they found a dead man in the woods. Do you think that the presence of the car there had anything to do with it?"

"We are inclined to be of that opinion," the inspector affirmed. "Nothing more that you can tell us, I suppose, Miss Cresset?"

"Nothing at all."

"What time does your father return from the city?"

"Just before six. He was not anywhere about, though."

"Quite so," the inspector conceded, "but our first task is to establish the identity of the man. We have set them to work up at Scotland Yard already and we have had a photographer in, but it would be a great help if any of you local people could recognize him. That's why I am asking all the residents here to have a look at the body before we move it to the mortuary."

The girl shivered as she rose to her feet.

"Are you coming, Tony?" she asked.

"I have to go up the hill with the doctor first. I'll come as soon as I'm free," he promised.

DR. LEONARD ANDERSON was a very average type of the country practitioner who succeeds in building up an excellent practice by a reasonable amount of skill and a larger amount of tact. He examined the gate at the top of the byway and kicked the ground on the other side of it with the heel of his shoe. Then he turned to his companion.

"I won't ask you to go through your little performance again, but you might show me how you began, Anthony."

Anthony shook his head dubiously.

"I know that I reached this spot," he reflected. "I was very eager to see whether the car was still there in the bend. Whether I tried to vault the whole affair as I generally do, or whether I put one foot on that slippery bar, I cannot remember. I only know that I came down on my head somewhere the other side. I felt terribly giddy and in great pain. I started to try and retrace my steps, but I crumpled up, and when I opened my eyes this morning I was in the meadow the other side there—must have gone crashing through the hedge."

The doctor made another tour of inspection. When he came back he lit a cigarette and leaned over the gate by his companion's side.

"Anthony," he demanded, "as man to man—you are telling me the truth?"

"Of course I am," was the sullen reply. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Might be trying to shield somebody, you know."

"Rubbish!"

"Do you happen to know that very beautiful woman, Madame de Sayal—'the lady of the bungalow,' they call her?"

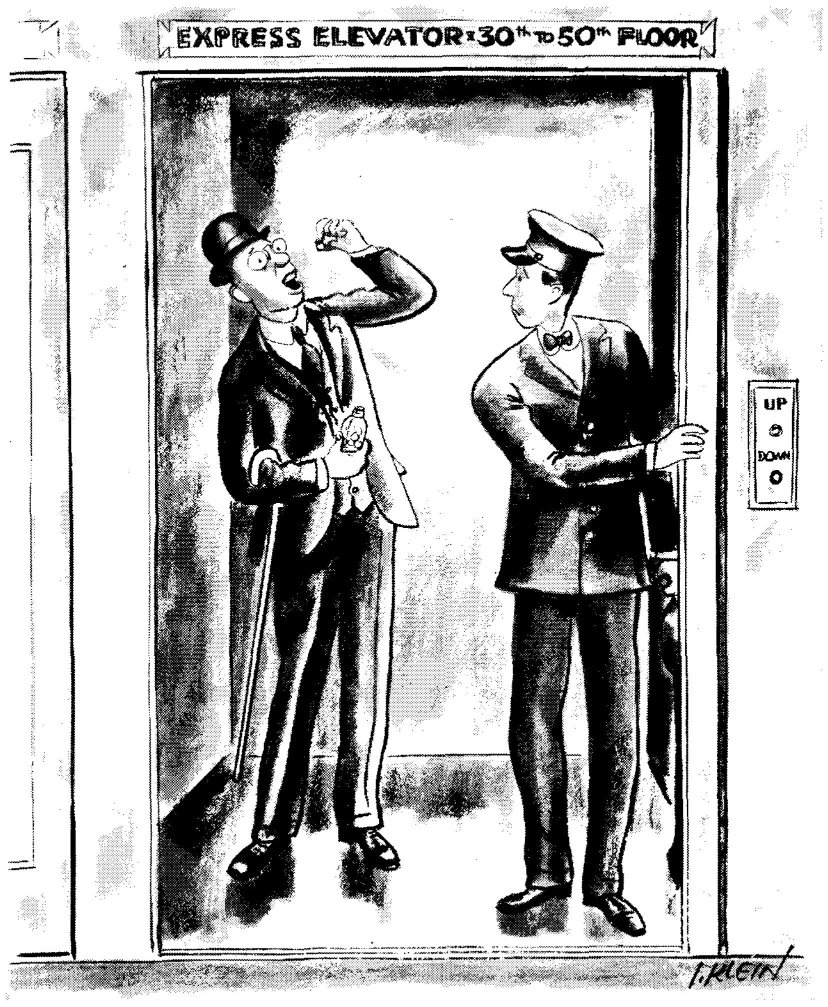
"I have spoken to her once in my life."

"A very beautiful woman, eh?"

"She may be. What the devil concern is it of yours or mine?"

"WE WILL leave it at that," was the somewhat dry response. "Sometimes in life one has to edit the truth. If the necessity is there it has to be faced. I will get it over for you if I can, but I tell you frankly that your story of your temporary absence from the world early this morning is one of the thinnest things I ever heard."

The two men descended the hill together. Anthony Sarson felt curiously tongue-tied and scarcely a word passed between them. Just before they reached the police station they met Tyssen.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UP
DOWN
I. KLEIN

"No particular floor. I just take this elevator to facilitate my pill swallowing"

*I. Klein*

"Well?" the latter asked eagerly. "Is it all explained?"

"Mind your own business, young fellow," Anthony enjoined. "What the devil concern is it of yours, anyway?"

"But, my dear Sarson," Tyssen expostulated, "this is the chance of my lifetime for picking up a few real live impressions. I have been talking to the inspector and I can tell you he seemed quite impressed by some of my suggestions."

"He would," Sarson murmured satirically.

"No one else seemed to have thought of it," Tyssen went on, "but this business works out just according to the lines the American gangsters have established. You know what they do? They take a man out for an automobile ride, shoot him in a lonely place and leave him. That's about the way the thing may have worked out last night."

"Wonderful!" Sarson scoffed.

"What I have not been able to understand yet is this," Tyssen went on: "Did he show you, Doctor, how it was possible for him to fall down, climbing over that gate, and remain unconscious for five or six hours?"

"He showed me the exact spot," was the curt reply, "and the thing itself is more than possible."

"If you are going to make an infernal nuisance of yourself like this, Tyssen," Sarson warned him, "just because you are writing some damned idiocy you call a novel, I will show you how possible it is to remain unconscious perhaps for more than five hours! You have a nice, easy jaw to hit. Keep it out of my way."

Tyssen seemed mildly surprised, perhaps a little hurt. He stopped short.

"I think I shall go up and look at the gate," he confided. "I might be able to make some helpful suggestions. There is nothing else to be done, anyway, till the five-fifty arrives."

"You can go to hell if you want to," was Anthony Sarson's savage retort.

"GOD bless my soul!" Mr. Roland Martin exclaimed, as the train jolted into Sandywayes station and he let down the window of the "Club Car." "Here's the sergeant to meet us. I hope there's no fresh trouble."

The sergeant approached and saluted. The gloom upon his inexpressive face foretold ill news.

"Any of the other gentlemen with you, Mr. Martin?" he inquired.

"We're all here. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

There descended Mr. Cresset, Mr. Timothy Sarson and, last of all, Mr. James Huitt, carrying his usual briefcase and with The Times under his arm.

"Gentlemen, one and all," the sergeant announced, "I am sorry to trouble you, but it is in the name of the law. You are required to call in at the police station before you go home."

"Not a serious matter, I hope?" Mr. Martin asked anxiously.

"I wouldn't like to say that," was the guarded reply. "The fact is, gentlemen, that the body of a man was found in the Wilderness this morning. Inspector Penny from Scotland Yard has the matter in hand, and before we can get very far in our inquiries it is necessary to have the body identified. What you are asked to do, therefore, is to come as far as the police station and see if you can help. If not, the body will be sent to the mortuary at Godalming tomorrow for the inquest."

Mr. James Huitt, allegorically speaking, pricked up his ears at the word inquest. The probabilities of his being required as a witness at this one, however, seemed too remote for exultation.

"Is there any appearance, Sergeant," Mr. Cresset demanded, "of the man having died from unnatural causes?"

"It does strike one that way, sir," the sergeant replied, "him having a revolver bullet through the middle of his shirt front."

"My God! Another suicide?" Timothy Sarson groaned.

"That ain't a certainty, either, sir," the sergeant said cautiously. "Inspector Penny, he's not taking much stock in that theory. For one thing, there's been no weapon found up till now. After a man's shot himself through the middle, in an open space, he has not got what you might call much chance of hiding the weapon."

"I wonder Anthony didn't come up to the station," his father observed.

The sergeant coughed.

"I DARESAY the inspector might have been wanting him, sir. He will have his own story to tell you, Mr. Sarson, without a doubt, but as a matter of fact he went out again last night after he had brought the young lady home, and he didn't turn up again till past midday, still in his dress clothes. Gave us all a bit of a twist, that did."

"My God!" Timothy Sarson exclaimed. "I saw the motorcycle in the garage so I thought he was sleeping late. Do you mean to say that he went out again last night?"

"Must have," the sergeant agreed. "He came home half stupid just before one o'clock. Seems he had had a fall on the top, climbing a gate. You will hear the whole story, gentlemen. It's no good my answering you piecemeal."

The sergeant adopted an aloof air, but Mr. James Huitt had a question to ask:

"Are there any indications, Sergeant, as to the social position of this unfortunate person?"

"A gentleman like one of yourselves. Slap-up evening clothes he was dressed in, with real pearl studs and pretty near a hundred pounds in his pocketbook. He was a gentleman, all right."

"Then someone or other," the bank manager prophesied, "will soon be able to identify him. It's these tramps and small tradesmen who take to crime and wander a long way from home, sometimes in an old rattletrap of a stolen motor car, that puzzle the police."

They had arrived at the police station. Inspector Penny was standing in the doorway to receive them. The sergeant ran over the names of his companions.

"These gentlemen, Inspector," he announced, "with the people you have already questioned, comprise the whole of the dwellers in the Oasis."

*(Continued on page 35)*

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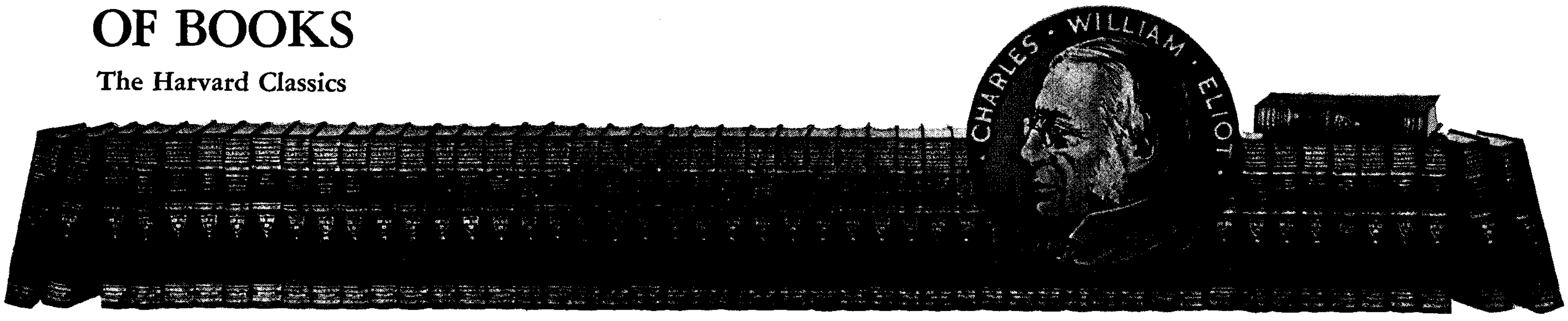

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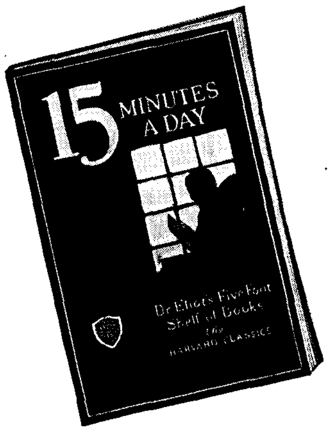

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# The Man without Nerves

*Continued from page 33*

Inspector Penny smiled cheerfully.

"That helps us very much," he said. "Now, gentlemen, may I ask you to step this way with me into the back room? It will be a godsend indeed if one of you is able to identify the dead man."

They passed into what was really the kitchen of the cottage, an apartment which seemed already to have caught the odor of death. The body of the dead man still remained stretched out there, appalling in its sheer ugliness, in its typification of a mad and terrified departure into eternity.

Mr. James Huitt was the first to speak. He cast only one glance at the pallid face with its twisted lips and expression of paralyzed fear.

"Dear me," he exclaimed. "Certainly, Inspector, I can tell you who this is."

They gave way on either side. They listened with bated breath.

"I dined with this gentleman last night at Lord Milhaven's," Huitt continued. "He left for London just before I did. His name is Bott, Sir Julian Bott, a very famous financier in the city."

ANTHONY SARSON and his sister that afternoon were on their way to the Tennis Club when Inspector Penny issued from the police station. He saluted them and, with a slightly apologetic air, drew Anthony to one side.

"Mr. Sarson," he said, "I want you within touch for the next hour or so."

Anthony frowned.

"What on earth for?" he asked.

The inspector seemed suddenly very much in earnest.

"Mr. Sarson," he said, "if I chose to do it I should be perfectly justified in arresting you on suspicion of being concerned in last night's murder."

"Arrest me?" Anthony repeated. "You're not in earnest, Inspector?"

"Indeed I am," the other replied. "I don't do it because I don't believe that you are guilty, but, on the other hand, you must do everything you are told. I don't want you out of my sight till I give the word. That will do for the present, Mr. Sarson."

The inspector turned and walked away.

"What did he want?" Pauline asked, as Anthony rejoined her.

"Wanted to know how my head was."

"You must have tied yourself up in an awful knot," she remarked, "to have fallen against the gate or on the road like that."

"So the doctor seemed to think."

Tyssen came strolling across the court to meet them. Pauline glanced deprecatingly at his flannel trousers, which were too short, and his sweater, which was too long.

"Well?" Anthony inquired. "What are the prospects of the great work now that the murdered man is discovered to be a millionaire?"

Tyssen smiled nervously.

"I'm rather changing my scheme," he confided. "I have had a thoroughly original idea. You are in it, Mr. Sarson, and I think it's going to help me immensely. You have suddenly become a villain!"

"How the mischief dare you make me a villain?" Anthony demanded.

"It works out wonderfully," Tyssen assured him. "When you came down with Miss Cresset last night from the top you had seen something you did not mention to anyone. That was why you went back again after you had put your motorcycle away. You probably took a revolver with you—everyone has a revolver in his garage nowadays—you went back to the mysterious car, you had a dispute with this man, he biffed you on the head and you were just in time to shoot him."

"So I am to be the murderer, am I? Well, if you publish a book and I recognize myself," Anthony threatened, "I'll beat you into a jelly."

"Thank you," Tyssen replied with a twitch of the lips. "I shall be abroad when it's published."

"You'll come back some day," Anthony affirmed, "and then you'll pay for it."

"What about some tennis?" Pauline suggested hurriedly. "Sybil will be here directly."

"Mr. Huitt has just arrived," Tyssen announced. "He doesn't seem to like playing with me very much, but he was willing to take me on against you two."

"Better than doing nothing," Anthony agreed. "It will just pass the time till Sybil comes."

"I expect they will beat us," Pauline remarked, rising to her feet. "Mr. Huitt is so terribly accurate. I believe he would wear anyone down."

"He's much stronger than he seems, too," Tyssen observed. "I saw him make a forearm drive yesterday, when he thought no one was noticing, that would have passed at Wimbledon."

Mr. Huitt appeared round the corner, ready for the fray.

"If the match is agreeable to you, Miss Sarson," he began, "our young friend, the pseudo-novelist, and I will take you and your brother on."

"You will beat us," Pauline prophesied. "Either Tony's head is still bad or he has something on his mind. For once in his life he is almost bad-tempered."

"Well, I ask you," Anthony appealed to them on their way down to the court, "wouldn't you feel as though you had something on your mind? The inspector over there"—moving his head towards the police station—"never takes his eyes off me. Just because I was out late and came home with a bashed head I seem to have become an X. Y. Z. bottom-class criminal!"

"You go to extremes, Mr. Sarson, if you will forgive my saying so," Huitt declared. "I have had some experience with the police, and I have formed a very high idea of their capacity. The only thing is—they work for safety. They are compelled to do so. If you are quite ready, Miss Pauline—I see that you are taking the right-hand court—serve."

INSPECTOR PENNY, with his principal quarry well out of the way, mounted the hill for the third time during the day and presented himself at the bungalow, the door of which was quickly opened in response to his knock. He saluted and announced himself.

"I must ask you to pardon my intrusion, Madame," he said, presenting his card. "I am Inspector Penny of Scotland Yard."

She opened the door a little wider.

"Do come in, if you please," she invited. "I suppose you have come about this terrible affair. They found a body, didn't they, quite close to my house?"

The inspector followed his guide into the very charming salon. Although he was not able fully to appreciate the beauty of the various *objets d'art* by which he was surrounded, he felt instinctively that he was in the presence of a genuine artist.

"Tell me the latest news, Inspector," she begged. "My only servant is a Roumanian who speaks no English, so I hear nothing. Do you think that Sir Julian committed suicide?"

"That is a possibility," the inspector confessed. "At present, however, we are inclined to deal with it as though it were a case of murder."

She shivered.

"Murder," she repeated. "In a quiet neighborhood like this? It seems almost incredible, doesn't it?"

His eyes were engaged in the futile task of searching for any change in her expression.

"What on earth was he doing up here in this part of the world at all?" she asked.

"He was dining at Lord Milhaven's in the neighborhood," the inspector told her. "I should like to ask you, Madame, whether you were acquainted with Sir Julian Bott?"

"I have been trying to remember," Madame de Sayal confided. "I am not quite sure. If I have ever met him our acquaintance is of the slightest."

"You don't think it is at all possible that he might have been on his way to call on you when he was shot?"

"Absolutely and entirely impossible," she answered. "Not a soul knows that I am here, and certainly I should not be likely to receive a caller at that hour of the night."

"Just so," the inspector murmured. "You heard no noise at all, I presume?"

"None. I slept quite soundly."

"You didn't hear a motor car?"

"Certainly not."

"Or the sound of a shot?"

"I heard nothing."

He sighed.

"THAT doesn't seem very hopeful," he remarked. "By the bye, do you happen to be acquainted with a young man by the name of Anthony Sarson?"

She reflected for a moment.

"I believe that is the young man," she acknowledged, "with whom I have a sort of bowing acquaintance. I should not say that I know him, however, or any of these other people here. I say good morning sometimes if I pass them in the lanes. They seem to expect it."

"Sociable folks, country people as a rule," the inspector murmured. "This young man, Anthony Sarson, though, he's different. He was at a public school and he's just down from the university. One gathers that he has been seen round this bungalow several times."

"Possibly," she admitted. "The land is not enclosed in any way at present."

"I have found an idea," the inspector went on, "amidst several observant people, that the young man's wanderings in this locality might have been due to your residence here."

"That is quite possible," she acknowledged. "It lends a pleasant little touch of romance to the situation at any rate."

"Supposing—" the inspector continued, "you see we policemen sometimes have to draw upon our imagination and try a fancy reconstruction—supposing the young man was wandering about here last night and saw Sir Julian Bott approaching your bungalow, it is quite possible that he might have been angry and the two men have quarreled. You see the possibilities, even the probabilities, are so easy. You are a very beautiful woman. Around the beautiful women of the world there has always been tragedy."

Madame de Sayal laughed softly. "I have," she said, "spoken to that young man *just once*."

*(To be continued next week)*

"WIDE AWAKE" FACE IN A TWINKLING! Finish your shave with Williams Aqua Velva

Tomorrow morning, try this bracing pick-me-up for a drowsy skin. First thing after shaving—while your skin is still moist—splash a palmful of sparkling Aqua Velva on your face. Ha! Feel that lift—that tingle. Cool. Vigorous. Like a spray-laden ocean breeze.

Aqua Velva gently soothes and stimulates. Chases away that morning fog and gives your face an up-and-at-'em feeling that lasts far into the day. *Keeps* your skin refreshed and *Fit*—as Williams Luxury Shaving Cream or Williams Glider Brushless Shave *leaves* it. Here are the "five favors" Aqua Velva does for your face:

1 *Feels great!*
2 *Protects tiny nicks and cuts.*
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4 *Lessens wind and sun burn.*
5 *Distinctly improves your appearance.*

Pick up a flask of Aqua Velva on your way home this evening. Start the Aqua Velva habit tomorrow. The cost per day is about as much as one cigarette. Next to nothing!

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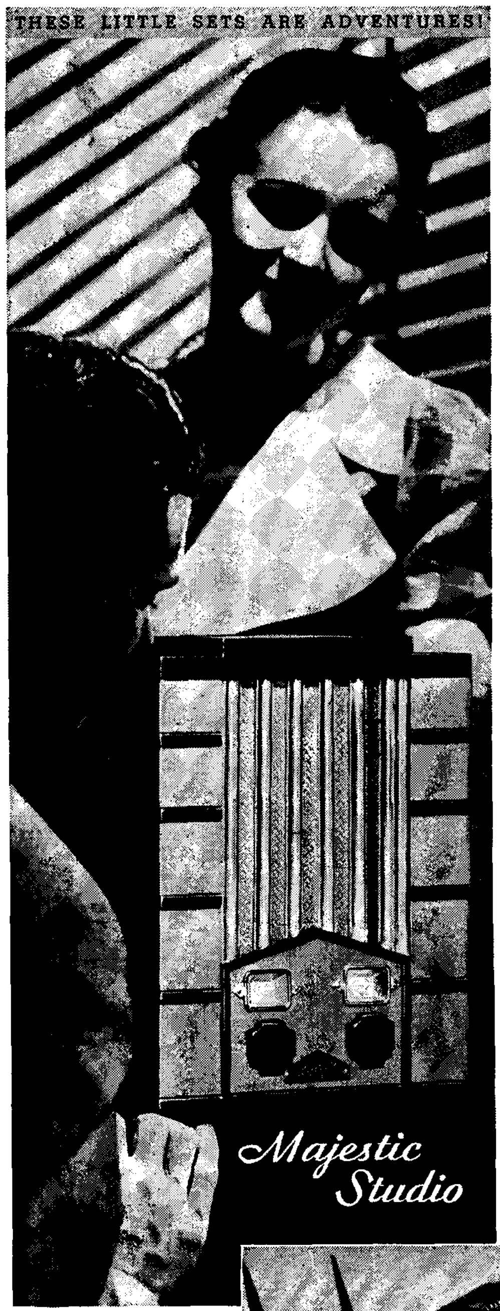
# Majestic presents 1934's finest radios

## *revolutionized by Duo-Valve Self-Shielded Tubes!*

THESE LITTLE SETS ARE ADVENTURES!



Majestic De Luxe

EXECUTIVES MUST "KEEP IN TOUCH"! AC or DC

HERE you have the "Smart Set" of Radio . . . some of the *sixteen* new Majestics for 1934. The best-looking sets you have ever seen. The Mighty Monarch of the Air in a stunning new dress. Majestic's famous *colorful tone* further enriched in quality. With a far-reaching *new development*—Duo-Valve Self-Shielded tubes!..

Somebody who knew *design* created these distinguished, original radios. You are instantly struck by the absence of "gingerbready" over-decoration; the refreshing way in which fine woods have been left to speak for themselves, their unspoiled beauty revealed by patient hand-rubbing to a true piano finish.

And—what a difference you *hear!* Performance, in these new Majestics, is astonishingly "stepped up" by Duo-Valve circuiting. Through the use of Majestic Duo-Valve Self-Shielded tubes, the efficiency of at least *two extra tubes* is added to every set!

An *ordinary* 6-tube radio is a 6-tube radio—and that is all. But a 6-tube Majestic "Smart Set" is an *8-tube radio*—33⅓ per cent more for your money! A Majestic Duo-Valve tube does the work of *two* ordinary tubes—functions *twice* in the Majestic Duo-Valve circuit—and functions *better.* That is a simple statement of engineering fact.

Here is another engineering fact: these new Majestics definitely *obsolete* twelve million present-day radios! Sets costing, less than a year ago, three or four times as much, are not merely out-moded, they are *out-performed.* In power, in tone, in selectivity, in a range that captures even police calls—the Majestic "Smart Set" is a finer instrument!

It gets more out of the air! Stations you never heard of step right up beside your favorite "locals." Tones you've been missing—tones muddied by the dull "boom, boom," of older radios—are filtered clear and sweet as spring-water...

There is nothing nearly so fine, we honestly believe, in all the world of radio today. Drop in at a Majestic dealer's and see if we are not right!

**New-Self-Shielded Tubes!**

In addition to the double-duty Duo-Valve tubes, all these "Smart Sets" employ the new, exclusive Majestic Self-Shielded tubes—perfectly shielded by metal fused directly on the glass ...for superlative reception!

Majestic Duo-Chief

LITTLE GIRLS HAVE AIR-RIGHTS TOO

*The*

A DASHING, FLASHING LITTLE SET

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

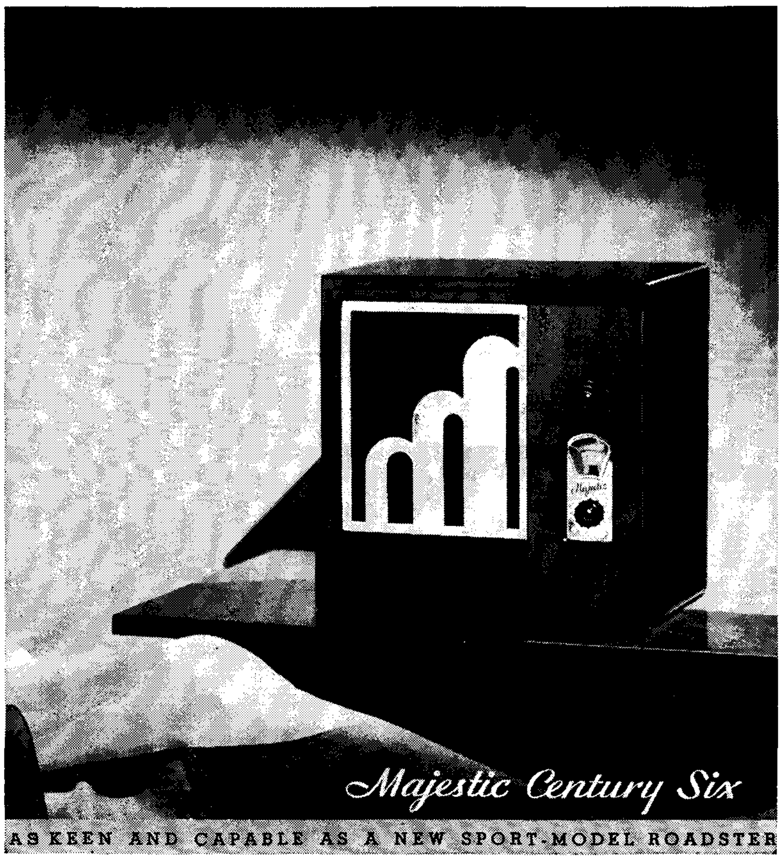
*Majestic Royale*

MODERN CHARM—A HINT OF CHINESE CHIPPENDALE—AND HALF THE PRICE YOU'RE GUESSING!

*Majestic Master Six*

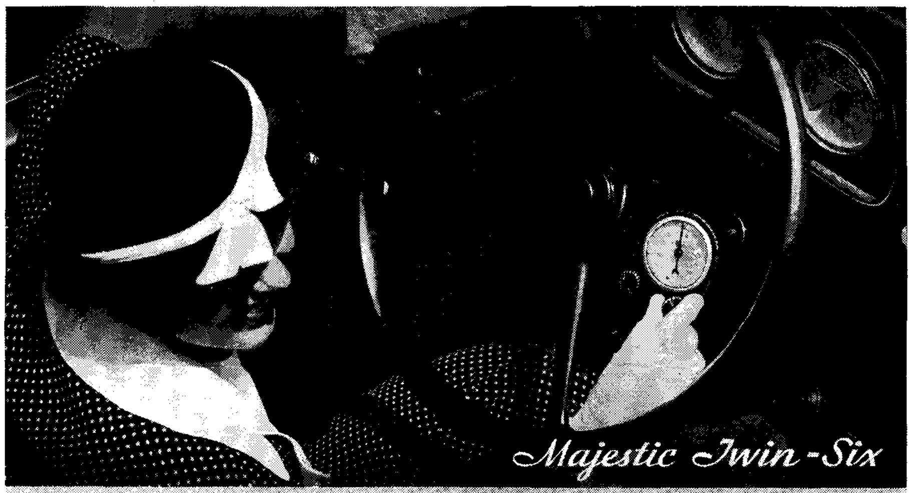
JUST AS SMART AS "SMART" CAN BE

# "Smart Set" of Radio



*Majestic Century Six*

AS KEEN AND CAPABLE AS A NEW SPORT-MODEL ROADSTER



*Majestic Twin-Six*

THREE'S COMPANY! THE MAJESTIC TWIN-SIX CAR RADIO—AND YOU

*Majestic Radios are Standard Equipment on all Essex Terraplane De Luxe Models*

The SMART SET Majestic RADIO

MAJESTIC IS ALSO A GUIDING NAME TO THOSE WHO WANT *THE BEST* IN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

# Humanity, Common, Goes Up

*Continued from page 9*

The adult who works at a machine earns money to spend for furniture, cars and the staple articles of home life. A child working at the same machine, for child wages but with the machine producing the same quantity of thread, cord or cloth as when an adult attends it, is not a buyer nor a direct consumer of the heavier products of industry.

"Six hundred and twelve children, certified to work in Gaston County mills, were eliminated from employment by the new Industrial Act." This is the official statement of A. L. Fletcher, the new commissioner of labor in North Carolina, prepared for Collier's Weekly.

Mr. Fletcher insists that the figures of the federal government, showing a far greater extent of child labor in the North Carolina mills, are too high.

These federal figures, however, are not based on the number of child labor permits but, presumably, upon investigation by agents of the Department of Labor.

"Child labor permits in North Carolina," one official of Gaston County told me, "don't cover the field. The labor laws have not been enforced in North Carolina with regard to children and many children worked without permits of any sort." He calculated that over 2,000 children under eighteen in Gastonia worked in the mills and that half of these were under sixteen.

### Goodby to Child Labor

But let that drop. The point is that the children are out of the mills. No less a person than Stuart Cramer, textile mill owner, with properties so large that they make up the entire town of Cramerton, said to me:

"I can give the country my word that the children under sixteen are out of the mills in Gaston County." This statement may be taken to be official, as Mr. Cramer is a member of the Cotton Textile Industry Board, working with the National Industrial Recovery Board in Washington.

"What's more, they'll stay out," he added. "The mill owners of Gaston County are really going to police themselves. We've said goodby to child labor in our factories and we mean it. The man who tries to get an advantage over the rest of us by putting in child labor will find that the rest of us mean business."

It's true that there are two kinds of mill owners in North Carolina who have fought to the last ditch against the abolition of child labor. Even today, as I write this, they believe the government had no right to take children out of the mills; they would take them in off their happy playgrounds and tie them in with the mill machines at the drop of a hat.

State Labor Commissioner Fletcher described for me these two brands of employers. "One is the old-timer," he said, "who thinks that his ancient mill is O. K. if it has walls around the machinery and a roof overhead to keep his machinery from rusting. He thinks any kind of a shack is good enough for those who work for him and he doesn't ask any questions about age or labor permits. His mill village is dirty and disreputable looking. We have a good many of this type in North Carolina. The cotton textile industry of the South began in this state decades ago and some of the original buildings are still in use. Some of the oldest of our mills and mill owners have modernized, in their buildings and in their viewpoints, but many have not. These groan out that we are meddling when we try to protect the mill hands against social injustices in such places.

"Another class of trouble-makers are outsiders, without textile experience, who have picked up mills cheaply during the depression. They had ready money. They came in and have driven their employees and their machinery to the limit at fearfully low wages with their minds set on profits and nothing else."

The latter class of mill owners, it is said, cannot operate at a profit except by violating the NRA cotton textile code.

As I was writing this article complaints were made against mill owners of this latter type in the Gastonia community. Employees charged that the owners were demanding overtime work and were paying less than the code's minimum wages.

Commissioner Fletcher persuaded them not to strike until he had reported the case to the National Industrial Recovery Board at Washington and had received a reply.

"The industry may be its own policeman," said one state labor official, "but the working people are also doing a good deal of the detective work."

No one of decent instincts really wants the children back in the mills, except, oddly enough, a certain class of parents. Such parents were themselves raised to work, as children, on the farm; children were merely working live stock in their day. They put their children into the mills without question or compunction; their small wages swell the family income, and that's enough to overcome all objections to child labor. But the law must compel these parents, as well as the mill owners, and it does.

The children are out of the mills to stay, just as much as the Negroes are out of slavery.

They are getting ready to care for about 1,000 additional children in the seven grade schools and the one beautiful big high school building of Gastonia.

The child toilers of Gastonia, about whom the Communists raised such a ruckus, have also gone up in the scale of human values. They have been turned into American school children at last.

A new kind of slave has been set free in the South—and in the North—a slave who has not been able to run away. You'll see them free, playing and laughing as if they never had been tied to machinery.

No matter what the New Deal may do to others, it has raised our quotations on the value of American childhood. And, on the good old American ratchet principle, that gains in freedom are never lost but always held, America's childhood will never go back to the mills again. In the contest of American Childhood *vs.* American Greed, the child has won and won for keeps.

### "Chiseling" Won't Work

There will be "chiselers," even in the matter of child labor. But they will be found out. For instance:

In Gastonia one of the leading merchants, after August 1st, continued a custom, against which he had been warned, of employing errand boys under sixteen after hours. He didn't seem to realize that the New Deal had brought actual enforcement of labor laws in North Carolina.

He was amazed when he was arrested by a state official. Before court was opened, a friend of the defendant said to the state official, "Why don't you drop this charge? Mr. Merchant is a Methodist, the judge is a Methodist, and the prosecuting attorney is a Methodist. They all three are very good friends and belong to the same church."

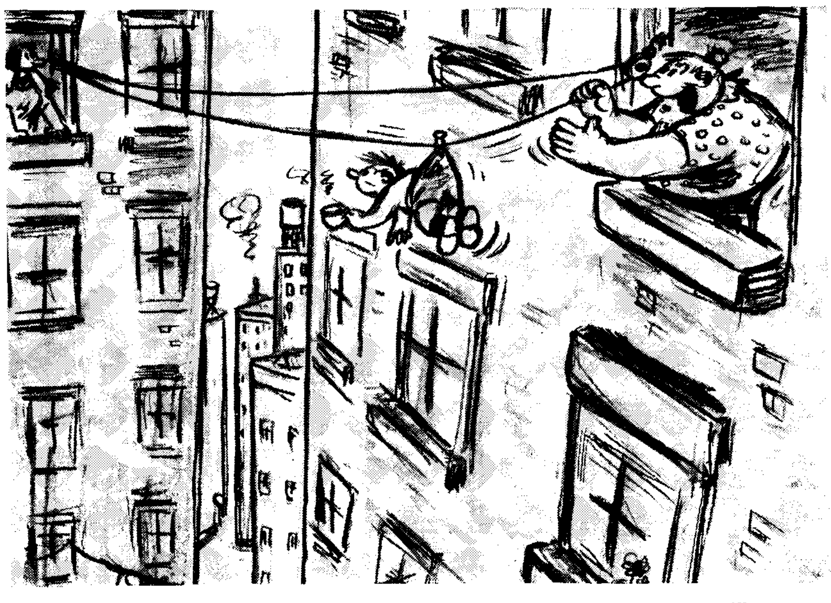
"What's the church got to do with it?" asked the inspector. "We're here to talk about working children after the hour of seven in the evening."

Whereupon the church-going merchant pleaded guilty to violating the labor laws; the church-going prosecutor said he was willing to accept the plea and the church-going judge ordered the prisoner to pay the costs of the action—something less than ten dollars.

Suddenly people in some of the very best families in Gastonia realized that while there might be nothing shameful or socially improper in violating the liquor laws, there might be an element of downright disgrace in violating the child labor laws.

They are two different sorts of laws.

No! Chiseling on child labor laws won't be very successful in Gastonia; when common decency on the employer's part won't protect the children, fear of disgrace in court will.



"Oh, Mrs. McDuffy—Junior's bringing you over a cup of tea!"

Frank Owen

*Yes, Sir!*
... a better
MOUTH-WASH
*and* GARGLE...
*at a big saving*

● Compare VICKS VORATONE with the mouth-wash or gargle you're using now. Then you'll realize why so many millions have already adopted it as their favorite.

ONLY A LITTLE, EH?

❶ **Compare the STRENGTH**

*Diluted* with equal parts of water, Vicks Voratone is powerful enough to meet approved standards of antiseptic strength. *Full-strength*, it is perfectly safe for daily use.

GURGLE-GURGLE TASTES SWELL!

❷ **Compare the TASTE**

Vicks Voratone is pleasant in *any* strength ... rinses away in a jiffy all odor and after-taste of food or tobacco ... leaves your mouth clean, fresh, and tingling.

OH BOY!

❸ **Compare the RESULTS**

Use Voratone for bad breath, sore throat, or any of its many uses. If it isn't *in every way* the finest mouth antiseptic you ever used, your druggist will refund your money.

VICKS VORATONE
WHAT A BOTTLE FOR 35¢

❹ **Compare the PRICE!**

The big 35¢ bottle of Voratone holds more than *three* 25¢ bottles of other leading brands. You save 40¢ on every bottle...a yearly saving of from $3 to $5.

MOUTH-WASH • *Bad Breath* • *Daily Hygiene*
GARGLE • *Sore Throat* • ANTISEPTIC LOTION
*Dandruff* • *After Shaving* • *Body-Odors* • *Etc.*

**VICKS VORATONE**
BY MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB

# WHEN 1491 WOMEN AGREE – *that's news!*

*1491 women out of 1495 agreed that* HEINZ CREAM-OF-MUSHROOM SOUP *was the finest they had ever tasted . . .*

## 15 CHOICE VARIETIES

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- Cream of Mushroom
- Cream of Oyster
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- Clam Chowder
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- Cream of Green Pea
- Cream of Tomato
- Cream of Celery
- Cream of Asparagus
- Gumbo Creole
- Vegetable
- Consommé
- Noodle
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HEINZ
CREAM OF
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57
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
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ONE OF THE **57**

MADE JUST RIGHT!

*Heinz Soups are perfect as they come to you. No addition of milk, cream or water is necessary.*

*"The taste was the test" when this group of Pittsburgh women gave enthusiastic approval to Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup. Try it yourself. And treat your family, too, to Heinz Beef Broth, Noodle, Pepper Pot and many other choice varieties — all hearty with that tempting Heinz "homemade" flavor.*

ON January 16th, in Pittsburgh, 1495 women sat down together for luncheon. They were representative club women, well-to-do, who kept good homes and good tables.

The first course was Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup. Then came a careful census of opinion. 1491 out of 1495 pronounced it the best Cream of Mushroom Soup they had ever tasted. Not a single suggestion was offered for improving the smooth consistency or rich flavor of this new Heinz variety.

We make Cream of Mushroom Soup *your* way—the homemade way—from specially grown, freshly picked mushrooms. Tender tops and stems are minced finely, and then we add a generous measure of fresh, sweet cream. Each small batch is simmered slowly so that the full delectable flavor is thoroughly "brewed in."

Try Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup. Make the test the Pittsburgh club women made. If it's not as good as the finest "homemade" kind, Heinz says IT'S YOURS FREE! Simply return the label and get your money back. Heinz Homemade Style Soups—ready to heat and serve—are on sale at your grocer's.

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oil-trouble

IN YOUR CAR

?

Keeping a check on your oil-consumption? Know you're burning too much? Can't find why? Try this New Jersey owner's cure:

"I began using Quaker State last Summer while on a motor trip through New England. My car, a 1930 Straight Eight Packard, had been using an abnormal quantity of oil. A garage man suggested that I change to Quaker State. I did so, and the results were so satisfactory that I have been using it ever since. *"

* An exact quotation from an unsolicited testimonial. R. O'Hara, Notary Public

You, too, will get these results. The reason for Quaker State's efficient performance is simple.

Ordinary motor oils average 1 quart or more of "light-end" oil per gallon. This burns up in high-speed, high-compression cylinders ... blows away after a hundred miles or so.

Quaker State removes this light-end material ... at the refinery. It never reaches your motor. Every gallon of it is 4 quarts motor lubricant, net. After a hundred miles or so you still have 4 quarts.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now service your car from the patented green-and-white drum ... double-sealed at the refinery. Or, if you prefer, ask for Quaker State in 1-quart and 5-quart refinery-sealed cans. You are sure of genuine Quaker State either way.

QUAKER STATE

MOTOR OILS

and Superfine Greases

* What's your experience? Write us. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

# Curves Ahead

*Continued from page 24*

of the lady, baring shoulders for the first time in many years. Chanel lets things slip a bit on the shoulders, too.

And that's not all—more than the silhouette is being revived with beer and bicycles. Picture hats are being brought back—for the restaurant dinner, the cocktail party, the not-really-formal theater party. They'll often be of black velvet and drenched with feathers—ostrich, osprey, crosse, burnt peacock. And even less dressy people will wear a feather in their caps this season—not just a modest tip but one worthy of the name of plume, atilt over one eye; even great slathers of burnt peacock and a willow plume or two. Not only that—feather capes are back, delicious, soda-watery things, foamy strawberry, vanilla and chocolate, just on the verge of blowing away. Then there are the kind that stick in men's eyes and tickle their noses—stiff affairs of heron standing out around the neck like an electric spray—and many other feathery revivals, down to and including the good old feather boa.

Many quaint trifles called pelisses, dolmans, tunics and peplums are coming back. And many another detail of the costuming of the Gay Nineties, the Edwardian era, the Mauve Decade—call it what you will, it's still the Diamond Lil period—has been taken over bodily or adapted by one or more of the French dressmakers. Mention dust ruffles—they've got them. Lace sleeves? Plenty of them—long and short—often of white lace in a black velvet gown. Long gloves? Everywhere. Rhinestone jewelry? Quarts of it, even to the most elaborate sunbursts, shooting-star necklaces, dripping ear-rings—showers and sprays and fountains of rhinestones. Pearls by the yard are back again.

Ye olde time furs and fabrics are coming back—golden Alaska seal, skunk, Persian lamb and astrakhan; Lyons velvet, stiff taffeta, ottoman silk, brocades, tinsel embroidery, lamé, paillettes, jet, sequins, sateen, slipper satin—ah, me! —ah, me!—what a rummaging in old trunks.

### The Original Lil

Just how this whole thing started is quite a story. First came our interest in beer gardens and bicycles, roller skates and square dances, and finally Gay Nineties parties. Next came a deluge of plays and movies pointing 1900-ward—Cavalcade, Backstreet, The Secret of Madame Blanche, One Sunday Afternoon, Jennie Gerhardt, Sweepings.

But how, you ask, did Mae West—who's probably a very modern young woman like anybody else—happen to create such a person as Diamond Lil?

Well, it was this way: Once upon a time Mae, entering the lobby of a honky-tonk hotel, was accosted by a "gent" (that's just what he was) who says to her, says he, "I hope you'll forgive my speaking to you but you remind me so much of an old girl of mine I just couldn't help it."

"Same old line," thinks Mae, but takes another look and figures this guy isn't being fresh—he means it. So she smiles and says, "And who may that be?"

"Diamond Lil," he says. "Ever hear of her?"

"Nope," says Mae—who is tough and frank and careless like that, "but I'd like to. Let's sit down and talk it over."

"Now if you was to come up to my room," says the old fellow, kind of hesitating but carrying through, "I could show you some pictures of her—and some things I got to remember her by. She was an old sweetheart of mine—and a lot of other young fellers, too—but just the same she was a little bit of all right—and you're mighty like her. So if you was to come up—"

"Come on up," says Mae, who's afraid of no man, but scared to death of a mouse.

"That's just the way she'd have said it," says the old fellow. "Sort of out of the corner of her mouth."

So he told Mae all about Diamond Lil—the Queen of the Bowery in its bold, bad days, the girl who sold her soul for diamonds—and never regretted it; the girl who double-crossed her lovers, who stole other women's men, who murdered a woman—but that was sort of an accident in a free-for-all; the girl who lived in luxury over a beer saloon and passed from one district boss to another according as the political winds blew—in a word, the hardest, wickedest, most vicious destroyer of men on the bad old Bowery—and a siren of the first water.

"And somehow you reminded me of her," wound up the old chap. And Mae, looking at those pictures, rummaging among those old keepsakes, going over some of the funny old newspaper clippings, thought, "Why not make a play of her—with me in the star's rôle?"

So she spent days and nights studying up on the Bowery, its poverty and finery and wickedness, poring over pictures of Lillian Russell and Anna Held for the costumes, and pictures of tough gels for expression and gestures and mannerisms.

Finally she got the whole thing down on paper and in her own mind till even to the slow, heavy lift of an eyelid and the immobile lips that drawled, "*Aw, I knew you could be had!*" she had Diamond Lil down pat.

But that's not the whole story of these new styles. There are a lot of people who'd never have the slightest confidence in any fashion started by Mae West. Who ever heard of *her*, my dear?

But it isn't only Mae West.

It's Marlene Dietrich, too. You can't shrug that off.

Marlene has gone West. Since her latest picture, The Song of Songs, follows Mae's by a considerable lapse, it's scarcely likely she didn't know what a wallop Mae was giving the fashions, and was willing to be a second installment. But she gives these fashions something Mae couldn't. She makes styles that are just "period" stuff on Mae into a possibility for any woman. Every woman who sees the picture is in acute torment until she can get into one of those slithery, flummery, feminine, utterly desirable gowns. She makes those pre-war clothes look human and normal and decidedly chic as well as gorgeously glamorous.

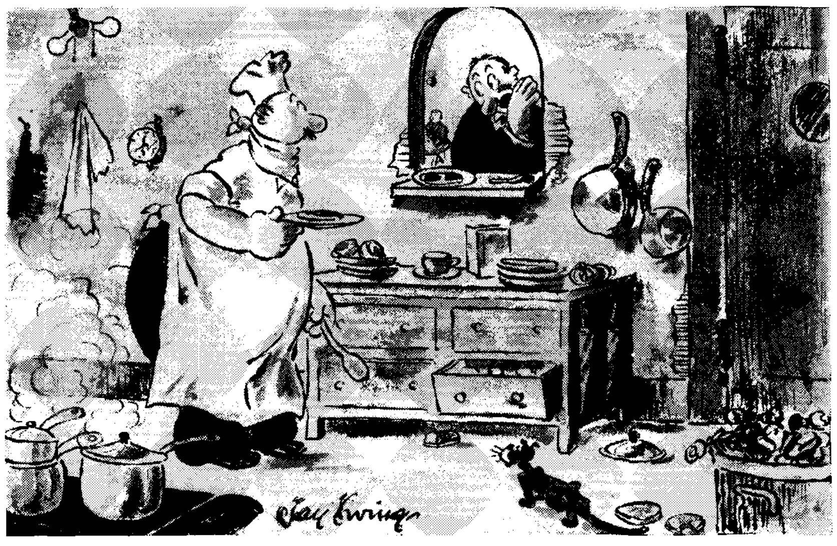
Yes, Marlene's given up her masculine tweeds and decided to be feminine—and spare not a ruffle, nor a curve, nor a curl in doing it. Feminine in her most private moments, feminine to distraction on the screen. For private wear she has brought back from Paris one of the fluffiest wardrobes that has issued from a French dressmaker's in many a blue moon, and if she was never quite sure before that she was meant to be intoxicatingly feminine, all she has to do is to gaze upon herself in the Song of Songs. When she sweeps into the picture in that black velvet evening gown, so off the shoulders you're afraid it won't last through the scene, petaled in velvet all around those melting shoulders, molded to breast and thighs and then flaring into a stupendous ruffle train (yet snaky withal)—in that gown and a black velvet picture hat smothered in osprey, up off one wicked eye and mercifully down over the other—well, women faint and strong men weep. How could we have lived so long and thought life *worth* living without a hat and gown like that—pure seduction?

### Hollywood Takes a Bow

I've seen plenty of dresses with just that off-shoulder line and that suds of tulle or rich smudge of velvet around the bust, the shoulders emerging like handfuls of meringue. I've seen very few evening gowns that haven't that *molded line and flare—scarcely a detail* that hasn't been reproduced in a French model.

For Mae West may have made us sit up and say to ourselves, "Well, they had something, those girls. Wonder if we'll ever wear those styles again?" But it was Marlene who made us exclaim, "Why not?" It was she who put them on the market by making them wearable, human, and utterly adorable, translating their 1900 chic into the chic of today. Mae West looked swagger but Marlene looked smart.

So that's the story of the Golden West, the story of a girl who has more dangerous curves than Central Park—and of how she and that German girl started something in Paris. So now who says Hollywood doesn't influence fashion?



"Buttered toast! No butter!" *Jay Irving*

# On guard—through the years from 1810 to 1933

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Millions upon millions of property values are today safeguarded by Hartford policies. Organized in 1810 to offer protection to property owners against loss by fire, the HARTFORD has constantly broadened its service until today it offers protection against a multitude of modern hazards.

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# AND "Better days ARE Here"

Collier's

The National Weekly for April 29, 1933

**AFTER this article was written Collier's decided to test its cheerful forecast by sampling present public opinion. Accordingly a well-known and competent research organization was employed to collect the information.**

**In a hundred cities and towns all over the United States *thousands of men and women* were interviewed by experienced research workers. 18,684 interviews were obtained and five questions were asked. The fifth and significant one from the standpoint of the business outlook was:**

***"Do you feel more certain of recovery than you did before the banking holiday?"***

**Responses to this question were:**

| *Yes* | *No* | *Don't Know* |
|---|---|---|
| 87.8% | 10.7% | 1.4% |

***Such a heavy preponderance of optimistic sentiment* means that your neighbor thinks as you do that better days are not only ahead of us; they are here.**

**As a further check upon this surprisingly optimistic expression regularly employed members of the Circulation Department of Collier's throughout the nation questioned 10,780 men and women. Their replies were:**

| *Yes* | *No* | *No Answer* |
|---|---|---|
| 95.7% | 3.5% | .8% |

**The even greater optimism revealed may be due to the fact that the latter group was composed exclusively of Collier's subscribers.**

***Although these groups,* totaling 29,464, are relatively small, statistical experience shows that expanding the numbers would not alter the results and that they are fair samples of national public opinion.**

**The same general sentiment of courage and hopefulness prevailed.**

**The other four questions were designed to show the attitude of the people toward giving President Roosevelt greater power to deal with unemployment, the *farm problem,* the *reduction of governmental costs,* and other critical problems. Both surveys showed that upward of 90% of the people, regardless of party affiliations, favor giving the President the needed authority.**

Bert Clark Thayer

## Better Days are Here

### By William L. Chenery

*Editor of Collier's*

WE ARE getting out of the woods. The long days and nights of blind wandering are past. We know whither we want to go and we are well [illegible] way. Unless we make so[illegible] take, within a few m[illegible] we sh[illegible] far along the road to recovery. Measured by anything we have known during the last year and more, this coming September will be a prosperous month. In the annals of this depression we even now can reasonably forecast that the autumn of this 1933 will be remembered as the happy season of good times.

In making this estimate we d[illegible] rely upon cheap optimi[illegible] [illegible] her to our tho[illegible] and most substantial reasons stand behind this conclusion. They assume, however, a continuance of the sanity and the firmness of purpose which have characterized our behavior during the weeks and months of early spring.

Various and widespread as have been the evil symptoms of this depression, it is true that we have suffered nothing [illegible]hich a moderate and continued rise in [illegible]ices would not cure. Look wherever [illegible] will and this is true. Falling prices [illegible]ered our capacity to buy and to [illegible]ume. Rising prices inevitably will [illegible]ulate us both to buy and to con[illegible]e. This is true wherever we live [illegible] whatever we do. It is true of Ten[illegible]essee and it is true of New Zealand. It is true of Nebraska, of the Argentine and of South Africa.

Falling prices, however, were a result, not a cause. Our present solid expectations are built on the judgment that at last the causes which forced prices downward have been overcome and that at this moment the currents are flowing in the opposite direction.

Of the fact that confidence has returned in this country there is not the slightest doubt. Confidence is intangible but, in the long run, invincible. It is the sum of the beliefs, feelings and judgments of a hundred million people. The change in popular sentiment during March was almost miraculous. Nothing comparable has happened within the memory of living men. More than that, this new confidence rests on solid foundations. We have not hypnotized ourselves into cheerfulness. We are sanguine because at last the facts are with us and not against us.

Let's get down to brass tacks. What are the factors which will improve any business now? Better prices and a larger demand are the answer. The two go hand in hand. Firm and rising prices will stimulate demand. A large demand will stimulate prices.

What are the reasonable grounds for concluding that prices will be somewhat higher and demand considerably larger during the months ahead? First, and most important possibly, is the change which has occurred in our thinking as a people. We have confidence and courage now in place of doubt and fear. There was never any question of the fact that the tide would turn. Anyone who has any historical perspective has always been sure of that. When the turn would come has been the question hard to deal with because the answer lay so largely within us. When would our feelings change? When would our courage return? This is Item Number One.

Even our periods of discouragement were not altogether unreasonable, however, and so it is fair to ask what assurances we have that our mood will not again become gloomy and that defeat, not victory, will be in the air. Fortunately we are on solid ground here.

The largest element of fear in this country last winter arose from uncertainty concerning the future value of money and the stability of our credit institutions. These questions have been boldly and brilliantly answered by the

*(Continued on page 31)*

7

"MEASURED by anything we have known during the last year and more . . . we now can reasonably forecast that the autumn of 1933 will be remembered as the happy season of good times."

This article was written last March, when the index of business activity was at its lowest point—unemployment at its peak.

**Collier's – FOR ACTION!**

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY NEW YORK

# Moons must be Golden

*Continued from page 13*

sent a weakness through her. Bailey Balkin was not merely amusing himself. There was something more in his eyes than that. She closed her eyes, drew a deep breath. She must keep her head, keep calm, against this mad ecstasy that was rising in her. Her battle was not yet won—keep thinking clearly, Joyce Conway—only the first citadel has fallen! "One of the richest bachelors in New York," her brain was sending the message out to her. "Attractive, and interesting — but cagy. Remember, Joyce, this calls for generalship."

Her words came carefully and low. "I wasn't crying for any particular reason," she said. "You must be accustomed to nerves in convalescents." She stood up and looked down at him, fragile and absent, tall and white in the moonlight. "It was sweet of you to be concerned," she said, "though you may have been carrying it a little far."

He stood too, grinning. "I fumble my concern at times," he admitted. But his eyes weren't smiling, though she could not see them now in the shadow. "Though usually I'm flawless—my technique!"

THEY turned up the path, on that, side by side. At the door he looked down at her inscrutably. Now that she could see him plainly again she realized that her luck was fantastic. He was incredibly the sort of man she liked, quite apart from his money.

"Good night," she said after a brief pause, in her cool, clear voice.

He leaned down and kissed her again, quickly, laughing against her lips. "Good night." But when he turned away he was not laughing.

Blinking a little in the hall light, Joyce went up to her room. She still believed in her plan of campaign. Gallantry came too easily to Dr. Balkin. Girls too easily, too, she feared. She sat on the edge of her bed, the soft light dropping on her with romantic affection, her slim fingers, with their nails pink but not too pink, crossed. Crossed in deference, in prayer to the gods of luck.

"I want to see you this evening," Frank Hunter telephoned next morning. Even on the wire she sensed a newer and harder confidence in his voice, a triumphant belligerence. "Something important has happened. I will have something to ask you."

Instantly she knew what it was. Frank had made the big sale he had worked day and night for. "It will mean the eastern managership if I can slip it over," he had told her. And she knew what that meant. For this was the largest sale, four times the largest, that had ever been made in the company. He was made. He would go up and up, in a corporation whose wealth was a legend the world over. For Frank Hunter was of the breed that snatches empires from men that can't hold them.

And he was coming to ask her to marry him. No doubt about that. He was a man who had "made good," who was no longer merely "getting on." He wanted a wife who glistened and was a credit to her owner. And Joyce Conway had been groomed for just that purpose.

Joyce put down the telephone and walked with her grace that was not grace but a magic, learned no one knew where, to the window. She stood staring, thinking about the bizarre way that life worked out. Yesterday everything had looked hopeless for her. Today two paths lay before her—prosperous, mapped-out roads, whose excitements and allurements were her natural setting. No matter whether she failed with Bailey Balkin, there was Frank Hunter, superb in his new assurance, every inch the coming leader of finance.

Well, that was marvelous. No pain now in thinking of Florence Whitely.

Never again struggle and poverty.

The door opened behind her. Bailey Balkin making rounds. His voice saying: "Good morning, Miss Conway. Everything all right?"

She turned in surprise. She had never heard him use that tone before. The question was put with that professional abruptness with which doctors try to impress upon patients the value of their time. It was fairly obvious that he would not rush into her room muttering endearments, but after all . . .

"Splendid," she said quietly. If he wanted to take that sort of attitude . . . With enormous chagrin she found she could make nothing whatsoever out of his expression. He was holding out his hand to her. "I may not see you again," he said. "Things are slack and I'm taking my vacation now."

She held out her hand, staring at him. Suddenly it seemed to her absolutely unbelievable that he was going. Away. Without a word. She wanted to ask him questions, she wanted to understand. But what could she say? She heard herself saying: "How marvelous! Are you going to the country?"

And he said: "Into camp for a bit."

And she said, smoothly: "Goodby. I envy you." For she was not the sort of person who had been brought up to give herself away.

"Thanks," he said from the door where a nurse awaited him. He turned and looked at her, his eyes sweeping her face. Hers had never left him. "Goodby," he said. The door closed.

JOYCE went back to the window. The fountain was still playing in the garden, looking as though it had been playing always and must play forever. She stood and looked at the fountain.

It was still playing when Frank arrived that night. But Joyce could not see it, could not hear it, for she was on the roof. Far above the garden, with its foolish magic. Frank came across the roof to her, moving with the slight heaviness that would become more pronounced as the years went by, turning on her his large, slow-motion gray eyes. At least one fortune was there before her, in the flesh. This one would not drop her, she who had been dropped before that day, not like a hot potato perhaps, but gracefully, surely, with indifferent, professional politeness.

"Well, I've put it over," he announced. "Let me introduce the eastern manager." He towered above her. "They can't stop me now, baby. My foot's on the ladder. Hoster cracked under it, and so did Childs, but I'm on my way. In five years I'll have all the money there is."

His voice was filled with a sense of his own superior ability and push. It was amazing and terrifying, too, the amount of crude force there was in him, a force that had nothing to do with superior brains or will power but was a blind and desperate urge to succeed.

"Oh, what a little rotter I am," she thought passionately. "To be criticizing him, and looking down on him. Who am *I* to dare to do that?" A fury of self-contempt seized her. But she felt absolutely unable even to imagine what she was going to do, living with him for a lifetime.

*(Continued on page 44)*

*You can see this faucet Waste Water--*

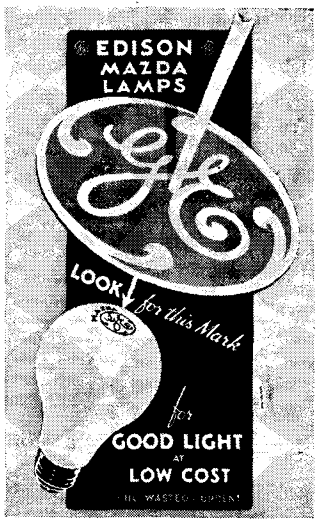
**But...you can't see *a poor lamp* waste current**

IF YOU could see what goes on inside a poorly made lamp as plainly as you see the drip, drip of a leaky faucet, you would never take a chance with "bargain" lamps.

You buy lamps to get light. A faulty lamp consumes as much current as a good one, but it may give far less light, blacken quickly or burn out prematurely.

Edison MAZDA Lamps possess the many refinements General Electric has contributed to lamp manufacture over a period of more than forty years. They do what inferior lamps can't do—*they give you all the light you pay for.*

The banner shown at the right will guide you to a store that sells Edison MAZDA Lamps, the lamps that are kind to your eyes . . . and your pocketbook.



***To get your money's worth of light—buy lamps where you see this banner***

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

*General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes . . . lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight lamps, too . . . General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.*

A Tip from TIM saves the team!

[ A REAL LIFE MOVIE ]

1. "Going big!" That's what Radio Row said about Tom and Tim . . . And then . . . Tim began to notice that Tom seemed changed a little. Not quite his old infectious self . . . not quite "putting it over" . . .

2. "Say, Tom," he finally said, "let's try this keep-fit program we've been reading about. We need to get more exercise, old boy . . . more fruit and vegetables, lots of water between meals. And another thing . . . "

3. "You like cereals, don't you? Well, just try this Post's 40% Bran Flakes. Man, there's one grand-tasting cereal . . . just the very finest you ever ate . . . and it's got those extra benefits too."

4. Tom had never before given a serious thought to—constipation. But how he thanks Tim now for his timely tip . . . and for introducing him to the most delicious-tasting cereal in the world—Post's 40% Bran Flakes!

FLAVOR YOU'LL LOVE . . . and EXTRA BENEFITS too!

Feel a little logy, low spirited, not quite "up to things"?

Begin now to have delicious Post's 40% Bran Flakes (with other parts of wheat) every morning. It provides the bulk most systems need—bulk so many diets lack. Thus it helps to prevent constipation, due to lack of bulk in the diet . . . an often unsuspected condition that may lead to headaches, low energy, "blues."

What a treat you'll find this crisp, delicious cereal! And how much it will help to keep you regular and fit. Get a package today! A product of General Foods.

Post's
40% BRAN
FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
READY TO EAT
THE NEW
CRISP-PACK

© G. F. Corp., 1933

(Continued from page 43)

He stooped, pinkly shaved, energetic, possessive, and pulled her to her feet. "You never thought that Frank would be the one to give you all the things you want. Did you, you poor little simp?" And she found herself in his arms.

He said: "We'll be married right away. I know the very apartment—"

He heard something, some little smothered sound against his chest. "Crying," he told himself. That's the way it *should* hit her, he thought, with satisfaction. It was the first time she had ever reacted satisfactorily, or sanely, to him in her life.

He said, all at once, dropping his arms: "Why, you're laughing!"

She said, hysterically: "Aren't you?"

And it didn't sound the way it ought to sound. One should be happy, yes. She should be the happiest girl in town, as certainly she was the luckiest. But something in him said, deep down: "Damn her. Just damn her."

AND of course it was at that moment, before he could remind her of just what a break she was getting, if she only realized it, that the rules and regulations of the hospital bore down on them. No patient was allowed out of his room after ten at night, and a nurse now stepped out of the elevator. "Bedtime!" she called brightly. "Come along, Miss Conway!"

"I'll have to go. Sorry," murmured Joyce and moved with him toward the impassive nurse.

He stalked beside her, feeling that he was being somehow done in, that his importance had dwindled in the last few minutes. In the elevator his glare sobered to humanity—Joyce *did* look tired.

"See you in the morning," he said. And did not kiss her. He would not have dreamed of kissing her in front of the nurse.

"So I'm all set, my ship has come in," Joyce thought in her room when her nurse, all of her patients accounted for and off her hands for the night, went away on business of her own. Joyce looked around the expensive room. Expense. A word that no longer need bother her. She could have all this without worry of any sort. And, looking up, she saw her own bright, unused beauty staring back at her from the mirror. She went over and laid her hand on that reflected face. "You look to me, you poor little thing," she said as the hazel eyes stared back at her, "like the sort of person who will possess—possess things that will seem always to lose value at your touch."

Her room enclosed, stifled her. She opened the door cautiously—no one in sight down the corridor. Picking up a velvet wrap, she threw it around her. With its large collar accidentally picturesque around her head, she stole softly up the stairs to the roof. It was open, free, splendid up there above the city. Almost it made life seem simple and valuable.

She failed to see, until she reached the parapet, a man who stood there. Something in the set of the shoulders, of the head against the sky, imparted a feeling, entirely different, to the roof. She went on staring, he standing, until some sound, some sixth sense, made him turn around. He saw her. She felt some pressure relieved, as though he had put out a hand and untied a rope. The sense of escape was there. And baseless hope and logical despair. She meant to say something. Something like, "Oh, then you have not gone. I thought you were going *today*. . . ." But something in his presence snatched away the words; she entirely forgot to say them. Standing so quietly face to face with Bailey Balkin she found herself in tears. The tears that would not come, down in her room. Sobbing. Standing still, two feet from him and crying. She could not have said why. Was it because she was safe and engaged now and never going to worry any more?

Below, towards the river bank, the tops of the small trees rustled, a whistle blew far out in midstream, another answered, and again there was silence. Silence which demanded no falsities, made no artificial response to the hopes of small humanity.

With the practicality which had at other times claimed her dazed admiration, he took out a clean handkerchief and handed it to her, still folded. She looked at it dazedly, and did nothing with it. He stepped closer, put one arm around her shoulder, dried her eyes, dabbed at her cheeks, then stooped and kissed her. Still holding the handkerchief, he put his other arm around her and drew her to him. It was as though, having once inadvertently kissed her, he couldn't immediately stop.

Then Bailey Balkin dropped his arms suddenly as though he had been called. He stepped back. "I'm sorry," he said stiffly. "I thought I had sense enough not to do that again."

"Sense enough not to—" She was sure he had not meant to put it that way. It had slipped out. But, oh, how it disclosed how a member of the Balkin clan felt about unknown girls, those outside their charmed circle. A Balkin had to use discretion; he had to remember that he was big game; he even had to, if necessary, be cruel to them, hit them in the face with his cruelty so that there should be no mistake in the matter.

Desolation spread in her heart, and habit and will could no longer prevail in her words. "Don't apologize," she said. "I follow you. Being a Balkin you must, naturally, refrain from holding out false hopes." Stupid thing to say. And cheap. Cheap. But what if she *was* cheap, and small-town and second-rate? What did she care about herself or what she was?

He stuck his hands into his pockets as though searching for cigarettes. "No, I shouldn't care to lead you on," he said, pulling out a battered package. "I'm a great treat. Don't know what it is. I seem to be fatal, that's all." He leaned against the parapet. "Just what do you mean," he asked, "when you speak of 'a Balkin'? Not that it matters, but it does not sound wholly complimentary."

SUDDENLY, at his words, anger filled her. She hated him; hated his supercilious assurance, his unfailing courtesy except when his freedom was attacked, his lazy casualness, his good form devoid of forms. For the first time in her life she was so angry that her mind was entirely clear. She could see through walls. See through hearts. See through herself. And even while she was hating the man who had done this to her, she saw everything for a moment completely straight. Saw that not for worlds would she marry a Balkin if she had the chance. But, more than that, she would not marry Frank Hunter either. She looked out across the silver path of the moon in the river and knew herself.

"A climber and a snob," she told herself bitterly.

She turned and put her hands on the parapet, some distance from Bailey Balkin. Heaven knew where she went from here. She stood exposed under a chill that she had thought a warm refuge. But at least she was clear in her mind. Frank Hunter could inherit the earth, he could accumulate and build up money and position and his unspeakable complacency, he could become anything he liked except Joyce Conway's husband.

And, knowing all this, she turned her head and regarded the man across the roof. "A Balkin," she echoed. "Well, I think if you would rack your brain I should not have to explain." Her voice was suddenly cool to him and scornful. "A Balkin," she said, "is wealth, is prestige, is what a girl with social aspirations would find if she died and waked to find herself in heaven. He is privilege and power." She stopped and laughed. "He's a little tin god," she said, "but somehow some of us lose our taste for tin gods."

"You are shivering," said Dr. Balkin suddenly. "Pull your coat around you."

"I'm going down to my room. It's warm there."

"That being settled," he said, "why do you hate me?"

THERE was a silence. Joyce stood up straight suddenly and brushed her hand through her hair, pulled her coat around her. "I'll tell you," she said, calling on unused depths of honesty, discarding cheap fear of seeming cheap. "It's myself I hate. That's a lie I told you about not worshiping tin gods. I have always done so. I wanted you to like me because you're one of them. Funny, isn't it?"

He pulled on his cigarette. "Not side-splitting," he said. "So that's why you put up with me?"

"Yes." Not varnishing the affirmative. "Now you know all about me. You see you are so right about forestalling fortune-hunters." She was calm. She even smiled.

"Yes. I find it almost impossible to avoid them," he said, watching her. "I can't recall when I've been free of them." He took his arms from the parapet, moved over and put his hands on her shoulders. "What's it all about?" he said. "Just who, in God's name, do you suppose I am?"

"I know," said Joyce. "Everyone in the hospital knows. You're old Raymond Bailey Balkin's nephew."

"Yes," he said. "So I've heard."

He dropped his hands, moved a pace or two away and came back. "He has fifty nephews, more or less," he said. "I'm from the Ohio branch. My father and he haven't spoken in thirty years. I'm as likely to inherit anything from him as a Hottentot chief. His name helped get me this appointment. That's something, of course, but it's as far as the car goes. From now on, as heretofore, I'm on my own. Going out into the cold world with about two thousand in the bank and a shingle on the door."

She stared at him, uncomprehending. "You are *poor!*"

"Words to that effect."

She couldn't speak. The shock was too battering.

"And just to keep the record straight," he went on, "since we're dealing in personalities, there's something else. I hadn't meant to bring the matter up, but we might as well shoot the works."

His cigarette glowed fiery in the night. She watched it. He was going to tell her what he thought of her. She knew she deserved it, but at the same time she didn't know how she was going to bear it. She found the prospect an agony, but her eyes, in the dark, were defiant to him because she was too proud to make any sort of womanish appeal. "Well?" she said.

"Of course you know before I begin," he said. So detached, so remote. How far away was last night when they had seemed to be drawn so close. "You know," he said, "because it must be so wherever you go. It's just that I've made the mistake so many young medicos make—fallen in love with a girl I couldn't hope to marry in a million years." He tapped his fingers on the coping and then made his hand into a fist, tight on the stone. "That shows my good sense," he said. "I'm completely bowled over by you, a girl accustomed to every luxury, brought up to believe that she can have the moon for a plaything if she only wants it. When I wake up I turn my bright morning face to the ceiling and thank God that you were born, and fifteen seconds later I remember that I can't ask you to marry me and wish *I'd* never been."

Joyce had been silent before, so she continued the silence.

Bailey said: "Don't mind me. I'm quite aware that I shouldn't have told you about this delirium, but the thing seemed to come up. Don't let it bother you in any way, please."

Joyce lifted her eyes to the faint wash of cold light from the moon. "You mean you can't marry me because I'm rich," she said. "I gather that that's what you mean." She did not stir. "In that case, you must have felt exactly the same way last night. Has anything happened in the meantime to change the situation?"

He did not look toward her. "Nothing," he said. "I can't explain it. Last night—just happened." She knew what he meant. She saw how it was. How stupid to try to explain and he wasn't going to. One tried to act for the best, one did things with eyes open, meaning to go just so far, with mind arranged in such and such a way and prepared for such and such a step. . . .

They stood, each leaning against the coping. She stood no more quietly than young Dr. Balkin, who meant in a moment to leave her, with no more words. He would be gone, into the elevator, into the long stretch of the rest of his life, alone, as if he were in a desert. Tomorrow he would leave the hospital. Then in a few weeks he would go out to assume his practice. Tomorrow and the succeeding tomorrows stretched out before his desperate eyes, a long, dark passage of desolation.

He stirred. He wondered if he could slip away decently, untiresomely, without a fuss. Even any sort of a "good night" would sound foolish after this. . . . He threw his cigarette over the railing. They could see it, a tiny comet, falling through space. He was going, and the words came from him without his volition. "I love you," he said, "and I'm in hell because I love you. And I'm going." His bags were packed for an early start; he'd have a week to get himself straightened out again in the woods. . . .

HE STRODE toward the elevator. Joyce Conway looked after him. Walking, a firm and solid and not terrifically impressive figure, out of her life.

His back was going away from her, but she could see his eyes, his humorous, determined mouth, his straight chin. See it in the part of her which saw without eyes and understood without explanation.

The roof was wide and she had to rush to catch up with him. She stretched out her white arms under her velvet wrap and caught, like a frightened child, at his coat.

"The woods," she said. "They'll be so lovely. Now. In the spring." Her eyes were deep, soft, shining up into his. He could see her clearly because he could see for the moment nothing else at all; not even the barrier of her hateful money that was between them. Her body, as she stood closely beside him, trembled against his arm. She knew, what he had not yet reason to grasp, that their lives were bound together. That she would be his always. That it would be so.

"And black flies don't come until later, do they?" she said, clinging to him. "Though the more I think of it, the more I know that I don't really mind black flies."

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*say, brother,*
when my beard sees a porcupine it just stands right up and sneers! Palmolive wilts my quills in one minute flat—a miracle, I call it."

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*"I've got a*
*nasty beard*
It grows slantwise and lays down on the skin. Funny how those hairs stand up straight in heavy Palmolive lather, and cut close and clean."

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And you're the first people that ever gave it a break. Thanks for the olive and palm oil content—it sure is soothing!'

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THE Country Home

*NAMES ON REQUEST

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

# Conspiracy

*Continued from page 17*

Her voice was casual, utterly without evidence of strain.

"Yes, it was," he said slowly.

"And she's very like me? But tell me, how did she happen to call? And at such an hour?"

"She's not a bit like you," he said. "Oh, her hair is light—but that's all. *Nothing* like you. Or like the girl at Lanson's, either," he added almost involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "*Wasn't* she that girl?"

"Well, she *had* to be, didn't she?" he said. "She *must* be. I never talked about that affair, never told a soul until I mentioned it to you. I mean, it was a gangster killing, and though the French police knew I was there, they didn't bother me. They were glad enough to have the men removed. But—the papers would make a to-do about it—so I kept quiet. So, of course, it was the girl. Only, something about her—I can't put it into words. I just know that—well, she didn't ring true. And I don't know why. She said she'd been in Hollywood, just got back to New York, ran through the phone book looking up friends, saw my name—and dropped in."

The girl nodded.

"Not exactly a slave to convention?" she smiled.

"Not utterly," he grinned.

"WHAT is her name? Or is that an unfair question?"

He looked blank.

"Am I an idiot? The ayes have it. Do you know, I was so bewildered that I never asked any questions. She came and she went. And that's all there was to it."

"Except that you didn't quite believe her?"

He frowned.

"Not exactly that. As I've told you, she must be the girl. I think—" he looked boldly at her—"I think it was shock at finding her less attractive than—well, you reminded me of her, so much so that for a moment I thought you were she. And then, to find that memory had played such a trick on me, that Pelletiere's companion was—well, what this girl is—I guess it's annoyed surprise more than anything else. Yes, I believe her."

Had he now been looking at her he would have seen the faintest gleam in the black eyes, but he was lighting a cigarette and when he looked at her the gleam was gone. And a moment later she gave him that bright look which girls use when they wish to indicate that a pleasant moment has ended.

They rose and walked to the lobby and thence to the door.

"I—thank you," he said. "About those golf lessons we mentioned the other day?"

"Saturday would be nice," she said.

"Saturday?" The blankness of his eyes and voice made her hide a smile. "But this is *Tuesday*. You mean that—"

She relented.

"I'm going back to the country this afternoon," she said. "If you telephoned, before Saturday—"

"I'll telephone," he fervently told her. "Are you going to tea at Lucy's this afternoon?"

She shook her head.

"I told her I'd try, but—I've so many things to do. Thank you for luncheon."

She gave him her hand and stepped into the car which the doorman, at sight of her, had summoned.

Doyle drew a long breath, shook his head as the doorman offered to get a taxi, and turned down Madison Avenue.

She was—pretty wonderful. Where had she acquired her poise, her sureness? After all, she'd been Phyllis Benedict for only a few months. Of course, it was sheer snobbery to think that because a girl had been brought up in very moderate circumstances she couldn't have plenty of manner. Ladies, like gentlemen, are happy accidents that occur in all ranks. But this wasn't a matter of good breeding, of behavior. She possessed that indefinable, intangible something which great personages have. How had she gotten it?

Or perhaps—and he grinned at himself—he was merely by way of being smitten. That must be it. He had looked fairly and squarely at Lucy today and felt no heartache. He had seen Tom Berwin squire her into the Colony and felt no jealousy. Maybe that was over; maybe he was acquiring a feeling for Phyllis Benedict, although this morning he had convinced himself this was not so. Well, he'd better smother that right away; the heiress to eighty millions was a bit out of reach of Doyle Evans. He was not the sort to be pleasant companion to a rich wife. And even if Tulley was right about the oil, if Tulley's wildest hopes were realized, the Evans fortune would be a long way from matching the Benedict wealth.

There was such a thing as companionship with a person of the other sex, and he'd had too little of that.

He hadn't chummed much with other girls than Lucy. He had been a serious-minded youth. Direct of thought and action, almost stubborn of purpose, he had intended to marry Lucy. Why waste time with other girls? But now that Lucy was out of his life—well, wasting time was rather pleasant, if one could get in the mood for it.

And Phyllis Benedict was the sort of girl that rather put one in the mood. His brisk walk downtown was shortened by pleasant thought and there was the trace of a smile on his lips as he entered his office.

"There's Mr. Degas—he's Italian or French or something—waiting inside for you," said his secretary. "He seemed to be an old friend, so I let him wait in your office."

"Perfectly correct," said Evans. He dashed into his private room.

DEGAS leaped to his feet and held out both hands.

"My friend," he cried.

"Well, you old son-of-a-gun," said Evans. He grasped the extended hands and gripped them warmly. "What are you doing over here?"

He and Degas had never been intimates, or even close friends. But Degas had shown him those courtesies which necessarily a high police official must show a foreign diplomat and Evans liked the man. And there is something exciting, always, about meeting a person some thousands of miles from where one last parted with him.

Degas sat down, carefully arranging his trousers lest their keen crease be obliterated. He was a fussy little man, this Degas. He was dressed, with his black square-cut coat, his striped trousers and his pointed shoes, a bit floridly for matter-of-fact Manhattan, and Evans suspected that his pointed beard was perfumed. But these were eccentricities of his nationality, and any national of another country who thought that these things argued effeminacy was in for the surprise of his life. Evans had been told of an occasion when

Degas, rather than delegate the duty to a subordinate, had led a raid upon an Apache stronghold in Paris and killed two men himself. His five feet four, seemingly fat and flabby, housed, Evans knew, the spirit of a lion.

"Once a year, my friend—though occasionally, as last year, a trip is missed—I come over here. I have been fortunate enough to have printed, as perhaps you are aware, one or two small volumes on the art of detection, on police methods in various countries. My colleagues of the American police departments are good enough to afford me access to their files. I have even a badge, given me by your excellent ex-mayor, who now honors France with his presence, that once would admit me within police lines over here. I come partly on official business and partly on pleasure. My government pays my passage and I attend to the rest of my expenses. It is most satisfactory."

"Well, I hope it's mostly pleasure this time," said Evans cordially. "Where are you stopping?"

Degas shrugged.

"I have arrived but an hour ago. My bags are at a hotel. I sent them there, but proceeded directly to your address here."

EVANS eyed him curiously. This was rather strange. His acquaintance with Degas was hardly close enough to make the Frenchman seek him out so quickly. Nevertheless, because he genuinely liked the little man, he rose to the occasion.

"We'll send for those bags," he said. "Got a spare room in my place and you'd be more than welcome. Show you a good time."

Degas beamed.

"You are too kind, Doyle, my friend. No, I will stay at my hotel. But—we shall see much of each other, yes? And we will begin by dining together tonight." He raised an extremely manicured hand. "Don't deny me. I beg of you. It is with Paul we dine. Paul. Paul of Lanson's."

Evans frowned perplexedly.

"Paul? Is he here?"

Degas beamed upon him.

"You did not know? Oh, I knew you had not seen him—at least, a week ago you had not—but surely you must have known that he is maître d'hôtel at a—what you call it—speakeasy over here?"

Evans shook his head.

"News to me. You mean that Lanson's is no more?"

Degas sighed.

"Paris is not the same—to those who understand the duck. But we will dine with him tonight and will think ourselves back in Paris."

Evans thought rapidly. He had a tentative engagement to play bridge at the club, but it could be deferred. An evening with Degas promised more entertainment.

"That shouldn't be difficult, with Paul serving us," he smiled. "I'll be delighted. And what about a show afterwards? If we dine at eight—"

Degas lifted a hand.

"I think we may be more entertained by Paul than by a play. At any rate, we can procure tickets later, is it not so? For I wish to have much conversation with Paul, conversation in which you will be interested, too, my friend. You have not forgotten your last night in Paris, have you? You still remember the magnificent Pelletiere who, with a knife in his chest, killed two men before he died?"

Evans stiffened. Degas had been most considerate about that affair. Was he reviving it, after two years? And why? A premonition assailed him.

"And the young woman who was Pelletiere's companion and whom you," and Degas permitted faint reproach to creep into his voice, "so gallantly assisted to escape—you have not forgotten her?"

Evans moistened his lips with his tongue. His premonition was justified.

"Indeed I haven't, Degas."

"And you would recognize her?" asked the Frenchman.

"Why—no—that is—well, I didn't think I would, but now—what about her?" he asked.

Degas settled himself in his chair and lighted a cigarette.

"You have time? You are not in the midst of affairs of importance?"

"Plenty of time," said Evans.

"You remember then, clearly, the affair Pelletiere? You will perhaps remember that we of the Paris police were not too concerned with the matter. Three foreign gangsters killed each other. But we were interested in Pelletiere's woman companion. Oh, not too seriously, but—seriously enough. We felt that she could give us information which we desired. But Pelletiere, so nearly as we could discover, had arrived in Paris alone. He had negotiated with a group of Brazilians alone. He *had* been seen, on one or two occasions, in the company of a woman, and, presumably, it was this woman whom you so chivalrously rescued after the killing at Lanson's. The quarrel might have been over her. We have never been certain.

"But we have been certain that this woman knew about the negotiations that Pelletiere had conducted up to the moment of the tragedy. We learned later that one of the Brazilians had boasted that he was to—acquire—let us say, a most charming feminine companion, and that he would kill any American who stood in his way. He was not a man given to idle talk in such matters. Men who traffic in narcotics are not too scrupulous about the lives of those who interfere with them.

"For you see, Evans, Pelletiere was in Paris to effect contacts, as you Americans say, with the leading morphine and cocaine merchants of the world. Liquor has not been so profitable lately. More and more the American gangster turns to other sources of income, and your Pelletiere had planned to corner—is that it?—the narcotic trade of the world. These Brazilians were important in that traffic. They met—and died.

"WE ASSUME the young lady knew something about these affairs. She might have been persuaded to talk. But—you could not—or would not—tell who she was. Of course," he smiled, "you could hardly know — unless she had made a rendezvous with you in that moment of escape. But, if she did, you did not keep it. So—only Paul could describe her. Perhaps you could," and again he smiled, "but a man is permitted his chivalry, of course. Well, Paul described her. But we couldn't find her. The matter finds itself, then, hidden away in some official files for two years. Paul emigrates to America. The incident is closed.

"Then, ten days ago, I receive a letter from Paul. He was, as I think I once told you, not of the police, but was sometimes useful to them. Well, in his letter he said that he had seen the lady of mystery, the girl who had been Pelletiere's companion. Now, I would not have made a trip to America for the purpose of questioning that young woman. She might very well refuse to talk, and I have no authority in this country, naturally. But it happened that my trip to the United States was about due. And further, in his letter Paul said to me that a monstrous crime had been committed, that it had to do with this young woman, and that, inasmuch as he was engaged in running a restaurant which violated your Ameri-

*(Continued on page 48)*

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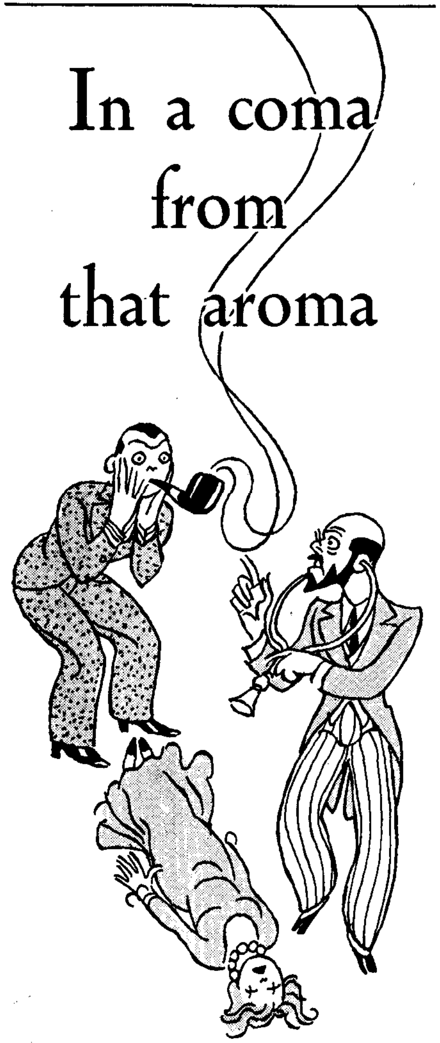

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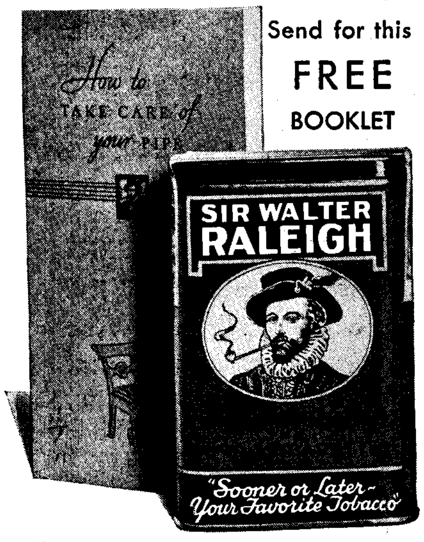
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(Continued from page 47)

can laws, he did not care to go to the police here. But he assured me that I would win great renown for myself, and that he would speak freely to me. And *voilà*, I am here."

Evans was silent a full minute after the garrulous Frenchman ceased speaking. The thoughts that raced through his brain were jumbled, incoherent. Paul had written of a monstrous crime. But that girl who had called on him last night certainly hadn't behaved as though she feared the consequences of having taken part in some monstrous crime.

He heard himself speaking, as much to get things straight in his own understanding as to give information to Degas.

"This is all pretty extraordinary, Degas," he said slowly. "Last night, at midnight, a girl called on me." He found himself repeating, for the second time that day, the story of his nocturnal visitor.

DEGAS heard him through; below his bushy brows his eyes narrowed.

"It seems strange," he commented, as Evans finished. "A coincidence rather remarkable, eh, that this girl should call on the day before I arrive in response to a letter from Paul? She is—er—the criminal type?"

Evans pondered this.

"No, I wouldn't exactly say that. Cheap—a gold digger—common, but—not necessarily a criminal. But she must have been, if she was Pelletiere's companion."

"If. You say, 'if,'" commented Degas. "You mean that you did not recognize her?"

Evans hesitated. To tell Degas that he had thought Phyllis Benedict was the girl of Lanson's was out of the question. Degas, chatting with American police officials, might repeat what Evans said, and more notoriety would come to Phyllis Benedict.

But he remembered the extraordinary sensation of alarm that had come to him when the girl had asked him if he believed her tale that she was Pelletiere's companion. Something of that alarm came to him again now. If he told Degas that he couldn't identify the girl, that was all right. But if he said to Degas that he definitely did not believe the girl had been at Lanson's on that night two years ago, he might be subjected to rather shrewd questioning by the French detective.

Damn it, his midnight visitor had admitted she was Pelletiere's companion. Why go beyond that admission? His subconscious mind was playing tricks with him recently. The best way to settle this was to accept the girl's statement. Then he wouldn't have queer, half-formed suspicions that were insane.

"No, of course I didn't recognize her. I told you, that last morning in Paris, that I hadn't got a good look at her. But she reminded me of what she had worn at Lanson's. She's the girl, all right. Who else could she be?"

Degas frowned.

"She might be someone who wanted you to think she was Pelletiere's friend," he said. "That sounds involved, doesn't it? I mean that—she sounds somewhat incredible, doesn't she? She disappears after the episode at Lanson's. For two years you hear nothing of her. And last night, without warning, she calls on you. You say you did not recognize her. So she has to tell you who she is. It does not sound like reasonable good sense. You are, my friend, an attractive young man. I can well understand that a young lady takes a fancy to you. But, when it is not necessary, why does she put her pretty neck in a noose? Of course, she didn't do exactly that, but her admission might well lead to embarrassment. You might tell the police, my country might well wish to press some sort of charge against her—my friend, when an explanation is not reasonable, I seek another. I find another. The young woman could well not be Pelletiere's companion and yet could wish you to think she was."

"But why?" asked Evans. His voice, to himself, seemed thin, far away.

"Because she might not wish you to think that another person was that companion," replied Degas.

Evans stared at him.

"Why do you say that? What makes you think that?"

Degas shrugged.

"It is merely an answer that occurs to me. It doesn't make much more sense than the young lady herself makes. But—it is conceivable. I mean, if one follows the thought, one arrives—somewhere. Suppose the real young lady of Lanson's was likely to encounter you. Perhaps she is respectable now and married to—perhaps to a friend of yours. Perhaps she fears you will meet her, recognize her, spill—how you say it?—the beans, yes. But if *another* young woman calls on you, recalls herself to you, admits she is Pelletiere's friend—then you will not suspect your friend's wife, eh?"

He beamed on Evans.

"That is what one terms the mastermind, eh? Only," and his face shadowed, "Paul has written me that a monstrous crime has been committed, and that it has to do with Pelletiere's friend. If a crime has been committed, would your last night's visitor dare claim an identity fraught with peril? Unless by making you think that she was truly Pelletiere's friend, that would somehow distract your attention from the crime Paul mentions. Though I confess my own reasoning leaves me bewildered here. Is it clearer to you, my friend?"

EVANS hoped his voice did not tremble, that his expression was blank. For it *was* clearer to him, had been clear all along, had been clear when he felt that sensation of peril as the girl talked with him last night. It was desirable that he think his visitor the girl of Lanson's so that he would not think—he hated to phrase it even in his thoughts—that Phyllis Benedict was that girl.

"No," he said, and was proud of himself that he achieved a laugh, "it's unfathomable to me."

For he certainly was not going to voice to Degas the monstrous suspicions that were definitely in his mind now—suspicions that he had stifled only to have them revive more acutely.

"Well, we shall see Paul tonight. And you are busy, my friend. Ah, you are courteous and will not admit it. But you are. And I must see the hotel valet and have things unpacked. The smoking, eh?"

Evans stared at him, then nodded comprehension.

"Yes, dinner jacket. I'll call for you. What hotel?"

"The Splendid. At a quarter before eight. Right? We will make, after we talk to Paul, what you call the whoopee, eh?"

With a handshake and a beam he bustled out of the office. Evans sank back in his chair. He tried to put from him the inevitable results of Degas' reasoning and his own suspicions. Phyllis Benedict's story was false in part, therefore—according to the old Roman logic—false in all. Her tale was that she had never been abroad. But she had been in Lanson's with Big Mike Pelletiere. Another woman had been sent to Evans to settle the doubts which Phyllis realized he held.

It was too obvious. She was, then, an impostor; or, if not that, Minnie

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Ganston had led a rather lurid life which she was trying her best to keep hidden. But why take a chance that her story would be deemed false in the whole by lying about a detail? She could be Pelletiere's companion and still be the Benedicts' missing daughter.

No, she—and her fellow-conspirators—had manufactured the whole story out of whole cloth. She was an impostor. And he wanted to weep as he came to this conclusion. She was so lovely, so charming. . . .

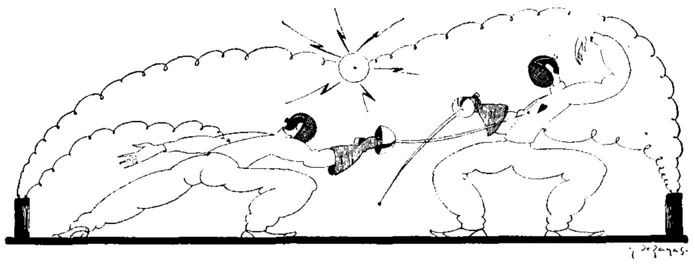
Well, from Paul he would get the truth tonight. It was with this thought that he closed his office and descended to Forty-second Street. He would not think any more about it now. When he and Degas saw Paul . . . He opened his evening paper and settled back in his taxi for the brief ride home.

But he and Degas would not see Paul tonight or any other night. He read:

SPEAKEASY PROPRIETOR BOMBED.
PAUL LANSON KILLED.

Below was a tale that has become an American commonplace. Paul, of Lanson's, had been murdered this afternoon. The police ascribed the killing to gang warfare. But Evans, with a shudder, wondered if it were something other than that.

*(To be continued next week)*



# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***Fencing*** is being modernized by a new automatic device which acts as a perfect referee. Each fencer wears an electrically wired jacket that is connected to a near-by machine which flashes a light and rings a bell every time his opponent touches him and scores a hit.

***About*** 175 years ago in London, scandalous "Marriage Shops" flourished for a time. They were small stores with the sign, "Marriages Performed Within," painted on their windows. A sidewalk solicitor dragged in unmarried and frequently intoxicated couples and, with the aid of the clergyman on duty, talked many of them into a quick and cheap wedding.

***Many*** persons who have been instructed while under hypnosis to perform a certain act on a definite date, even as far in advance as a year, have been known to execute the order on the designated day, although fully conscious and puzzled about their reason for doing it.—*By W. E. Carpenter, Dayville, Connecticut.*

***The*** magnetic compass of a ship is influenced by the vessel's own magnetism, which is induced in the hull while under construction, by the earth's magnetism in the locality of the shipyard, and influenced by the direction of the keel and the amount of hammering and riveting on the plates.—*By T. H. Wyatt, Coconut Grove, Florida.*

***When*** the last one of the 32 German battleships—that were sunk at Scapa Flow during the war—was raised recently and towed to Scotland for demolition, the 14 men who kept it afloat with a constant supply of compressed air lived in huts on its upturned keel during the entire journey.

***The*** Abkhasians, in the Caucasus Mountains of Russia, speak the world's most difficult language. It has no alphabet and seems to be unrelated to any other tongue. A famous philologist, who devoted his life to Caucasian languages, failed during a two years' study to learn anything about it.—*By J. K. King, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

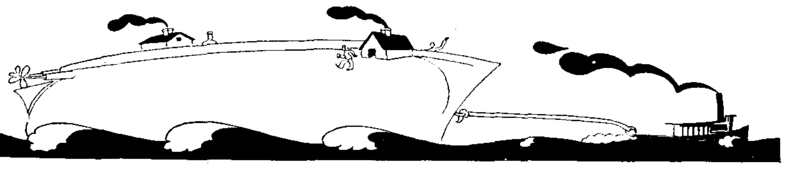
***One*** of the biggest circulation "wars" in newspaper history now is being waged in London. The four leading papers are giving away so many gifts with subscriptions that their combined expenditures in one recent week totaled more than $250,000, which is at the rate of $13,000,000 a year, or double their present gross income.

***Jews*** have contributed as much to the progress of Germany as they have to any other country. Even before the recent "purging," they represented only one per cent of the population but they had been awarded 18 per cent of the Nobel prizes—eight out of the 44—presented to the citizens of that nation.

***Not*** only are individual invitations to the royal courts at Buckingham Palace sometimes cancelled before the court is held, but there have been cases in which the Lord Chamberlain has annulled the presentation to the King and Queen after it had actually taken place.

***The*** most common error made in the counterfeiting of a rare postage stamp is the failure to reproduce the correct number of perforations along the edges.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World. Collier's. 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**



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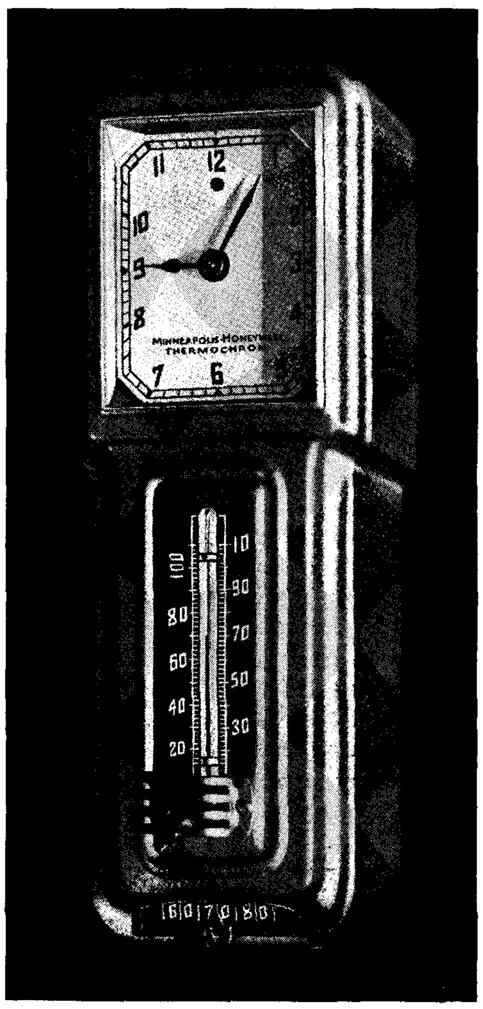

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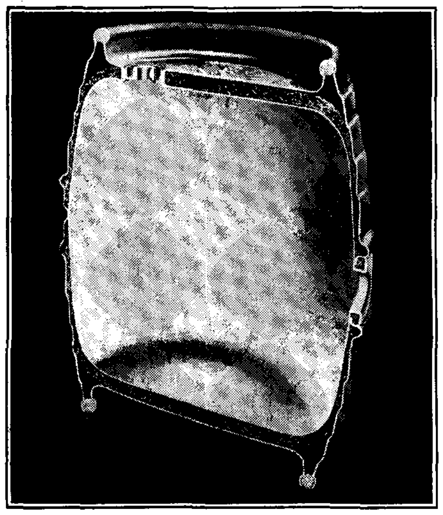
BEER

IN A BARREL

IS BEER

IN PITCH



Draught beer has always been contained in pitch, for every wooden barrel from time immemorial has been pitched inside.

This is one of the brewing traditions. Like all traditions, it has a real basis in actual fact. The pitch helps the aging process, conserving the fine flavor.

So it is immaterial, *so far as the beer is concerned,* whether a beer barrel is made of wood or steel, for Murray steel barrels are pitched inside.

But it is material, *so far as the brewer is concerned,* whether the barrel is wood or steel.

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Patents Applied For

# Plot that Kick!

*Continued from page 18*

The ball is now brought in on the other team's three-yard line. Or the five. Of course the ideal place for it would be on the one-foot line. At any rate the other fellows are not only in a nasty spot—in what you call a coffin corner—but they have to travel ninety-five or ninety-seven yards before they can score. And, believe me, that's harder than eighty yards. Oh, much.

What's that? Difficult? Not at all, my boy, not at all. Anybody can do it—any normal boy. Of course you have to have two legs. And you have to have balance—rhythm—timing. You must have that much. I simply can't supply legs nor the timing instinct, balance, rhythm. But don't worry. Almost all of us have it.

### Foot Notes

Now take this ball in the right hand, the middle finger—

Perhaps you had better meet this stocky, gray-haired gentleman who is about to teach you how to kick a football. His name is Mills—LeRoy N. Mills. He lives in Scarsdale, N. Y. Incidentally, he is president of the Westchester County Bar Association (New York) . . . But we're talking of football.

He has been sought as guest coach of accurate kicking at many colleges. He has accepted many of these invitations but has steadfastly refused to accept any compensation fee. He might make thousands of dollars by simply instructing young men in his theories of punting, place kicking and drop kicking. But he has never taken a penny, even expenses, for teaching his art. And he has helped kickers for Army, Pennsylvania, Notre Dame, Columbia, Bates, Colgate, Randolph-Macon, Swarthmore, College of The City of New York, and others, to say nothing of a dozen preparatory and high schools. . . .

Well, ask him. Hear? He loves football. He believes that football makes good lads better men. He believes that when the possibilities of accurate kicking are more generally appreciated by the coaches the useless wear and tear of those long drives which use up a team and produce so many football injuries will be greatly diminished, and that the game will be even more interesting for the spectator.

He won no laurels, even little ones, as a player of the game. He never was able to make his varsity team at Princeton, although he did the kicking for his prep school and freshman teams. It didn't break his heart nor wound his spirit. After all, he cared less about making touchdowns than he did about kicking the ball. He could kick goals all alone without a team around him. So he got a couple of footballs and studied them. He pondered them and applied to them all the mathematics and physics he could summon. Here they were, a couple of prolate spheroids, to which certain physical principles might be applied with much profit to the team that knew them.

He began to kick them, each kick being a studied wallop executed with the feet planted just so, the hands and fingers used experimentally this way and that and the meeting of ball and foot at premeditated angles. Certain truths began to reveal themselves. (Later moving pictures specially taken showed him more.) He watched football's best kickers and saw success and failure. He checked both back to his theories and began to understand why the ball failed to obey the kicker's will. Why the ball so often sliced to the right off the right foot. And so on. If you have never played with a football try it now. You'll be surprised.

Now take the ball in the right hand (Mills speaking), evenly balanced, the lacing up and the bottom seam resting easily along the middle finger. Suppose now we draw a chalk line down the front of your right shoe, from the top straight down the center to the toe. All right. Now the under center seam of the ball—the seam resting on that middle finger—should be in a line with that chalk mark. The left hand merely steadies the ball. No, don't clamp your left hand down. Lightly, my boy, lightly. Just to steady the ball. The right hand does the balancing and holding. That's it. You see the whole thing is just the centers of the foot, hand and ball.

And now you've picked your spot—the spot where you want that ball to go. We've stuck a flag to mark the objective, down there in the right-hand coffin corner, five yards this way from the end zone. We've marked out the right-hand triangle of the field by little flags on the goal, the five-yard, twenty-yard, fifty-yard line.

All right, your ball is received from center. A good pass—fine. Wait, wait! None of that, my boy. Never mind looking down the field. None of this admiration of the ball's flight. Keep your eye on that ball—hard. Never take your eye off it. As in golf, keep your eye on the ball. If you kick right, if your stance is right, if the ball is released by that right hand correctly at the proper moment, the ball will take care of itself.

Now let's start over again. Fundamentals. The first thing to do in learning to place your kicks is to learn how to kick. Never mind the fancy stuff just now. Let's confine ourselves to the proper application of the foot to the ball.

First your balance or stance. As in golf, you know. You're a right-foot kicker, so balance yourself with that right foot forward. Forward—that's it. The left foot should be pointing toward the ball's objective. Easy, there. Stand naturally. You see, lots of kicks are foozled because the kicker has to take several steps to get into the proper kicking position. This way you have to take just one step. It's quicker and better. Right foot forward and left toe aimed at the ball's objective. Mark a chalk arrow on the middle of that left foot. Then it will be harder to forget. Now.

### Kicking by Ear

We'll start with the commonest of punts, the end-over-end kind. Now observe. The right hand holds the ball, lacing up and bottom seam straight along the middle finger. But don't kick just yet. Raise the right foot and lower that ball so that the bottom seam will run true along that center chalk mark on the shoe, the ball balanced neatly on the instep. That's what you boot with, the instep, backed up by the ankle. And not the toe. Just a figure of speech—that about applying the toe to the ball. Or the "educated toe." Just a figure of speech. Point that arrow at your mark. Synchronize the ball with the instep. Follow through. All right, now try it.

Ouch! That was too bad. Not only did you fail to get the true end-over-end effect but the ball flew off at a tangent. Two things may have happened. Either you were off balance or the ball did not hit the instep squarely. You sliced it. A golf ball would act the same. Try again. And keep your eyes on that ball. Bad again. Huh, let's see. Drop that ball and answer a few questions.

How's your hearing? Think it is, hey? Sure? Well, your hearing has lots to do with your balance. The middle ear, semicircular canals, the organ of equilibrium, you know, has a definite spirit-level relationship to your bodily balance. Very well, I take your word for it that you have no trouble with your ears. Get dizzy easily? Or seasick? Ever have any serious illness or injury?

Now let's try a couple of tests. Step out here. Take fifty paces—walk straight. Eyes open. Now with the eyes closed. Do it again, with kicking steps. Oh, don't worry. You'll probably live. But I'm trying to find which direction you naturally drift when walking. This drift is always accentuated in kicking. Once we find that out we can arrange the proper stance you must take when kicking the ball.

### Don't Blast the Ball!

Try a kick now—in your case just aim five yards to the right and above that five-yard line. Fine. I thought so. You drift to the left. Most right-footers do. Off balance a bit as a result of that accident you had seven years ago, probably. This can be taken care of. We'll allow for that but we have to know these things before we can make an accurate kicker out of you. Don't worry, you have balance—rhythm—timing. The rest can be taught.

Now let's take up this kicking again. Inasmuch as you drift to the left a bit we just naturally allow for that—you are to make allowance to the right and make up for your natural left pull. We'll experiment until we know how much you need. Then you'll have to practice until you take the proper stance automatically. Once we know what your defects are—well, corrections are simple enough.

And keep your eye on that ball all the time. And remember, always, that the foot you don't kick with is the foot you aim with. That aiming foot must be planted firmly on the ground. That's the foot that's likely to swing away from the direction of your objective. Understand? Just keep that non-kicking foot pointed at the side lines where you want the ball to go and let the other foot do the kicking.

You'll find out that the whole body, including the kicking leg, will swing toward the target automatically. Of course, after a while the other side is going to watch the position of your non-kicking foot for information about your intent. But by the time you've mastered this you will be good enough to get your kicks off fast, taking no more than one step before kicking.

Don't simply blast the ball. Don't let them bring it out twenty yards. Don't kick to them when and where they are best prepared for the kick. Make them choose to defend against pass, run or kick. Don't you see? It is a devil of a choice for the defensive field general to make.

And another thing. Don't try to kick the ball out of bounds on the fly; let it roll out. Long, blasting kicks are hard to control and officials have to guess where they go out of bounds if they should go out close to the goal.

If you want elevation—quick elevation for a quick kick—elevate that middle finger of the hand holding the ball. If you want a low trajectory, lower that finger. For right or left just turn that middle finger accordingly.

Now for that spiral. You've got to propel that ball off the foot on the same axis that you use when throwing a pass. The long axis. The end-over-end punt revolves the ball on its short axis. Now you are going to spin her on the long axis. Now, instead of letting the under seam of that ball hit your instep straight along that chalk mark we've drawn down the front of your shoe, turn the ball a little either to the right or to the left. Veer its nose, I mean, to the right or to the left. The rear point of the ball just as much in the opposite direction and against the ankle. Not too much. A little experimenting will tell you how much. The spiral will be properly balanced and will go off straight and not slice when aimed out of bounds.

### A Chronic Kicker

The right-foot kicker is going to have trouble making right spirals. (Spirals with nose pointed right.) The left-foot man will have difficulty getting left spirals. That's as it should be. Both are unnatural. But the thing can be mastered if you stick to it. Now let's try that right spiral. Hold your ball properly, as I showed you. Now, just to get the thing in mind, let's lower the ball to the foot as if we were going to kick. See? The under seam of the ball—the seam that rests on your middle finger—swings off slightly to the right of that center line on your shoe. That is, the nose of the ball swings off to the right of your toes. The tail of the ball swings off to the left of and against the lower ankle. The center seam of the ball and that center line down your shoe bisect each other on the instep, forming two acute angles, one below the middle of the instep and one above, but the ball is balanced still. See? Now let's try it. . . . You see?

She spins on her long axis as she rises true. There's your spiral. There's your right spiral. See? You can do it. Now get busy and practice. The right-footed kicker had better stick to and develop the left spiral. It will be easier and more natural for him. Don't try stunt stuff in a game. Be accurate—it pays.

Now your end-over-end is probably your best bet for shooting that ball out of bounds in a coffin corner. Easier to control and truer. And you're surer of your roll after the ball hits the ground. But your spirals are very irritating to the receiver of a punt. The right-handed receiver has lots of trouble catching a spiral coming to him on his left side with a left drift. Your left-handed receiver—well, you get the idea. Now get busy, boy, and see whether there's any truth to the old saying that practice makes perfect. It does, you know; but just prove it for luck. . . .

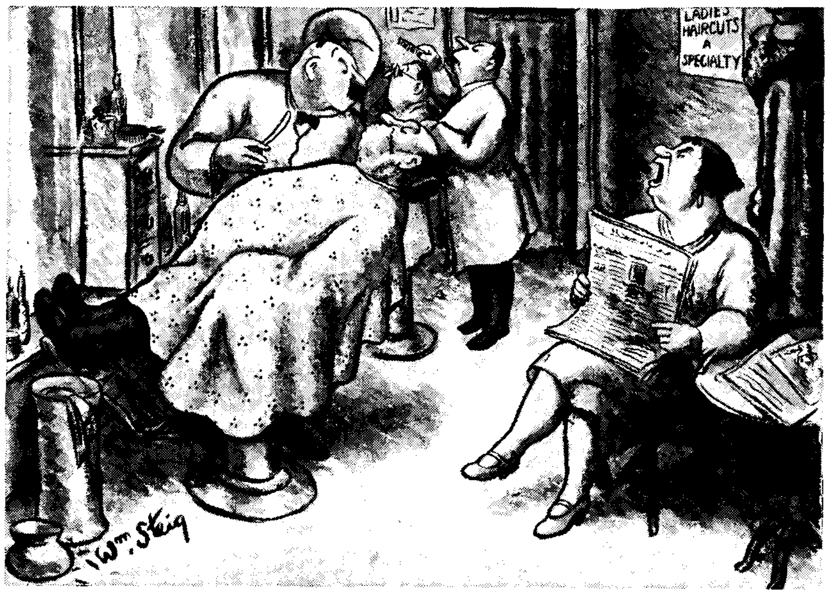
Now Mills retires to the side of the field and footballs begin to fly while he watches. Yonder is an earnest youngster who isn't getting the results his companions are. But he's trying. Apparently he has remembered everything and has the brains to think it all out. Mills watches him closely and is all approval in spite of the lad's flukes and mishaps. The lad isn't what is known—and often erroneously—as a natural kicker. He hasn't the power of the larger boys. But, if you observe, he's getting better and better with every boot. And Mills nods contentedly.

Perhaps the lad reminds him of one of his star pupils—a boy who came out of just such a group and who was not a great kicker by any means in the beginning. But what a kicker he became! How he ruined Southern California, Northwestern and Army a few years ago with those placed and carefully controlled punts of his. His name is Frank Carideo—Carideo of Notre Dame, who will tell you eagerly that Mills taught him all he knew about kicking and that Mills knows more about kicking than anybody in the country.

Those strangers over there? College football coaches very likely, looking for Mills-schooled kickers for their future teams. It is hard to get from Mills a list of his pupils who became great in college. But he names a few—Charlie Cadigan, Robert Wilson, both of Amherst; Leonard Macaluso and Leslie Hart of Colgate—as samples and they weren't natural kickers either. No more so than Carideo of Notre Dame.

He won't mention names, because, says he, it isn't fair to the regular coaches or boys still in college. Theirs is the credit for winning teams, he claims. They get the headaches, not Mills. It isn't for him—LeRoy Mills—to seek credit for any success a team may have because of his modern kicking methods. He says kicking does not score touchdowns—just helps to. He does not feel that the few hours of instruction which the college coaches are willing to take from him in the playing season are really a fair test of the methods in question. The real work should be done in the spring. He has his reward in teaching.

Anything to help clean football and those fine kids who play. And, thank you, he'll pay his own expenses. Of course, he's a lawyer first and last and has just so much time to devote to this hobby. So don't crowd, don't crowd.



"Hurry up, there—I ain't got all day!" *William Steig*

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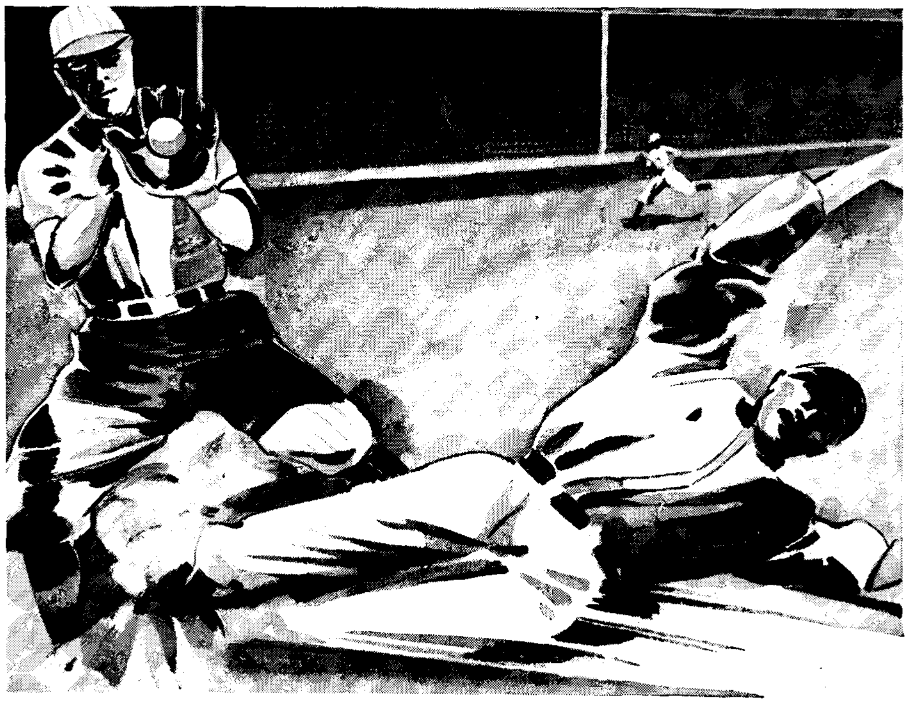

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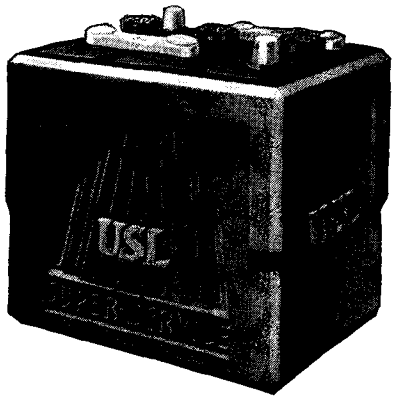

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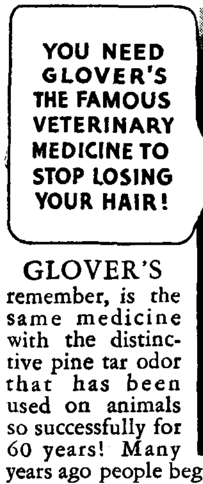

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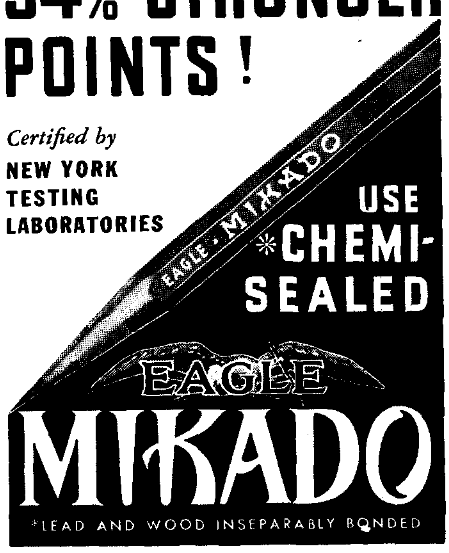


# Doom over Red Gash

*Continued from page 11*

an hour now of slipshod work, an hour then; not enough to risk detection; just enough to demand, in time, some comment from Pete Hank. Still Pete said nothing.

Then, one day, they drove a bad connection for a lateral brace without even trying to fit it. The time had come for him to speak his piece.

"Listen, you mugs," Pete said. "What is this, anyhow? What's the pay-off, and where do I come in? Come on, who knows the answers in this cock-eyed outfit?"

"Me," said Redeye. "I know 'em. And just about time you asked some questions. Hotpot, now, he kept his lip buttoned just too long. We laid it down in front of him, like we been doin' with you. And when he didn't ask us anything, we figured he was gonna ask somebody else. And so—"

"Ah, owl fur!" snapped Pete Hank. "Who are you scarin', Redeye? Listen, you stiffs. If ever I go off this scaffold, somebody's goin' along. You can chew that with your Bridge Mixture. If I had wanted to turn you in I'd 'a' done it long ago. Come on. What's the lay-out? How do I rate?"

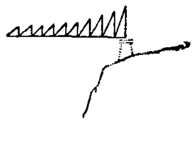
"Here it is," Redeye explained. "We're all set to do a big job here. Then we lose Snowy Nick. That hop-head inhales too deep one night, and the next day off he slips and Red Gash takes him. This job's policed. It's too much risk to try to place another of our mob. Got to do missionary work on what Skyhook gives us. First comes Hotpot. Not so good. Now you."

Redeye paused. That pause was the most sinister question Pete Hank Malloy had ever heard.

For reply Pete touched a cigarette to the button of a still glowing rivet, and took a deep drag or two. Then he stepped to the edge of the swinging scaffold and flipped the smoke out into the terrible chasm. Hands on hips, back turned deliberately to the crew, he stood on the outside board of the little platform and watched the bright spark fall and fall and fall. And so he stood until he heard Redeye say, "How'd you like to take down a grand and a half for one day's work when the right day for our kind of rivetin' comes?"

IT WAS right after Skyhook Njalsson went down with pneumonia, and was taken away from Red Gash to a great city hospital, that Redeye did the ghastly job of sabotage at Red Gash Bridge. Raw Hyde, the general rivet foreman, took Skyhook's place; and for a day or two, while he got the feel of the reins, he let the well-organized rivet gangs run themselves. It took considerably less than one of those two days to do the murderous work on the big bottom chord splice at panel point number two.

When you look at the side of a cantilever bridge you are aware that it is made up of many sections, each similar to the other, except that they grow smaller, lighter, as they near the middle of the span. These sections are called panels. Red Gash bridge was very big and very beautiful, and therefore very simple. Each panel of it (reduced to very lowest layman's terms) was a right triangle, plus one joining member. The whole bridge was, then, a long row of these right triangles, strung together, so:



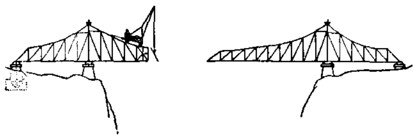
The vertical side of each of these triangles is a panel post. The hypotenuse is a diagonal. The base is a bottom chord member. The bottom chord members are the heaviest pieces of the bridge. Riveted together with great splices, they comprise the mighty, vital bottom chord.

The points where these triangles join, along the bottom chord, are panel points, number one being that one closest to the great shore pier.

A funny-looking bridge—that row of right triangles.

Sure. But wait. Those panels need another vital member. We join the tops of the triangles with tremendous flat bars—"eyebars"—pierced with a big hole at each end. Groups or nests of these, pinned together, end to end, with gigantic pins of toughest alloy steel, make the long, graceful, sloping top chord of the bridge.

THE erection of the cantilever arm of a great structure like the one at Red Gash is the most spectacular of all construction jobs. Look at this:



Up on the top chord rides the traveler, which is a heavy platform mounted on special wheels, holding the derricks and hoisting engines and all the apparatus necessary to raise steel. How you get the first panel built and the traveler set up on its top chord eyebars is nothing for you to worry about. The erection chief will attend to that. And after that is done, there's nothing to it. When you get a bay finished—which is the entire complicated structure of the bridge between a right-hand panel and its corresponding left—you simply let the traveler roll down the top chord slope far enough so you can reach out and erect another new bay ahead. Easy as shooting fish. It certainly is a crime how easy some folks have it, getting three a day.

And so, starting from the shore pier, you smoothly go ahead, moving your traveler forward as you build, pushing out over nothing panel after panel of the massive steel, serene in the assurance that the anchor arm of the bridge, already built, will act like the heavy boy on the other end of the seesaw, who lets you slide the whole way out on the board, without fear of your end going down. But as you go farther and farther out with steel, and with the heavy traveler riding after it, greater and greater become the strains on the shoreward members of the bridge.

It was close to the western shore pier, at panel point number two, that Redeye Mike drove hack-sawed rivets in a bottom chord splice; drove rivets that had been cut three-quarters through the night before in the shanty where he bunked—the noise of sawing drowned out by the radio full blast with jazz.

One splice like that was plenty. Skillfully heated, the weakened rivets were driven so that perfect buttons showed. But in the heavy nested plates of the great vital splice, the saw cuts rested, hidden. They left the bridge safe, too, another month; for the long cantilever arm was only well begun, and the strains on the weakened splice were not half what they would be finally. And this gave Redeye and his outfit ample time to leave unhurriedly, singly if they wished, without suspicion.

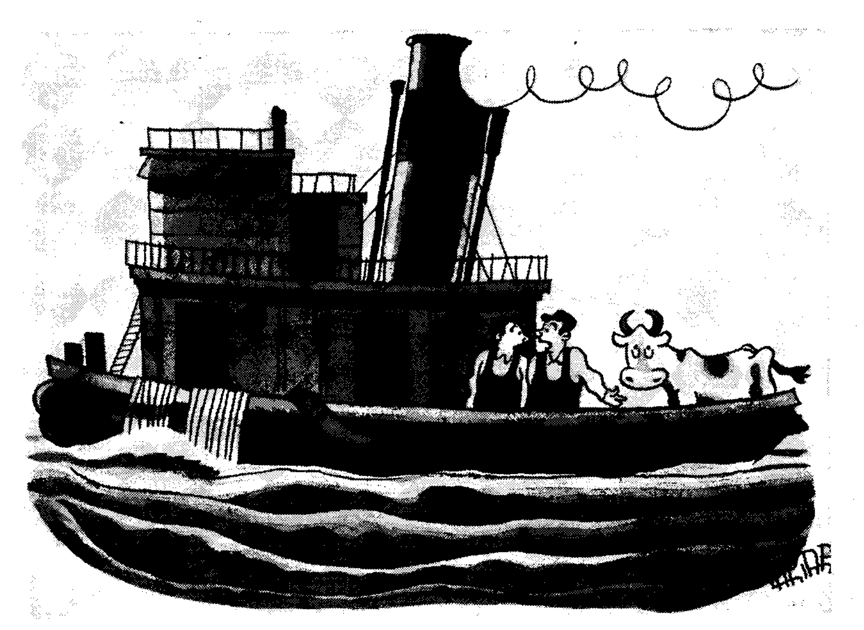
Pete Hank bucked up those hack-sawed rivets while his head swam with hate. No man could leave that driving for a moment. Pete never tried to leave it. There was no need. The bridge was safe for many days to come, even with that vile sabotage complete. Pete knew too that his every move, his every glance, his very tone of voice, was under watch. They drove like fiends for over half a day. Hot, desperate work. Pete hung his jumper coat on the lattices of a near-by strut and, curbing his tempestuous blood, leaned into his dolly bar, waiting for the whistle.

They finished with the great splice just before quitting time. Then Redeye struck!

He said to Pete Hank: "Here's a letter. Bowery Joe found it—in your jumper pocket; so I guess it's yours, Malloy! Oh, no, you don't! Drop him, Bowery!"

EXACTLY one month from that day Pete Hank was ready to go to work again. There is much to be said in favor of a nickel-steel skull. On this glad day Pete's father said to him:

"Pete, I'm your dad—as I've told you every day since you came to."



"We don't need her any more—the fog horn's fixed!"

*Lawrence La Riar*

"I'll take your word for it," Pete said, using his same old devastating grin. "You look good to me."

"Well," his dad demanded gruffly, "let's hear you speak your piece. The doc says that repeating facts may help to bring them back."

"Righto!" Pete said. "Here goes: Chapter one. You are my dad. You put up steel. I worked for you at a job known as the Red Gash bridge. A twelve-pound maul, left aloft by some careless bridgeman, got vibrated down, and it walloped me on the cabbage. That's what the other members of my gang said, anyhow. Raw Hyde, your rivet chief, came by just as they were picking me up. Lucky I wasn't knocked off the scaffold into the river, half a mile below. Hyde helped get me ashore. That was a month ago.

"Chapter two. I'm well now; but I haven't remembered a thing back of the moment when I came to in this sanatorium—not even that I'm the lucky lad who's engaged to marry a beautiful blond Valkyrie. This girl has been nursing her father through pneumonia. She has come in from the West, and I'm to meet her today . . . How's that recitation?"

"Letter perfect," stated Pat Malloy. "But it brings nothing back?"

"Not a thing."

Pat Malloy raised a hand, and round the end of a hedge which enclosed the bright lawn where the two men had been sitting, there ran a girl. She ran straight to Pete. She locked her arms about his neck and kissed him.

Pete looked at his dad. "This is all coming to me? This," he held the girl at arm's length, "is in the books? She's mine?"

"Yours!" And it was the girl herself who breathed it.

"Say that again!" demanded Pete Malloy, but didn't wait to hear it, even stopping her willing mouth so that the word sang inarticulate in her smooth, long throat.

"Stephania. That's your name, isn't it? . . . Stephania," he breathed it. "Almost beautiful enough."

"Steve too," the girl cried. "Steve for friendship. Stephania," the whisper of it warmed his lips, "for love. Don't you remember?"

"I love you, Steve," said Pete Malloy. "I only had to look at you to love you. But I don't remember . . . Steve! Don't cry! What does it matter?"

"Matter? Your memory?" laughed the tall, fair girl. "These tears are happy tears. What woman in the world ever had the man she loves fall in love with her at first sight twice?"

SO PETE MALLOY went back to work—Pete with his beautiful young bride.

Pete's father went to Red Gash with them.

The western cantilever was half done when, early one morning, they arrived. It reached out bravely, through the morning mists, from the chasm's brink halfway across the western gap.

"What a royal crowning I must have got," Pete said, "to make me totally forget a thing like this!"

"It's all new, Pete?" asked the girl at his side.

"New as you were. But if you brought nothing back, how then could this?"

Pat Malloy picked up a short, heavy bar of steel. Without a word he put it into Pete Hank's hands.

Pete furrowed his brow, and his black eyes burned with effort to remember, as he balanced the cumbrous tool.

"No," he had to say at last. "It doesn't come. What is this thing?"

"A dolly bar. You were working with it that day."

"Let me try something, then," said Pete. "Just where was I working? Let me take this thing right there."

"Good!" exclaimed his father. Then he pointed. "Out there. Just beyond the tower. Go. You're not afraid of the height?"

"I like the height. Maybe out there, alone, it all will come."

He swung the heavy dolly bar up onto his shoulder and walked out on the steel of Red Gash bridge. And as he did, black doom, which had been hovering lower and lower over that heroic job, folded its wings to strike!

At quitting time the day before the traveler had moved out another bay. Then, close to the end of steel, it had been made fast with the anchor cables, and its hoisting lines had been released for the job of swinging ahead next day another bay of steel.

But it would not get swung ahead—that bay. Two cars of panel members for it stood now at the portal of the anchor span, a little smoking shifter back of them, awaiting seven o'clock. At seven they would be pushed out on the bridge; out to a point where the traveler's long booms could command them. But if they were pushed out at seven—then honest men would lose another battle in the grim war, Crime against America. For the mighty west arm stood at delicate balance now. The added weight to crash that great bridge could be named in ounces, almost, not in tons. When the traveler came to rest out at the end of steel the night before, the rivets in a certain bottom chord splice were straining to the last vestiges of their maimed strength.

AND now Pete Hank Malloy had reached, at last, that very splice! He knelt to look at it.

And as he knelt a dusty long car crept to a stealthy stop behind the sleeping construction camp at Red Gash. Four men stepped from it. They walked in silence toward the bridge, approaching it from the north of the small two-car draft of structural stuff. South of the cars was the watchman's tiny shanty, and at the far side of it, wholly hidden from the four, stood Pat Malloy and his son's tall, lovely wife, the two of them intent on only one thing in the world—the long corridor of cobweb steel out on which had gone the man they loved.

The four came to the brink of Red Gash. One said: "Down in that cockeyed hole. That's where she ought to be right now. God knows we drove 'em right."

They looked along the soaring, splendid steel.

"What's holding it up, Redeye?" another said.

"That's what the office wants to know," said Redeye Mike. "That's why they made us do this stop-off. They're thinkin' maybe that splice got spotted and redriven since we left."

"I wouldn't walk on that steel to find out for fifty grand," stated Bowery.

"If she stood the move-out of that traveler, she'll stand another hundred and seventy, I guess. Here goes!" And Redeye started.

Suddenly he stopped.

"Who's that?"

He pointed. Between the ends of the two gondola cars of steel they saw a broad-backed, sandy, gray-haired man and a tall, tawny-headed girl. They had come out from behind the watchman's little shanty. They were pointing out toward the bridge.

"It's Malloy, himself," Redeye whispered. "Quick! Up over the side! We can hole in there till we see if anything breaks."

So they swarmed up, the four of them, over the sides of the two gondola cars, to hide amongst the great steel struts and girders.

(Continued on page 54)

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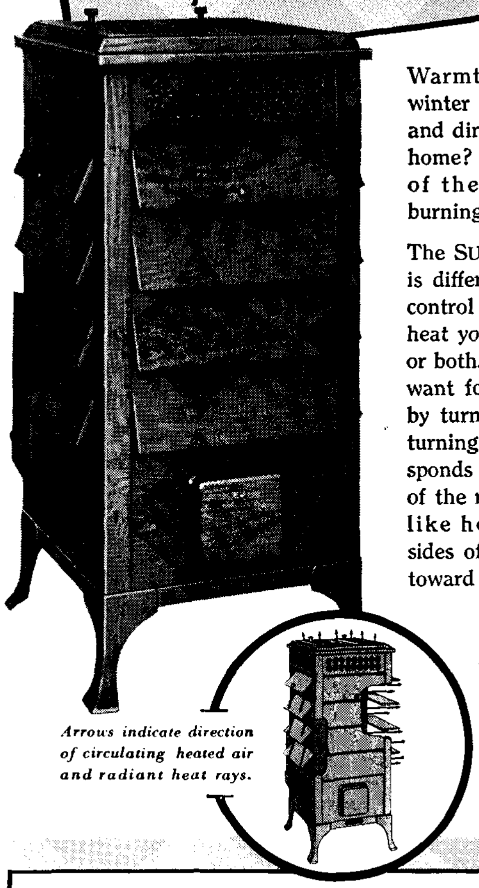

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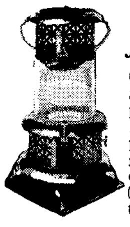

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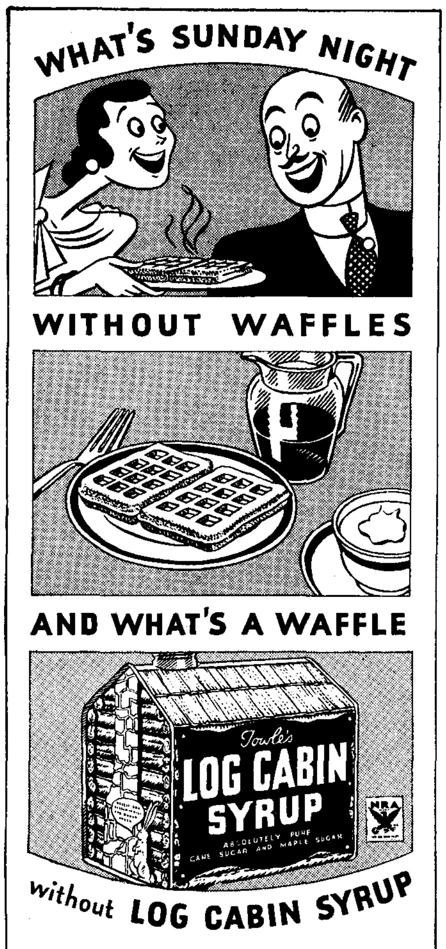

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SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

(*Continued from page* 53)

Pete Malloy knelt before the giant chord splice. Here, at this spot, it should all come back to him. He set the heavy dolly bar against a rivet head. His body leaned familiarly against it. His body was remembering, even if his brain was not. But it was very close. He almost had it. The two ends of the severed connection in Pete's brain were coming nearer—nearer. They were—

Then it happened! All in a second a tremendous, unsupportable load was laid upon the maimed and straining steel. It was not cars of panel posts and huge diagonals and sections of tremendous bottom chord. Those two cars still stood safely at the portal of the bridge. The little shifter back of them was ready. Seven o'clock was coming and the night watchman had steam up. But it was not yet time to push those two cars out upon the bridge. The swift and deadly load which came upon the bridge came without warning, came in utter silence, came invisibly! It was the wind.

It was not a mighty wind which blew through Red Gash chasm every morning. But it was a strong wind. Strong enough. And as Pete Malloy set his dolly bar against a rivet head, trying to remember, the very rivet head next to it snapped. With rifle-shot report it spun away, and struck Pete Hank above the ear! A jarring clout, a rocking clout that jolted into contact those two wire ends which had been separated in Pete's brain!

Pete reeled. By luck a buck-stay, bracing the uncovered floor beams, came into his back-flung hand. But for that Red Gash would have gotten Pete Malloy.

Like a boxer who has caught a hard blow high upon the head and has been knocked sprawling but leaps up again to fight, clear-eyed and unhurt, so it was with Pete Malloy. He scrambled to his feet. Those sure feet turned toward shore, and swiftly, desperately, pounded narrow steel. Pete knew! He knew about the ghastly sabotage. He heard the voice of Redeye Mike say, "Drop him, Bowery!" He felt the fitting-up wrench smash against his skull! His desperate sure feet left the narrow steel and pounded solid earth.

"The bridge! The bridge!" he gasped. "Rivets are failing. Look! A head shot off and hit me here!" His cheek was streaked with blood. "I heard two others snap off as I ran! Hack-sawed! That whole chord splice. I helped to drive it. Then they let me have it. The bridge! It's going now, Dad! Can you save it?"

Pat Malloy said coolly, steadily: "Cable cutters! Cut the traveler loose!"

PETE MALLOY comprehended. Pete Hank remembered. He remembered everything—even where the cable cutters were. He knew exactly where they hung, on the tool shanty wall. The men were at the tool shanty door!

Locked! Locked until seven! Down with it then! Pete's father was beside him. As though twin battering rams had hit it, that stout door went down! The two plunged in. When they came leaping out again, each had a cable cutter in his hand.

Then they ran, desperately, for the portal of the anchor span.

A mad, brave-hearted, hopeless try. Rivets had started to snap—a deadly sign. Maybe a matter of minutes, maybe of seconds only, before that mighty bridge would crash. If minutes, then there might be time. Time for that mad, heroic dash, out over steel to the cantilever's end. Time to climb from the bridge floor up to the top chord where the traveler perched, one man up one side of the bridge, one up the other.

Down on the powerful cutter handles, then! Down on them, shearing the heavy cables that held the traveler on the top chord slope! Through them like shears through twine! If there were only time for this—to cut the traveler loose—to relieve the failing great bridge of the traveler's tremendous weight!—to let it roll!—to let it leap out into space—platform and trucks, engines and drums, masts and booms, stiff-legs and rigging—to let it all whirl vastly down, in one wild, indescribable, chaotic plunge, to the roaring waters at the bottom of the gorge. Safe, then, the beautiful Red Gash bridge!

Yes, safe if the shearing, snapping rivets can hold their plates for minutes, not for seconds only—if they can hold until the great weight of the traveler is cut loose. But they can never hold. Redeye Mike drove that bottom chord splice right!

Pete Malloy, running breakneck, suddenly stopped short. Pat Malloy, charging behind his son, turned sudden statue. Not twenty running strides from the high portal of the anchor span, frozen, the two men stood.

And as they stood and stared, the spinning drivers of the little Red Gash shifter shot at them a stream of sparks. They saw sand from its sand box spray the tracks. The whirling wheel bit, held. The shifter lunged. Some one knew how to run a shifting engine. Almost full speed from standstill, it was gone! With cinders volleying it plunged out onto steel, pushing ahead of it its two gondola cars, dooming with many tons of added load that bridge, already doomed. Two cable cutters clattered down on Red Gash rock. There was no use for them now.

The fiery smokestack of the little engine was beneath the bridge's portal before a figure at its throttle swung down from the cab; a figure molded like some tall young goddess; tawny-haired, limbed like Freya, shouldered like Brynhild. Leaning far backward, facing forward, she dropped to earth, caught balance, turned and ran. She was safe when the incredible gossamer of Red Gash cantilever changed in a moment, as at a jinni's curse, into tons of twisted scrap, and crashed with doomsday thunderings half a mile down the blood-red cliffs into the yellow raging waters of the gorge.

It was long before a human voice dared speak. Pat Malloy was the first to find the courage.

"Thank God!" was what he said. "Thank God it was not seven o'clock. The men. The men were all asleep. Those four—they were not men. They were the ones. I feel it, know it. Today they crashed their last steel—dropped their last victims. It was fate. You saw them, Pete?"

"I saw them; and they were the ones," said Pete Malloy. Stephania Malloy, her face still pressed against her husband's shoulder, cried, "No, no! Don't say that men were on those cars!"

Pete Malloy said, "Steady, girl. No men were on them."

"I had to do it, Pete. I had to do it," said his wife. "You would have gone down with it—two such men as you. . . . And what do bridges matter? Only men matter. Men who can build great bridges. Women's men. My men!"

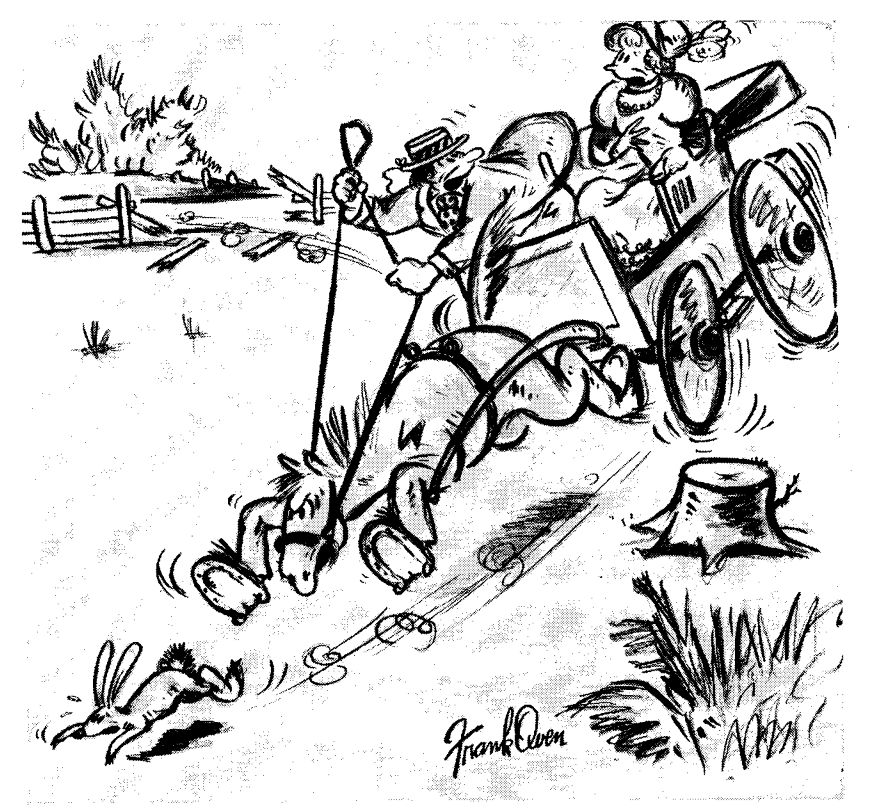
PAT MALLOY heard her. Grayness left his face. Battle fire came blazing back into his eyes.

"Men," he repeated. "That's right, girl. Only men matter. Good men will fight their way through any mess. Want to see some good men, Pete? Look! There!"

Pat Malloy pointed. Bridgemen stood huddled in the morning cold. They stood together, close, a hundred-odd of them, like frightened sheep.

"Look at them, will you?" Pat Malloy said, smiling grimly. "Look at them standing there, scared stiff. Add up the actual courage to be found in that tough gang—the common sense, the dynamite, the durability. Then multiply that by a million, Pete; for the whole U. S. is behind them, proud of their bridge, eager to help them go ahead and finish it. What can stop us, Pete? A crash? A scare? Know what we need, Pete Hank, old son? Watch, boy. I'll show you."

Pat Malloy strode over to the stockyard hoisting engine. The night watchman had steam up. Pat Malloy looked at his watch. Then he reached up and took hold of a little cord. He yanked it down. He held it down. And the fearful chasm of Red Gash was filled up from the river to the brim with the shrill call—valiant, fearless—of the starting whistle.



"Now, now, Martha! How'd I know he chased rabbits?"

*Frank Owen*

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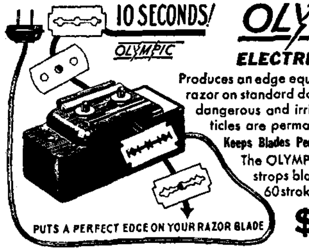
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# Their Own Lights

*Continued from page 15*

his unvarying reserve. "Mark Peachey would—that's true."

"Your boy," said Ben Tarrade, "ought to go fishing up the channel with me some day. You've got a fine boy."

"Why, now," said my father, "perhaps we can arrange it."

We went on and I tried to reconcile this meeting with all the things Father had previously told me. What he next said did not help—then. "You are growing up," he told me. "Some things you should know, Tod. A gentleman must understand all classes of people—it is the most valuable asset you will ever have. There's Ben Tarrade, a man with a fine classical education, from a first family in Kentucky. There he is playing cards for a living when he might have been a gentleman. It is very sad, Tod. You must be generous in your judgment of the Tarrades in this world, but you must never grow sentimental over them."

I THINK he was trying to tell me that there were many shades of goodness and evil between the primary colors of black and white; I think he was. But the strongest impression I have now of my father is of a simplicity in ethics since quite vanished from life. The relations of man and man were in one compartment, the relations of man and woman were in another; and nowhere did they join. We went on to the river and turned into the brewery, and my father filled two glasses from the beer tap—one of which he gave to me.

"I think it is time you knew the taste of beer," he said.

I drank very little of it, for it was rather bitter and I could not help feeling embarrassed in front of him. He said then: "A gentleman, Tod, does all things in moderation. I hope you remember that." We turned home and along the way he spoke of the early trappers and buffalo hunters whose names many of our streets bore. Sometimes I think my father vaguely felt that the generations were changing and that I was growing away; and that he wanted me to know him before it was too late. Along the street, a great many men hailed Father, calling him by his first name, and he always replied in kind. Looking back, I can see how intense was our lip service to the democratic ideal; and how untrue it was. For though he was "Tod" to the lowest teamster, familiarity ended there and seldom was his quiet dignity penetrated. He knew his place; the teamsters knew theirs.

Dinner was waiting at home and we sat down. But my mother stared sharply at me and came to my place and bent over. And I shall never forget how instant was her suppressed anger. She turned on Father as if he were a stranger, and her voice shook a little.

"Are there not enough temptations in this town, Tod, without inviting him to share them?"

"He is growing up, Mother."

"I want no more of that nonsense," she said, and sat abruptly down in her chair. Leora Kadderly looked at Father, who seemed rather flushed and uneasy, and she said to Mother: "What harm is in a sip of beer?"

"Speak of the devil," said my mother.

I cannot forget Leora Kadderly's quiet answer; for I believe now it expressed all that she was. "The devil," she said, "is a monster only humans could think up."

My father said: "The discussion had better be deferred," and I knew they were all looking at me. But I doubt if I should have paid them much attention just then; for at that moment my small world had been unsteadied again. I think it was this night I discovered that my father's will was not absolute in our house; that behind the softness and deference of my mother toward him was a fiery will. The adjustments of boyhood are complex.

They took up another line of talk, but someone was at the door and my father rose and went to it; and looking that way I saw Ben Tarrade standing there, yellow head bare. This, too, was astonishing. He had a long paper box in his arms. "I should like to see Mrs. Kadderly for a moment," he said to Father.

My father's voice was oddly unlike the one he had used on Ben Tarrade earlier. It was extremely formal, touched with cold. "I doubt," he said, "if Mrs. Kadderly—"

Leora Kadderly got up quickly and went over, and Father turned on his heels, face very dark. I wish now I had turned to see what expression my mother wore; it must have been one of utter shock. But I was intent on hearing. Ben Tarrade held out the box and Leora took it. He said: "I had hoped to find you here, with company, so that it would not appear I had intruded upon you alone. You were very kind on the street the other day."

That was all. He went away and Leora Kadderly came back and took the top from the box and we all saw a spray of roses nested in fern. My father said nothing at all, but Mother drew in her breath. She said: "This is—it's unthinkable. Leora, you should have thrown them in his face!"

Leora had lifted the flowers and I saw on her features that strange, saddened glow which I did not then understand. I do now. It was the glow of hunger, the radiance of a soul stirred by color and music and beauty. It was that strong—it was that eager.

"I was merely polite and he thought it was kindness," she said to us. "Omaha—he must have sent all the way there for them."

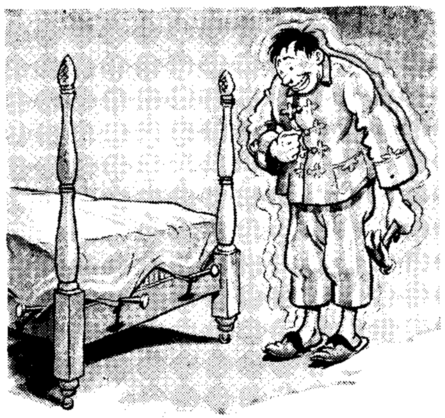
MY FATHER'S answer was like the slamming of a door: "He has stepped over the line."

"What line?" said Leora Kadderly. And as I review that scene now I call up the picture of a dark and full-bosomed girl with gray, aroused eyes. "You people are so kind and honest—and so cruel. Why is it you look at life as though it were indecent and hate people who laugh? Must we all be miserable to be godly? Must we always turn from the little pleasure there is because it is unseemly? Must we all be plain and never wear bright clothes, and throw stones at a man like Ben Tarrade because he is the only one in New Hope to know that a woman loves flowers?"

My mother said to me, "Tod, leave the room," and I went out and sat on the porch, hearing the three voices rise and fall behind me. Presently Jim Shugrue arrived, and the voices turned decorous again, and later Shugrue and my father came to the porch and sat there smoking, neither saying much. Both seemed disturbed. Around five o'clock Jim Shugrue took Leora home; she was, I remember, carrying Ben Tarrade's flowers in one arm.

What happened thereafter happened swiftly, as was the way in our town. It was within the week of Ben Tar-

*(Continued on page 56)*



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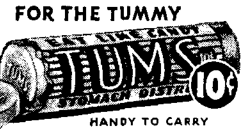

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*(Continued from page 55)*

rade's coming to our place, I remember, that I saw him turn out of River Street into Belle Plaine and lift his hat to Leora Kadderly coming by; and then, fascinated by a scene that I knew even then meant trouble, I watched them stroll on together. Old Colonel Lindsay was at the moment coming from von Gayl's and he stopped and put back his head and looked at the pair a long while. Afterward he turned about and walked, as though in a hurry, toward Messenger's general store. My father came along presently, and we went home.

THAT same night, in the long, still period between sunset and full dark, I went out south of town to a pile of tar barrels which was the rendezvous of my crowd, and Nick Fallon told us the rest of the story. Nick was somewhat older than the other boys and had the gray knowledge of the world fully at command. I think now his parents spoke too freely in front of him. We fired up a tar barrel and sat around it and that image is indelibly stamped in my mind—of a great rush of blood-crimson light against the dimming mystery of the prairie.

"Ben Tarrade," Nick Fallon said, "came into Billy Hope's to get a saddle horse and Billy Hope told him he'd get horsewhipped if he didn't stay away from Leora Kadderly. Tarrade just laughed at him. There's goin' to be hell to pay."

These were words, I suppose, Nick Fallon had picked up from his father. But Nick spoke them with a certain dramatic originality and we all sat within the saturnine glow of the tar barrel and brooded over them. Boys are an odd compound of the purely primitive emotions; and I recall the admixture of fear and expectancy that shot through me.

The next day at noon, my father told me to stay at the house until after supper and the straight glance accompanying the order stilled whatever protest I had. The hanging of a teamster by the name of Jeff Dann, for murder, had been set for three o'clock and I realize now it had been arranged as a public event and that the hour was for the convenience of the roundabout ranchers who had to drive to town. In that public square the teamster Dann was to be hanged before all eyes; he was to be the flaming cross of an outraged justice.

Law still is harsh, but it no longer possesses the extreme vengefulness of the years of my youth. There was something frankly brutal in those kind, earnest people; and now that I recall all the brown and heavy faces, the unsmiling faces, the sad faces, I think I see the quality of spiritual somberness in each one.

I remember that at three o'clock I stood in the parlor and held my breath, to discover how a hanging man must feel; and I noticed that my mother looked long and wistfully out of a window. I did not know what she was thinking; nor do I now.

My father came home rather late for dinner and, though his quietness was as usual, his features were oddly sharp and he ate little, and when he said grace I thought he seemed unusually solemn. After we ate he went into the kitchen and I heard him speak to Mother in a guarded voice. Presently he left.

I soon followed, turning off River toward the courthouse square. Ten wild horses could not have dragged me away from the spot, yet I felt a strange dread; and when I came into the square I brushed my eyes rapidly across the scaffold and looked away. Nothing happening then, I looked again. They had cut the dead man down and the rest of the rope hung straight and motionless from the top bar; and the trapdoor on the platform was dropped open. I do not know how long I stood there in a twilight that grew deeper and deeper while my mind gave the dead man life, put him on the platform, dropped him through the trap and killed him again. I suppose I built up that scene a dozen times and would have done it as many more had not Nick Fallon come up on the run. His eyes were wide open and very bright.

He said, not stopping, "If you want to see something, go out to the tar barrels," and kept on.

It was full dark when I passed across the square—touching the scaffold structure out of boyish bravado—and hurried down Colter's alley. Beyond it I saw a tar barrel blazing. There was a small crowd around it and a buckboard standing there with one gray horse in the shafts, which I instantly recognized as belonging to Ben Tarrade. I knew then; and that gave circumspection to my maneuvering, for I realized a boy had no place here. But I went on until I was within the tinged shadows, on the edge of the circle of men; and remained there without being seen. In the circle's center stood Ben Tarrade and I did not realize for a moment that he had been tied to the buckboard's tail gate. He was bare to the waist and he held himself straight, but his yellow head was bent over, away from us. Billy Hope was beside him, holding a bullwhacker's whip cut in half. I could see the flushed blood in Billy Hope's face. I could see the marble-like set to his lips.

He said: "Give your sort of men an inch and you take a mile. You been warned, which you laughed at. Now, by God, you'll catch on!"

He stepped back, one foot straightening behind the other, and the whip slashed across Ben Tarrade's white back with a sound, dull and meaty, that twists my nerves even now when I think of it. I stood there in horror, watching that whip as it seethed into Tarrade's flesh and withdrew and struck again. I think Tarrade never moved out of his tracks, though his frame shook at each blow and the long, red welts began to bleed. Billy Hope hit him a dozen times and cursed, and stopped; he was breathing hard and the color had gone from his face. Another man stepped out from the circle and said, "That's enough, Billy," and reached around to untie Tarrade's hands; and it was then I looked about, the spell broken, and got a good view of those in the circle. I knew them all, yet they were strangers to me—strangers with hot eyes and the hardest lips I have ever seen.

TARRADE turned and held on to the buckboard a moment—the punishment had that severely hurt him. Billy Hope pointed into the farther darkness of the prairie. "Your trunk is in that buckboard. We took pains to see you got all your possessions. Now get out of here and don't ever come back to New Hope."

Tarrade said nothing at all. His cheeks were the shade of ashes and he moved as though he were dead tired. At the buckboard's front wheel he swung to look at us all; and I can say now, long thinking about it, that he had the best of those men. I do not know why, but he had the best of them, and I think some of them must have known it and felt shamed. After that he got up to the seat and lifted the reins and drove away into the dark. This is the last sight I ever had of him, bare torso stained red, yet square in the seat. The man nearest me turned and discovered me and took my arm roughly, but when he looked closer and saw who I was he spoke considerately:

"You had better not let your father know you came here, Tod."

I ran all the way home and tried to conceal the dumb shaking of my body from my mother. But she saw it and said, "Where have you been?" All I could say was that I had been playing, and went immediately to my room. We always left the door open that the cross-current of night air might carry off the day's heat; and so I heard my father come in. He had not been at the whipping, that I was sure of; but he knew of it.

He said: "Well, he got what he deserved," and my mother said, in a grieving voice, "Oh, Tod." Much as she disliked Ben Tarrade, that thought of punishment hurt her gentle soul. But, lying there in the dark, the puzzling contradictions of my father's nature troubled me and I could not understand. I do not fully understand now. He was always a kindly man and a fair one, and never would he have soiled his hands in such a scene as I saw that evening; yet he approved of what the rougher ones had done.

THERE was little sleep for me that night. I think I relived those brief moments at the tar barrel a hundred times. In the morning I was sick, physically sick, and could not touch my mush. Father was at the table; Mother was not. But as we sat there she came in from the street, apron folded around her hands, as was her custom. Father looked up, and then stood up. He said: "What is it?" in a concerned voice; for Mother was crying—the first time I had ever seen her so.

"Leora left town late last night," Mother said. "She packed her trunk and gave her dog to the Sperrins, and left on the Omaha stage. Tod—oh, Tod!"

Father's whole face changed. He shook his head, and kept shaking it. What he said did not then make any sense to me at all. "Not to him, Mother. Surely not to him."

"We will never see her again," said my mother. And her grief came out and touched me and I felt very lonely and miserable.

There is little more to say. News came back to New Hope a few weeks later telling us Tarrade had married Leora, and then as far as the town was concerned they were dead. I do not recall either name ever being afterward spoken in our house, and a year later my family moved farther west and time went by and that old incident faded out as all things in time do fade. I never saw those two again, though one more fact belongs to this chronicle. In 1905, when I was a man grown, I passed through Omaha, and stopped off during a twenty-minute wait. Out of curiosity I looked up a city directory and followed the T column down, really expecting nothing; for in the West at that time we were a migratory people. But the name was there: "Tarrade, Ben (Leora), grain merchant."

It was a tragedy out of my boyhood; it was to me then like a death. But the other day, reliving that affair, a feeling of unutterable relief went through me, as though I had come to the end of a tragic tale and had found triumph at last springing out of ruin. For as I look back into that far-off time I see New Hope as it really was: a town of kindly people living in spiritual somberness, afraid of the light of life, cruel to those they could not understand. And for these two, who alone of all New Hope smiled because it was good to smile, the end was a happy one. The savor and richness and melody of the world was with them; and gayety and understanding was with them—too powerful for New Hope either to comprehend or to subdue. It was really victory.

# Goin' through the Rye

*Continued from page 22*

by a legal ruse, may further liberalize the making of "medicinal" liquor, as it has already done to the extent of authorizing manufacture of 7,000,000 gallons instead of a few million for next year, but this liquor will be only a few months old by next spring.

Another alternative under discussion is to purchase foreign stocks, especially whisky, while waiting for domestic stuff to grow up, but the problems there are both legal and economic. It is extremely doubtful if these purchases can be made until the Twenty-first Amendment has been formally ratified, and foreign concerns may ask a price so high, and the tariff is so steep, that the transaction would not help matters. But we will take up the sore point of price later.

Now, if old wines and old whiskies will run short, what can the man get who wants to slake a thirteen-year thirst for the "good old stuff"? Well, he can drink just what he has been drinking. He can get all the synthetic gin he wants, as there is plenty of alcohol. But, thanks to bootleggers and bathtubs, there has been no lack of fairly potable gin, and that concoction may be nothing to go hip-hip-hooraying about.

He can also get plenty of rectified whisky, which can be produced in two weeks or less by coloring and flavoring distilled alcohol with caramel, burnt sugar and — sometimes — good liquor. But that has not been a forgotten recipe, and it will not be such an unfamiliar drink. It is the same stuff that used to sell over the bar at five and ten cents a glass, and a fellow somehow lost caste when he asked for such a "hooker." It had no social status alongside the golden bourbons and ryes of Kentucky and Maryland, or alongside the smoky Scotch that gave dreams of glory and grandeur, or at least tempted a man to bite the bartender.

The problem of price has enforcement as well as economic implications. It is engraving deep lines on the pleasant, Irish face of John S. Hurley, the new dry boss at Washington. He admits that bootlegging will not down unless the price can be kept low. Coast guard and customs officials say that smuggling will continue unless low costs prevail, and with likelier chances of success. Mr. Hurley, who is a distinctly new kind of prohibition chief, has no illusions about his difficulties. Although he took a total abstinence pledge at twelve, and kept it, he is no extremist either way; he bought drinks for his friends in the old days, adding, "Make mine ginger ale."

### Counting Our Chickens

Although the question of price cannot be answered accurately, it will probably be too high for the average man at first.

If Congress raises the present internal revenue tax from $1.10 a gallon to $3 or more, estimates place the cost of whisky at from $2.50 to $3.50 a quart, depending on the quality, $1 to $1.50 for gin, $1 up for wine, and $3.50 and up for a quart of champagne. If this country must depend on foreign importations, prices may be much higher because high tariffs must be added to the revenue taxes. These amount to $5 for a gallon of whisky, $6 for a gallon of champagne and $31 for a barrel of beer.

Mr. Hurley and other officials agree that the incentive for bootlegging, smuggling, moonshining and hijacking —the evils repeal is supposed to eliminate—will remain unless good whisky can be sold as low as $2.50 a quart, and preferably lower.

To intensify these problems, there has been little attempt by Congress and a score of states to prepare for repeal carefully and constructively. Congress simply submitted the Twenty-first Amendment to the states, and let it go at that. The Eighteenth Amendment prevented it from authorizing prohibition officials to open up breweries, wineries and distilleries in advance. But Congress did not revise the old internal revenue taxes so as to strike a figure high enough to raise proper revenue and low enough to make bootlegging unprofitable.

Unless Congress acts to bring a plentiful supply of liquor within reach of the average man's pocketbook, rosy predictions of federal revenue ranging from $600,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 annually will not be borne out; it may not reach the 1918 total of $483,000,000.

### The Wet Parade

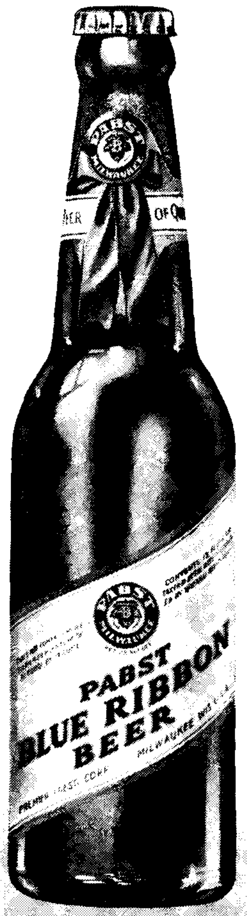
The day of repeal may bring other kinds of confusion. Many states will wake up to realize that they have established no machinery for the sale, control and distribution of liquor. Distillers, distributors and retailers in wet but unready commonwealths will be subject only to ancient ordinances of local units of government. The result may be chaotic, and a continuance of conditions which, it was hoped, would end with repeal. Some wets and federal officials maintain that a special session of Congress must be called to tackle these problems if repeal comes by December 6th, the earliest date possible, for the next Congress will not meet until late in January.

But if Congress and many states have not prepared for repeal, almost everybody else has. The next-door neighbor moons around with a merry shine in his eyes, and instead of "Good-morning," it is "Well, it looks like a wet Christmas." Letters asking information on taxes, bond requirements and other qualifications reach Alcohol Commissioner James M. Doran and Internal Revenue officials in such volume that form replies have been prepared.

Distillers' lobbyists crowd the corridors of every department even slightly suspected of having a liquor breath. Bootleggers are cutting their prices, and druggists have stopped surrendering their permits, as they had been doing. Canadian distillers are withholding their products from bootleg channels in expectation of a grand American clean-up on the basis of a short supply and high prices; the smuggling of Canadian liquor into this country by way of the Island of St. Pierre dropped from a former monthly average of 250,000 gallons to only 18,000 gallons in May of this year.

Wealthy syndicates are offering fabulous prices for broken-down whisky plants. Great Britain and France hope to square their war debts with exports of Scotch and Irish, cognac and champagne. Liquor is in the air—everywhere, in fact, except in American warehouses.

Meanwhile, federal enforcement has virtually ended. On August 10th the dry agents in the field were cut to about 700, and, since they had little luck in making America dry when 2,500 crisscrossed the country, nobody expects them to do much in the face of the Administration's attitude and a public that is rarin' to go places and drink things—if they can find and afford it.



WHO shall decide which is the best of the better beers? Is the answer to be found in public preference? Perhaps. Is it to be found in the opinions of experts? Perhaps. But when both the public and the experts agree, the answer is clear and unquestioned. That's why we say without fear of contradiction, Pabst Blue Ribbon is the best of the better beers.

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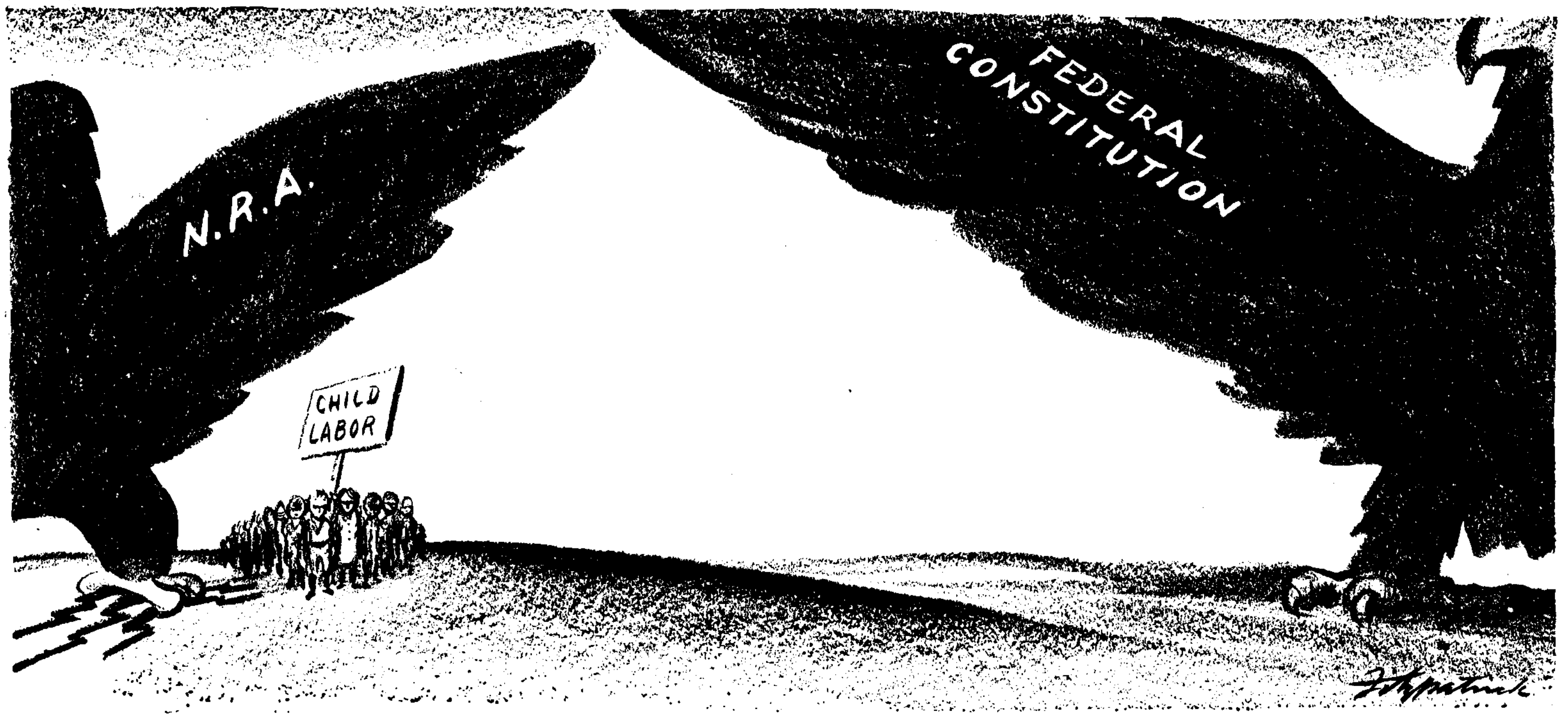


# Pass the Child Labor Amendment

FOR the time being, child labor has been abolished.

The Blue Eagle did what two previous acts of Congress had failed to accomplish. The outlawing of the premature employment of children through the recovery codes is one of the finest and most memorable achievements of the Roosevelt Administration.

The Recovery Administration and the codes which give it effect are, however, for the emergency. As business improves the national control of industry will slacken. Child labor has been stopped only by a temporary arrangement adopted for the emergency.

Now is the time of times to put the child labor amendment into the Constitution. Nine years ago the amendment was proposed by large majorities in both houses of Congress. Five states ratified the amendment and then ratification ceased.

We were in the midst of the Harding wave of reaction. Any interference with industry was looked at askance. Then, too, public irritation with national prohibition was beginning to boil. Little patience existed for any increase in national authority.

It is a long cry from the Teapot Dome oil scandals to the NRA and once again the mood of the American people has changed. Social justice is not scorned as it was ten years ago. Once more we are ready to move forward to make the United States a better place for all its people.

So naturally the child labor amendment revived and now fifteen states have ratified it. Active campaigns for ratification are now being conducted in numerous states. This fall special sessions of the legislatures will consider the amendment in Idaho, Iowa, Louisiana, Kansas, Minnesota and Mississippi. As the regular winter sessions come on in other states the fight will be extended.

Never was the opportunity more favorable for the adoption of this long needed constitutional reform. For the time being, no great industry has a financial stake in the perpetuation of child labor. Consequently there will be no well-organized lobbies employed to combat ratification.

The amendment is a simple grant of power. The vital words are these: "The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age."

This amendment was wisely worded. Congress under its terms would have the authority to deal with child labor as the conditions required. Despite the Recovery Act, Congress has not now the authority to deal with child labor. Two laws were passed and both times the Supreme Court nullified them as unconstitutional.

The first law was passed September 1, 1916, when Woodrow Wilson was President. This was based on the right of Congress to regulate interstate and foreign commerce. It forbade the interstate shipment of articles produced in establishments which employed children under fourteen years of age and which employed children under sixteen years more than eight hours a day or six days a week.

The second law was passed on February 24, 1919, while President Wilson was still in office. It was based on the taxing power of Congress. The Supreme Court, doubtless more conservative then than now, decided that neither the authority to regulate commerce nor to impose taxes permitted Congress to deal with child labor.

The amendment was written specifically to supply this authority. Actually for the moment child labor has been swept out by indirection. Under codes industry has agreed to do what previously it could not be compelled to do.

The pendulum swings and periods of progress are followed by times of reaction. William Howard Taft, admirable as Chief Justice but a conservative President, succeeded the adventurous Theodore Roosevelt. The Ohio gang came after Woodrow Wilson. When Franklin D. Roosevelt leaves the White House he may be followed by a man of less generous sympathies and of less liberal vision.

Ratification of the child labor amendment has been made a policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Administration. Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, summed up the Administration's views when she said:

"The move for ratification of the child labor amendment must go on. It has been my experience that when industry improves employment of children increases. We should guard against any possible return of such a condition and we can best do that by passing the federal amendment. This is the time to make permanent, through the amendment, a beneficial change in the standards so as to keep boys and girls out of industry and give them the chance in life to which they are entitled."

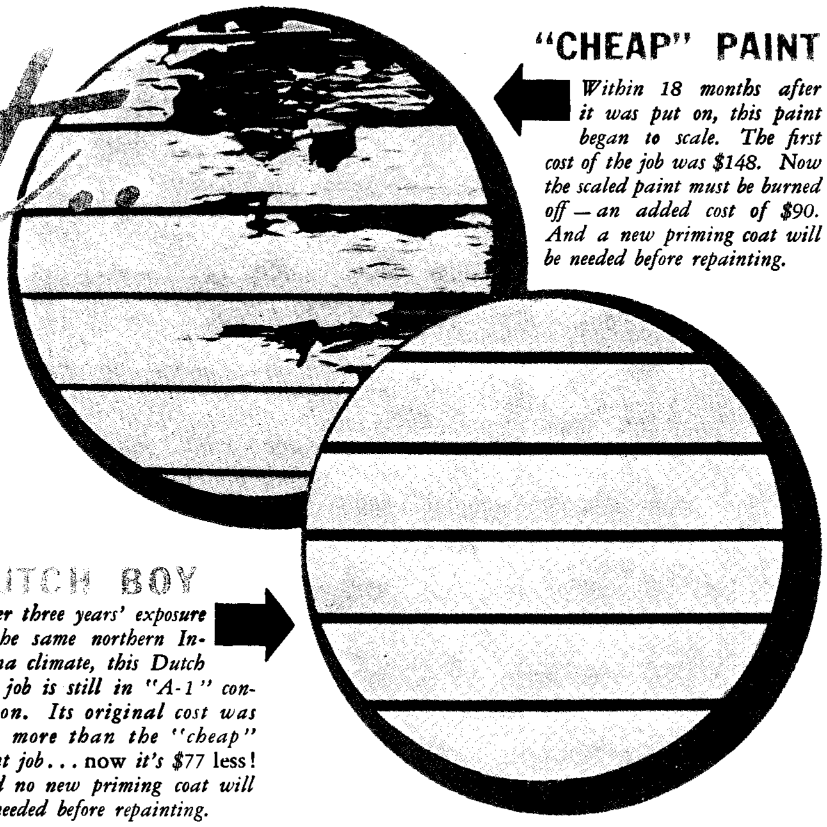
This is sound policy. Certainly there is no shortage of workers which would require us to call upon children for help. We can produce enough for all without borrowing the strength of children.

It is equally certain that premature employment is of no benefit to young workers. Many fine men and women have attained a full and happy life despite their early employment in factories and mills but, also, many survive an attack of smallpox. From the standpoint of education, health or citizenship, the work of children in factories is a sheer sacrifice of the chances for normal growth and development.

Since the dawn of the factory age, child labor has been a blight and a curse. Let's end it forever and now. We can do this by ratifying the child labor amendment. Write it into the Constitution.

# "Cheap" Paint...

## PROMISES YOU A *SAVING* THAT YOU *NEVER* GET...



**"CHEAP" PAINT**

*Within 18 months after it was put on, this paint began to scale. The first cost of the job was $148. Now the scaled paint must be burned off — an added cost of $90. And a new priming coat will be needed before repainting.*

**DUTCH BOY**

*After three years' exposure to the same northern Indiana climate, this Dutch Boy job is still in "A-1" condition. Its original cost was $13 more than the "cheap" paint job... now it's $77* less! *And no new priming coat will be needed before repainting.*

## ...but Dutch Boy lives right up to its promise

Some people who are quite level-headed about most things seem to look for miracles when it comes to painting. They trust to "cheap" paint for the protection of their property, and hope it will last for years.

Give a moment's study to the two photographs above and you will see the contrast between "cheap" paint which offers an apparent saving and Dutch Boy White-Lead.

One property owner figured he was going to save $13 by using "cheap" paint. Now he has to paint again, and he's going to be out of pocket an extra $90 for burning and scraping... not to mention the cost of a new priming coat. He expected a saving from "cheap" paint that he did not... and *could not*... get.

The man whose house was painted with Dutch Boy held no false notions about first cost "savings". He bought the best possible paint, and now he has all the best of the bargain. For Dutch Boy White-Lead paint does not crack and scale, but wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking that leaves a perfect surface for repainting.

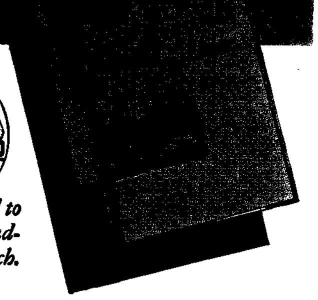
If you know painting, you know that there's one sure-fire way to get the most for your money: Choose a paint and a painter of known worth. That means Dutch Boy — a paint the experienced painter prefers. He knows it helps maintain his reputation. He also knows he can mix it to suit the needs of your house, and tint it to the exact color you specify.

If you want real paint performance instead of misleading promises, you should read the book shown below. Send for it.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Company of Pennsylvania, 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



*There's no false promise of economy in this helpful book. "The House We Live In" is an aid to real money-saving. For FREE copy, address Department 14, nearest branch.*

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10 USE

# DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

... AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

# "He proposed to me on the front porch -

# -and he still loves me ..... *in the kitchen!*"

*"Nowadays we modern girls have so many things to think about that we wait till we're married to learn about homemaking! But we don't disappoint our husbands—for we learn to be good housekeepers before they even have time to think about it. We know where to get expert help. For instance, the 'balanced' recipes I found in my bag of Pillsbury's Best made a good cook out of me—almost overnight. Believe me, my romance will never be killed in the kitchen!"*

Inside your bag of Pillsbury's Best are two important things. Use these two things together, and your baking will be the envy of the neighborhood. First, there's a perfectly "balanced" flour. Second, there is a sheet of "balanced" recipes, developed and tested by a unique method. Here's a baking combination that's infallible—and simple as ABC.

How does a "balanced" flour differ from ordinary flour? In this way: A flour made from only one kind of wheat may work all right for one baked food, but not for another. Pillsbury's Best is made from a "balanced" mixture of fine wheats, blended to work *perfectly* for anything from bread to delicate pastry!

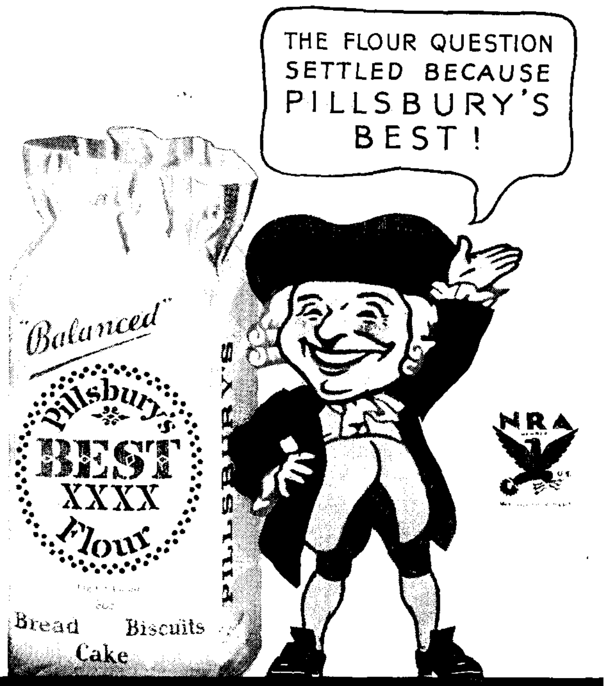
What are "balanced" recipes? They are unusually simple, dependable recipes, created and tested by a special Pillsbury method. Twelve of these unusual recipes are in every bag of Pillsbury's Best.* You'll enjoy trying them, and you'll enjoy Pillsbury's Best, because it works so perfectly for ALL baking!

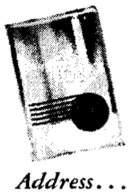
*Send for Everlasting Aluminum Covered Recipe Book with Visible Index*

Pillsbury has developed an unusual loose-leaf recipe book. Will not soil or wear out—covered in everlasting aluminum—no heavier than an ordinary cover. Easy to use—every recipe is instantly visible on an index. When in use, only one recipe shows at a time. It contains nearly 300 "Balanced" recipes—dependable, sure ways to make interesting new foods. Extra space for your own favorite recipes. You'll find it the handiest thing in your kitchen! Sent postpaid for only $1.00—less than actual cost. Send coupon today.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
*General Offices,* Minneapolis, Minnesota

* If your sack of Pillsbury's Best does not contain this new recipe folder, just send us your name and address, and we'll gladly send it to you.





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Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me postpaid your aluminum covered visible index recipe book "Balanced Recipes." I enclose $1.00

*Name*..............................
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# PILLSBURY'S BEST

## *The "Balanced" Flour*